

CURRENT OPINION

Editor:
Edward J. Wheeler
Editorials:
by Dr. Frank Crane



Associate Editors
Alexander Harvey
William Griffith

VOL. LXXI

JULY, 1921

No. 1

The Appeal for Disarmament

"FOR the first time in two generations the psychological moment is here and now; but it will rapidly pass."

These words were uttered by General Tasker H. Bliss a few months ago. He was talking on the subject of limitation of armaments. Unless the problem of such limitation is solved, and solved quickly, he declared, other wars such as we have passed through "are as certain to come as the sun is to rise, with their grim threat of destruction of our civilization."

The problem is one of here and now, but the prospect of an immediate solution is not encouraging. The logic of the situation is, indeed, distinctly ominous and the only hope seems to be of an uprising of public sentiment that shall overwhelm the logic of the situation, put an end to the finessing of statesmen and compel results. There may be hazards in such an uprising, but they are nothing to the hazards civilization is already facing.

In France is an army under arms

of nearly 800,000 men, and France, heaven knows, has good reason to feel the necessity of it. In Poland is an army of 600,000, flushed with a strong and perilous and undisciplined sense of nationality. In Russia is a bolshevist army estimated at a round million, whose leaders are pledged to the overthrow of all "capitalistic" government and are doing their sinuous best to undermine law and order in India, China, Persia, Egypt and other countries. Greece has 250,000 men under arms, Yugoslavia 200,000, Italy 300,000. In continental Europe there are 3,300,000 men under arms to-day, not reckoning the navies, nearly three years since the armistice was signed. And the Treaty of Versailles, signed more than two years ago, contained this stipulation: "In order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations, Germany undertakes strictly to observe the military, naval and air clauses which follow." Twenty-seven nations besides Germany signed that compact, and 3 1/3 millions

of men are still under arms, with no apparent prospect of a change for the better. The two big factors in the situation are Germany and Russia. The German Government has pleaded inability to disarm her Bavarian troops, and her good faith in the matter of reparations is still very much in question. Russia is a menace before which every European nation must guard, and no arbitration treaties or disarmament conferences can touch her as yet. "Before complete progress can be made," says General Bliss, "there must be a radical change in the Russian situation."

The situation in regard to navies is more hopeful but far less reaching than that with regard to armies. Something can be done here, but when it has been done the peace of Europe—and that means the peace of the world—will not be very deeply affected. The only

three nations to whom naval strength is really a vital matter to-day are Great Britain, Japan and the United States, and none of these is a continental European power. France and Italy have navies, but the nations from which they have to guard themselves have none. Whatever agreement for reducing naval power Great Britain, Japan and the United States may reach may be of benefit to them, but it cannot help the situation much in continental Europe, except in an economic way. The whole world is pleading for capital—even Lenin has joined in the plea—and every dollar put into naval construction, as well as that put into military resources, makes capital so much harder to get for reconstructive and productive enterprise.

What part are we playing in this continuing crisis?



AND STILL A SICK WORLD KEEPS ITSELF "BROKE"
BUYING HIS PRESCRIPTIONS

—Ding in Chicago Post.

↑ Last year we actually spent on our navy 697 million dollars, tho the appropriation first made by Congress was but 440 millions. This year the Senate is insisting on an initial appropriation of 494 million dollars. The House is trying to cut this by 98 millions. If the Senate has its way, or if there is a 50-50 compromise, we will, if we live up to last year's record (and it is likely that we shall), spend 700 million dollars on the navy this year.

In 1916, the year before we went into the war, we spent 155 millions. In the 10 years prior to the war, our average yearly expenditure was a little less than 128 millions. This is a Republican Congress, as last year's was; but this does not seem to be a partizan matter. Secretary Daniels asked for 185 million dollars

more for this year than the Senate is voting for and 283 millions more than the House is voting for. Secretary Baker was equally generous in his demands for the army.

No nation in the world's history—neither Great Britain nor Germany at the height of their rivalry—ever spent as much on a navy as Congress is proposing to appropriate. Japan is spending about one-half as much—237 millions—and she is spending that much because she can't see any reason for what we are doing if it is not a distinct threat against her.

Why are we doing it? Only two reasons emerge out of the discussions in Washington. One is that we must have as big a navy as any other nation has—meaning, of course, Great Britain. The other is that we must be ready to cope with Japan. In the last 100 years we have never felt any need for a navy as large as Great Britain's, and yet we have had our own way in the Venezuela dispute and in various other disputes, with not a shot exchanged between the two nations and not a fortified place the whole length of the boundary line between Canada and this country. Certainly we have not had "to take off our hats every time we meet Great Britain," as Senator Poindexter implies that we must do in the future if our navy is any smaller than hers. Everyone knows that twisting the British lion's tail has been one of the most prized and least dangerous of all our outdoor or indoor sports for many years.

Japan may not be dismissed so lightly; but why, with a navy already superior to hers, we should have to spend twice as much as she can be constrained to spend on a navy and three times as



PUT HIM ON A REAL JOB!

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.

(much as she wants to spend, it is difficult to see.

Senator Borah's resolution authorizing and requesting President Harding to invite Great Britain and Japan to a conference on the limitation of naval armaments for a period of five years has been passed without a dissenting vote in the Senate. The House committee has decided to enlarge the resolution to apply to land forces as well and to include other nations. President Harding, it is reported, has deprecated any initiative along this line by Congress, but has in mind having conversations begun by Colonel Harvey in the Supreme Council. There is an appearance of jockeying for position in all this, but at any rate something is likely to be attempted, despite Senator Penrose's sneer at "academic discussions of disarmament." There is too strong and growing pressure upon Washington from women's organizations, churches and other bodies to be safely disregarded.



"WHY DIDN'T YOU COME IN BY THE DOOR, SAM?"
—Pease in Newark News.

Why has President Harding seemed to hesitate? It is doubtless a question of tactics. For 47 nations have been for some time, through the League of Nations, holding exactly what is proposed—that is, a conference to arrange a limitation both of naval and military armaments. There are two commissions working together, namely, the Temporary Disarmament Commission, with Viviani as chairman, and the Permanent Disarmament Commission. On these bodies are official representatives from France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Chile, Sweden and Holland. They expect to have a plan to report to the League Assembly, at Geneva, September 5th, and their plan is to be for "a concerted reduction of armaments by all the nations of the world." We are, of course, taking no part in all this, for, so far as we are concerned, "the League is dead." But one can readily understand why President Harding

might feel embarrassed about suggesting a conference to the very nations that are already holding one, and in which we have declared we can take no part. When we send the proposed invitation to England and Japan, and they courteously reply: "We are already holding a conference for the very purpose you indicate and we shall be delighted to have you join us," what are we going to say then? It is a delicate situation and one that we should think will tax even Secretary Hughes's efficient mind not a little, unless he gets permission to say, in a clear and forthright way, "we shall be glad to be represented on the Disarmament Commission as well as on the Reparations Commission, the Council of Ambassadors and the Supreme Council." Certainly

the first is as much a part of our concern as the three latter.

Every day's delay in this matter is dangerous. "The great danger for Europe, the great danger for us in Ireland," writes George W. Russell ("Æ") in the *N. Y. Evening Post*, "is that we may forget what civilization means. . . . The man who has drunk whiskey for years finds the purity and coldness of water tasteless and distasteful. The generation growing up in an atmosphere vibrating with sensations and alarms, with rifle and revolver never very long silent, comes to regard these as part of the normal life." That is the situation in a large part of Europe. We can feel the effects of it in our own morale here.

Will Irwin, in his new book, "The Next War," has described the next Armageddon in vivid but carefully measured words, based upon careful observation and verified facts. There

will be—there is already—no line between combatants and non-combatants. Women and children, farmers, fruit growers, factory hands, all, are part of the combatant forces in the new form of war. The range of combat, as carried on by aeroplanes and dirigibles, is without limit. And almost limitless, also, is the destructive power which the poison gases that have already been invented can spread over cities and countrysides. Three drops of Lewisite, touching the skin of a human being, means death. It will shrivel up trees and plants and where it has rested nothing will grow again for about seven years. It is colorless—it can not be seen. It is heavier than air and searches out all hiding places. It has 55 times the "spread" of the gases used in the late war. It can be made in unlimited quantities. Even with the gases that were used, nearly one man out of every three, in the American Expeditionary Forces, that entered a hospital as a battle casualty was suffering from enemy gas. We find corroboration for all that Will Irwin says from General Tasker H. Bliss in the address already quoted from ("What Really Happened at Paris," Chapter XVIII). "I maintain," he says, "that in the conditions of this modern world a war cannot begin between two of the great powers of Europe without threatening civilization. And if it should come within this generation I doubt if civilization could stand the added strain."

But the question is, can it stand even the strain of a constant dread of war, the tenseness, the uncertainty, the economic burden, the psychological strain? As General Bliss

points out, our occidental civilization, after 2,000 years of groping upward, has now, not counting Russia, less than 500 million adherents. "It seems a far cry, and it probably is a far cry, to a struggle between our own and an alien civilization; but in considering our problem I think it is our duty to view it in terms of generations or centuries, to regard ourselves not as conservers of the relatively petty interests of to-day and to-morrow, but as guardians of the ages to come."

□ □

Colonel Harvey Speaks a Piece

IT seems to be Colonel George Harvey's destiny to groom successful candidates for President and then promptly embarrass them with his



A BITTER END

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

friendship. He "discovered" Woodrow Wilson, but even before the latter had reached the end of his first presidential campaign he found the Colonel's attentions such an embarrassing burden that a deep and bitter alienation was brought about. Harvey again played an adroit part in the nomination of Mr. Harding, and now, in his first speech as Ambassador to the Court of St. James, he has brought down a storm of protests unequalled for its variety and intensity by anything produced by any ambassadorial speech within our recollection. Some 500 Republican independents have signed a protest transmitted to England. There is a movement—how strong we do not know—in the American Legion to secure his recall. One prominent divine in New York City—Dr. Charles E. Jefferson—likens him to Machiavelli, Metternich and Bernhardt, and terms him an infidel, an unbeliever in the Gos-

pel, a traitor to the fundamental principles of Christianity and a traducer of his country! Other preachers have denounced him in their pulpits almost as strenuously, with applause from the pews as a result. The President of Princeton Theological Seminary, in a commencement address at Trinity College, accused him of falsehood and insult, and for the first time in the history of the college the address was interrupted with applause. A railroad proprietor in Pennsylvania—Elisha Kent Kane—writes to the President urging him to "degrade this man so promptly that his shame may not attach itself to your administration." A Colonel of the 13th Division—Col. Holmes B. Springs—classes him with Bergdoll as "a disgrace to the country."

Colonel Harvey has long known how to hurl invective at others. He ought to know by this time a good deal about receiving it.

The criticism comes from so many different angles. Here, for instance, is a weighty editorial from the *Milwaukee Journal*, which develops an angle of its own. Col. Harvey praised President Harding for "fidelity to his race no less than to his clan, and no more to his family than to his ancestry drawn from all parts of the United Kingdom." The *Journal* had some strenuous experiences with certain racial elements in Milwaukee during the war, and it says this "fidelity to race" is a doctrine that has no place in America. "It is 'fidelity to race' that has thrown America into turmoil, made her public men a mockery at times and threatened her with disaster while she was waging war. . . . It is as



HELPING EUROPE!

—Omaha World-Herald.

impossible to unite America, drawn from many races, upon a basis of 'fidelity to race' as it is to mix oil and water."

Colonel Harvey told his British auditors why we went into the war. We did not, it seems, go in "to rescue humanity from all kinds of menacing perils," nor to save England and France and Italy. Not at all. "We sent them"—our soldiers—"solely to save the United States of America, and most reluctantly and laggardly at that. . . . We were afraid not to fight. That is the real truth of the matter." This is the passage that has evoked the most emotional of the criticism. Senator McKellar, of Tennessee, denounced it as "a wanton libel upon every patriotic man and woman in this country."

It is probable that Colonel Harvey is a very surprized man as he reads the criticism this passage has provoked. Eliminate the word "solely" from what he said, and you eliminate the basis for most of the criticism. What lofty motives animated our soldiers who were sent overseas is one thing. What motives animated those in control of the Government who sent them is another thing, and it is at least a defensible proposition to state that no statesman or ruler has any right to send his country's soldiers into war except to defend the interests of his own country. "No government," says the *Chicago Tribune*, defending Colonel Harvey, "could have justified itself for ordering them to die for any other country or on any other cause than our own." But it is also true that the cause in this case, while it was our own, was vastly larger than any one country, and it was that larger cause that animated our people, our



UNPACKING IN LONDON

—Cassel in N. Y. *Evening World*.

Government and our soldiers. Of this Colonel Harvey takes no note.

It was not Colonel Harvey who led us into the war. It was President Wilson. And the bugle-call to which we responded was not "solely to save the United States of America." It was this:

"But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal domination of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free."

With those words Woodrow Wilson announced to Congress the existence of a state of war, and there were many other words like them. Colonel Harvey may have forgotten them, but there are gassed and crippled boys all over the land who have not forgotten them, and

gold-starred fathers and mothers who have not forgotten. Nor has President Harding forgotten. "We unsheathed a sword in behalf of suffering humanity," he said, a few days after Harvey's luckless address, "and were brought into a supreme and sublime effort to save the civilization of the world."

In his worthy effort to avoid gush and to avoid slopping over about our lofty motives before a foreign audience, Colonel Harvey has belittled the most transcendent uprising in our national history since the days of the Revolution. It will be a long time before he is forgiven.

What the Colonel had to say about the League of Nations would not have excited a ripple as an editorial in *Harvey's Weekly*. Coming from an Ambassador representing the Government and all sections of the country, it turned into another boomerang. Ambassadors are not presumed to talk about our own political differences. Colonel Harvey found it necessary to inform his hearers that President Harding was chosen by a majority of 7 million votes, and that these votes conveyed a clear mandate to have nothing to do with the League of Nations. "It follows then, inevitably and irresistibly," he added, "that our present Government could not, without betrayal of its creators and masters, and will not, I can assure you, have anything whatsoever to do with the League or with any commission or committee appointed by it or responsible to it, directly or indirectly, openly or furtively."

Now this, even if every word of it is true, is a sweeping declaration of world policy that no Ambassador has any right to make except upon specific instructions. That he had no such instructions is more than probable. If he had them he would doubtless have referred to them. Instead, at the conclusion of his address his misgiv-

ings become apparent. "But enough of public affairs," he remarks; "perhaps I have gone too far along that line already; but if so I must ask you to attribute the overstepping to the self-bestowed prerogatives of a novice."

The excuse is a frail one. The speech was read from a prepared manuscript. It has all the earmarks of being deliberately designed to commit the President and the Secretary of State to an extreme policy at the very time when they are feeling their way carefully in another direction. It is, in particular, an affront to Secretary Hughes, who, together with Hoover and Root and Dr. Butler and twenty-seven other eminent Republicans, issued an appeal to the public to vote for Harding because his election would be the quickest way to securing such changes in the League Covenant and the Versailles Treaty as would enable us to join. Colonel Harvey's position would rule us out of all participation in the Reparations Commission, the Court of International Justice and the International Labor Office. His remarks are, in effect, a challenge to Hughes and to Harding himself. The voice is the voice of Harvey, but the hand is the hand of the entire group of bitter-enders, including, perhaps, Senator Lodge. If the speech were so designed, it was one of incredible impertinence. If it were not, it was one of incredible folly.

As for the meaning of the mandate given to President Harding by his 7 million majority, it is susceptible of another meaning than Colonel Harvey puts upon it. Governor Coolidge, one of the recipients of that majority, a few days after the election, remarked that voters supported the Republican ticket from a variety of motives and that the result could not be taken as a mandate against the League. It might, we think, be correct to say that it was a man-

date against an *unmodified* League, but further than that no wise man would go.

After all, however, it is easy to take Colonel Harvey's speech too seriously. It is important only, as the *N. Y. World* remarks, to the degree that it represents the President's own opinion. "Silence at such a juncture," says the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, "would seem to warrant the assumption that his Ambassador spoke for him." The *Philadelphia Ledger* and the *N. Y. World* are disturbed by the same reflection. "Seems to warrant," yes; but the situation in the Republican forces in Washington will explain the President's silence without resorting to such an assumption.

The British understand the situation perfectly. "There is no need," says the *London News*, "to take Mr. Harvey's words tragically," and it refers pleasantly to "the play of temperament" shown by the address. The same paper, however, finds the position of the United States "singularly perplexing" as Colonel Harvey lays it down, and it analyzes the situation in a searching way. It says:

"What on the Ambassador's showing is the situation? America, as her President has publicly stated, is in favor of an association of nations, but she bans the existing league of forty-eight nations with bell, book and candle.

"She is in favor of an international court of justice, but she will not look at the court which the League of Nations, relying largely on the advice of a great American and Republican jurist, Mr. Root, is establishing at The Hague.

"She wants disarmament discussions, but under no conditions would she countenance the disarmament discussions

the League of Nations Assembly has initiated.

"She will 'play her full part in joining the peoples of the world in pursuit of peace,' but she 'will not have anything whatever to do' with the greatest organization ever created for the fulfillment of that high purpose.

"And this is not because America disapproves any one of the objects of the League, but because her people at the last election gave a decisive vote against the party of one of the chief founders of the League.

"Is this policy or is it politics?"

The last question almost answers itself. It is politics. And it is a form of politics out of which Secretary Hughes and President Harding are trying to find an honorable way. Here's hoping that they may be completely successful.

Mr. Harvey's Pilgrim speech shows that he is entitled to rank not only as a plenipotentiary extraordinary but also as an extraordinary plenipotentiary.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman*.



"YOU, TOO, BRUTUS?"

—Thomas in *Detroit News*.

Tinkering Up the Federal Machine

IT is high time that the machinery of our Federal Government should be overhauled. We elect a President and then wait four months before he is inaugurated—four months in which the departing President must mark time or, perhaps, continue a repudiated policy. This is silly, and the only reason for it is that stage-coaches and pony expresses were the quickest means of transit when the Constitution was made.

We elect a new House of Representatives, perhaps shifting from one party to another, and then wait—unless an extra session is called—for more than a year before the new House functions

and the will of the people becomes effective. This also is silly.

We make treaties with foreign nations supposed to be binding on all the states, and provide no effective means by which a recalcitrant state can be compelled to respect the treaty, as in the case of the lynched Italians in Louisiana and certain phases of the treatment of Chinese and Japanese on the Pacific Coast.

But the world *does* move even in Washington. It is an unexpected joy to note the fact.

There is the Senate, for instance. A few weeks ago it had a funeral and buried some 40 corpses, some of which had been lying around dead for 40 years. There was, for instance, the Committee on Transportation Routes to the Seaboard. It had not held a meeting for 40 years. But it had to have a chairman all the same, with allowances for clerk hire and stationery and printing bills. There was one committee on Railroads, another on Pacific Railroads, another on Mississippi River and Its Tributaries, another on Transportation and Sale of Meat Products, another on the Five Civilized Tribes and many others, all dead for years but each unburied and drawing perquisites and calling for a chairman and stenographers, etc. There was a committee on the University of the United States, tho there is not and never has been such an institution.

Forty of the Senate's seventy-four standing committees—more than one-half—have been at last adjudged entirely dead and decently interred.

And now, at last, we are to have a Federal Budget.



BOTH HOUSEHOLDS OUGHT TO GET TOGETHER FOR A WASHINGTON BEE

—Ding in New York Tribune.

President Taft's sturdy advocacy of it a few years ago gave such offense to politicians who couldn't conceive of running the Government without a big annual pork-barrel, that it contributed a great deal to his defeat. The other day the Senate passed a Budget bill without a dissenting vote. It was not, to be sure, a very good Budget bill, but the House took hold of it and made it much better, and when it emerged from the conference committee it was in a form that cheered the hearts of all lovers of effective government. It promises to be one of the best constructive measures brought to pass since the days when Civil Service reform was instituted.

"To conceive of the Budget system as nothing more than a device for keeping down estimates," says the N. Y. *Evening Post*, "is to miss its real function. The Budget Bureau will only

have begun its work when it has pruned estimates. Its harder task will come with observing the way in which expenditures are made and suggesting improvements in methods of transacting the Government business —informing the President constantly upon the working of the entire administrative machinery and advising him with reference to obtaining from it the maximum of efficiency."

In consequence, a new general accounting system will go into effect July 1. The Controller-General of the Budget and his first Assistant are to be appointed to office for a term of 15 years, removable only by a joint resolution of Congress (which requires the President's signature). The estimates of all the Federal departments of how much



PARENTAL PRIDE

—Kirby in New York World.



TRAVELING LIGHT AND TRAVELING NICE!

—McCarthy in New Orleans Times-Picayune.



A LITTLE STUDY IN PRIMARY COLORS!

—Wahl in Sacramento Bee.

money they feel a call to spend for the ensuing year, instead of being forwarded uncensored and unanalyzed and uncoordinated to Congress, are to go hereafter to the Budget Bureau, which will give them expert examination before they are transmitted to Congress. The Bureau, while a part of the Treasury Department, acts under the immediate instructions of the President. This is an important point, for the Treasury Department needs to be checked up just as much as any other department.

"No one knows until he has tried," says ex-President Taft, strongly commending the new law, "the obstructive inertia of bureau chiefs, and of the heads of departments new in their work under the influence of bureau chiefs, in resisting a change and curtailment of their operations recommended by an authority outside the department. It will require all the weight that the President can bring to bear to carry through the reform measures necessary to make this Budget system a success."

There is good reason to hope that the old system of making appropriations for the different departments of Government by elaborate log-rolling, in which a little group of men in either house of Congress could make deals with other little groups for exchange of favors, in which sectional interests became rampant and the whole of Congress seemed at times transformed into a Committee of Grab, is about to receive its death-warrant. And, as the *N. Y. Sun* says, "it is encouraging to find that a system potentially so full of sinister profits for some one as the existing system of appropriation seems to be finding no defenders."

Now that the work of improvement of the federal machine is so fairly under way, let us hope it will not stop too soon. A federal Commission is already at work on the subject of reorganizing the executive branch, cutting out duplication of work, coordinating the activities of the many bureaus, consolidating the purchasing of supplies, etc.

If this sudden passion for improvement keeps on we may yet find the tariff placed on the same non-partisan basis that interstate commerce has been placed on.

It is said \$1,500,000 will be the total cost of the Dempsey-Carpentier mill. And yet people say the world is getting more sense and growing better.
—Houston Post.

□ □

France and Germany Drawing Closer

THE seething affairs of Europe will never be composed again until there is a better understanding—and a good reason for it—between the

French and the Germans. The best news that can come from Europe is that such an understanding is coming about. That is precisely the news that has been arriving in the last few weeks. The Swiss press go so far as to say that a new era has dawned in the relations between Paris and Berlin.

For the first time since the armistice there begins to prevail in Germany itself an impression that if the terms laid down by the French are loyally accepted, there is a way out for the Fatherland. Here is a typical citation from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*:

"Sentence has been pronounced. We know now what we have to pay.

"It is essential, at the inauguration of this new era, to rid ourselves of illusions.

"We have yet to come to a full realization of our position. We are defeated. We have no strength left. At every street corner should be placarded the words: 'We are beaten! We are beaten!' As long as we are not impressed by this truth, which in itself is by no means a sentence of death, it will not be possible for us to find the way to a new mode of life.

"Let us not embellish our plight. Let us not attenuate its gravity. That would not improve our lot. It would conduct us rather to a certain end.

"Let us admit what has happened, hard as that is. Let us do the one thing possible to get us back our liberty. Let us make the supreme effort to abate the sting of defeat.

"Only by fulfilling the conditions which we cannot escape shall we find it possible to save the future, and it is this future which we ought to save."

• In all the diplomatic corps at Berlin there is to-day no other person so popular with Chancellor Wirth, with President Ebert, with the leaders in the Reichstag, as M. Charles Laurent, the French Ambassador. To him is given credit for securing the dissolution of the *Einwohnerwehr* in Bavaria, for he

seems to be as popular in Munich as in Berlin. Only a little while before, he had the transmission of guns to Upper Silesia, for German use, stopped. There are disgruntled Socialist organs in Germany which complain that M. Laurent is the real ruler of the Fatherland.

All agree that he has tact and a most delightful personality—this Frenchman. But it requires little knowledge of German character to know that it is not M. Laurent's delightful personality that has accomplished this surprising change in the atmosphere of Berlin. The French have maintained all along that the only language the Prussian can understand is force. No more striking proof of it could be furnished than the delight they now find in M. Laurent's personality and their readiness to oblige him. But that is not quite all there is to it. Both the Quai d'Orsay and the Wilhelmstrasse dread a new attempt to upset the Ebert Government. It would be an awkward thing for M. Briand if the present republic at Berlin collapsed. There is at last a certain community of political interests between the two Government that is making for peace and, in Germany at least, for stability.

Wirth is thus to be given a fair chance by the French, notwithstanding the suspicion that his combination is a stop gap. He is poised somewhat delicately between the "People's Party," suspected of all sorts of tricks in frustration of the disarmament provisions, and the Independent Socialists, who live in fear of a reactionary conspiracy to bring back the Junkers. Wirth's is the sixth ministry since the German republic came into being. The French Jingo goes insist in their press that whether the chief of the Berlin government be called Ebert, Scheidemann, Bauer, Hermann Müller, Fehrenbach or Wirth, whether the majority Socialists participate in the combination or are replaced by the People's Party, the personalities

do not really change. It is the same old game to the *Matin*. But Briand does not think so apparently and the French ambassador in Berlin is advising him to take Wirth seriously.

There are deputies in the French Chamber who rage at this state of things. André Tardieu is complaining that Germany is being treated like a friend. The suspicions of the *Matin* and the *Temps* are not allayed. But the *Victoire* and the other journals that take their cue from Briand are well satisfied with the new trend. Friendship, the *Victoire* is able to observe, between France and Germany might not be, after all, such a terrible thing.

The best-informed neutral journals of Europe are taking heart from the situation. The *Geneva Journal*, for instance, thinks that the presence of Wirth at the head of a Berlin government is a serious guarantee of good intentions. "The former finance minister in the Müller and Fehrenbach combinations," it says, "is the only German politician who has seriously tried to bring a little order into the affairs of his country." It was he who threatened to resign months ago when his taxation scheme, based upon a plan to pay the indemnity, was shelved by the irreconcilables of the Reichstag. He remained at his post only upon the urgent entreaty of the Chancellor of that day. The language of the great democratic daily of Frankfort, already quoted, is understood to have been inspired by Wirth.

It should now be the care of the British, explains the London *Spectator*, to show the Germans that it will pay them well to be "sensible" and to cooperate with the Allies. If German industrial efficiency can be built up, Germany will be able to pay what she has pledged herself to pay.

Says the London paper:

"If the Germans are wise they will

recognize that their only policy is to kill the 'physical safety' policy in France by making it unnecessary. It is stated that Herr Ebert, the Imperial President, threatened to resign if the ultimatum was not accepted. If the statement is true, a word of acknowledgment is due to the President. It cannot have been an easy thing for him to do. As a good German he must have found it intensely distasteful; but he preferred sanity to heroics, business to attitudinizing; and we venture to say that in a few years he will be praised and thanked for his self-sacrifice. Altho probably most Germans in their hearts knew that it would be better to accept the Allies' terms unconditionally, everybody was afraid of the odium. Herr Ebert, if the report we have mentioned is true, turned the scale."

The *Spectator* goes on to give generous credit for the brightening situation to the State Department at Washington, and to its decisive response to Germany's appeal. That, says the *Spectator*, is another step bringing the United States into closer association with Europe, and of late such steps have been "many and remarkable." "America will never repent this decision," we are assured. "She will find that because of it all her negotiations with Europe about mandates and cables and oil and armaments have become ten times easier."

With the situation in Northern Silesia apparently easing up, with Germany making payments on her reparation fund, with Lenin at last learning that concessions are to be made to human nature as the Creator made it, the barometers seem to be rising all over the storm area of Europe and the skies to show more patches of blue than have been seen in seven years.

A few months ago all we knew about Harding's foreign policy was that it was different from Wilson's. Now we don't even know that.—Nashville Tennessean.

If America insists on separation, Europe will doubtless expect big alimony.—Norfolk Virginian Pilot.

Italy Has Lost Something

ITALY is profoundly discontented with the new international situation. She is relegated by it to a galling insignificance. The neutral press abroad does not wonder, accordingly, that Italy is coquetting with the government of Lenin and actually receiving with complacency the overtures of the Wilhelmstrasse.

The old European balance of power is destroyed. That is the black fact for Italy, dwelt upon in her newspapers of all shades of opinion, from the ministerial *Tribuna* to the bolshevist *Avanti*. On the seas England is supreme. On the continent the word of France prevails more and more. The Italian genius for combinations can find no field for itself in such a situation. Italy can not allow herself the luxury of letting the Treaty of Versailles go by the board and turning down the League of Nations. Eccentricities of that kind, as the *Giornale* remarks, can be tolerated only when a power boasts the immense strength of the Washington government. Italian diplomacy can only bide its time and fish here and there in the troubled waters of Bolshevism and German Junkerdom.

As an ally, Italy does not at the moment count for much. She would be of no particular use to England in a difference with, for instance, the United States and she is a positive embarrassment to France, who is presumed to see in the Mediterranean a Gallic lake. Nor can Italy turn to defeated Germany or find any consolation in the state of affairs throughout Central Europe. The problem of Italian diplomacy is to bring Rome up from absolute zero. The repeated inquiry of the *Tribuna*—what did Italy get out of the war, after all?—is echoed bitterly in its con-

temporaries throughout the peninsula. French advice to look at the new map of Europe is construed as delicate mockery.

The return of Giolitti to power was the first expression of this new Italian mood. The wily old Italian kept his country out of the war as long as he could. He sulked while it lasted. He has labored since he came back for the creation of what his inspired organs call "a European balance." He has repudiated the whole Nitti conception of a policy of solidarity with the Allies. Nitti thought it wise to swallow the medicine administered from London and Paris. Giolitti argues that the Nitti policy must lead to the isolation of his country. The Giolitti policy, stripped of the phrases in which the *Tribuna* decks it forth, points to the rehabilitation of Germany and Russia. That would render Italy important as a make-weight between East and West. This point of view is the key to the peculiar course of Count Sforza ever since he took charge of his country's foreign relations in Rome.

Count Sforza is perpetually contriving subtle incidents that differentiate his country's policy from that of the Allies and show his notorious friendship for the Bolshevik and the Turk. For example, there was that affair of the Allied landing at Constantinople—an international complication. While the British and the French high commissioners, according to the London *Telegraph*, made their triumphal entries into the Turkish capital, Count Sforza left the Italian flagship some time before it arrived off the Golden Horn. He went in a little boat to a remote landing place, set foot there, dressed in knickerbockers like an ordinary tourist, and was driven without ceremony to the Italian embassy. British and French were shocked. "The Turks," explained Count Sforza, "appreciated the fact that

Italy's representative had not come to trample on or humiliate them."

Italy, as even the German press concedes, dare not go too far in a pro-German policy. Italy has her share of that indemnity to consider. If Germany can be made to pay, Rome will derive an immense benefit. But Italy, according to Giolitti, can not afford to see Germany wiped off the map. He has been unduly benevolent in regard to the Austrian ambition to join Germany. Great was the indignation of the Quai d'Orsay when Count Sforza entered into negotiations with the Bolsheviks. Italy does not like the idea of that greater Greece to which British diplomacy is wedded, and when history discloses Count Sforza's share in the collapse of Venizelos, mankind, according to the Cologne *Zeitung*, will stand amazed. Italy, to sum up, is playing a lone hand, now working with France, again upholding England, sometimes cordial to the Turk, sometimes smiling upon Lenin, but always an uncertain factor in the European crisis. She is seeking for a lost balance of power, as we have said, to restore her to impor-

tance. It is for this reason that she looks with dread at the prospect of any further division of Germany. The restoration of the lost European balance would thereby be postponed indefinitely.

□ □

The Ulster Parliament

IRELAND is at last officially divided. Ulster has her Parliament. A preliminary meeting of her House of Commons was held last month in Belfast, six counties being represented. Lord Fitzalan, the Viceroy, gave it official sanction, members swore to be loyal to the King, and nothing remains but the emergence of the Senate to start the new Government on its way.

Home Rule in the north of Ireland, a widening area of martial law in the south—that is the situation. Dail Eirann, which at least went through the motions of electing a House of Commons in the south, boycotts the corresponding Senatorial Elections as a sham. It is all or nothing with the Sinn Feiners.

Yet there are those who think they discern hopeful signs. The Manchester *Guardian* points out that the new act under which one Irish Parliament now exists in fact and another one on paper gives them absolute power to change their constitution and, without consulting anybody but themselves, to become one or as nearly one as they like. This is a fact which gives significance to the recent meeting of Eamonn de Valera and Sir James Craig. The Ulsterman went blindfolded to a house in a remote county. What the men said to each other remains a mystery; but Sir James Craig has declared since that he hopes



THE ONLY WAY TO REDUCE
—Marcus in New York Times.

much from this encounter. Mr. de Valera followed this up in the *Irish Independent* (Dublin) with a complimentary reference to the men of Ulster, who, he affirmed, are "reft from us by statute but maintained to us by higher laws." In the eighteenth century Ulster felt profoundly her unity with the rest of Ireland. She will do so again. Thus runs the proclamation of de Valera. All optimists in Ireland—a few survive—look forward with the keenest interest to the next parley between these men. The pessimists think they will never come together.

The difficulty besetting Mr. de Valera arises from the conflict between the moderate and the extremist in the ranks of Sinn Fein. The solidity of its "republican block" is not what it was. John Dillon, of the obliterated Nationalist party, insists that the predominance of the republican ideal is only apparent and that if a free election were possible, the old-fashioned parliamentary party of Parnellian tradition would have a larger following than ever. The fundamental difference between the old-fashioned Home Rulers and the Sinn Feiners is briefly put by Mr. Dillon. The Nationalists believed that the quarrel between the British and the Irish could be compromised. The extreme Sinn Feiners insist that it can be settled only by civil war. It is thought an impressive fact that Mr. Dillon was returned for two seats in the northern parliament.

Assuming that Sir James Craig and Mr. de Valera, or their representatives, can get together again, what would be the basis of a compromise between them? They have in common various



THE WRANGLE OVER A CLOSE DECISION
—Wahl in Sacramento Bee.

grievances against the English, observes the Manchester organ of liberalism, and upon these they could arrive at a common plan of action. One, in particular, is fiscal autonomy. Ireland would like complete liberty to determine her own tariff and internal taxation—a right enjoyed by the great dominions. The taxation provided for in the new scheme must also be revised. It is an admitted failure already. Ulster and the south have so many financial grievances in common against Great Britain that both Sir James Craig and Mr. de Valera may reach an agreement upon this basis alone. The *Manchester Guardian* thus states the case:

"Without Ulster, Nationalist Ireland remains, however predominant in size and population, still but a broken fragment; with Ulster she achieves the satisfaction of her hopes and the possibility of a complete and harmonious development. Ulster, of course, has also everything to gain by unity, provided she retains the full securities for her special character and needs

which she holds to be essential. Ireland is a necessity an economic, as she is a geographic unity, and even the last few months have shown how disastrous to the trade of the industrial North is the sort of embargo which Sinn Fein policy has recently imposed on Ulster's trade, her banking connections, and her railway communications. There is a natural community of interest, and loss and disturbance in one part of the country must quickly react on the prosperity of the remainder. Ulstermen have always been perfectly conscious of these facts, however they may have been ignored by the English architects of Ireland's fate. That is one main reason why they stood so long and so hard for the Union and for British dominion over Ireland as a whole. That also is why the present Act, breaking Ireland into two parts, was almost as heartily disliked in the North as in the South, and accepted only because at least it gave to

an entrenched Ulster a secure position from which, now or later, to make her own terms. The time has come, or nearly come, when she may find it necessary to make them."

How far General Sir Nevil Macready, the military commander in Ireland, means to go in his introduction of the Kitchener blockhouse system devised during the Boer War depends upon the outcome of the next meeting between Sir James Craig and de Valera. There is some objection to this conference on the part of the extremists among the Sinn Feiners. Their fear is that the Sinn Fein cause may be jockeyed into a false position. If negotiations are broken off, it is probable that the Irish scene will assume a sanguinary aspect compared with which the immediate past must seem like a brawl.

Significant Sayings

"We know very well the art of making war but we have not yet discovered the art of making peace."—*Vice-President Coolidge.*

"I contend that the slacker in war is less intolerable than the traitors of peace who neglect their part in American politics."—*President Harding.*

"I wish every American felt that American policy is a world-policy and that we are and shall be identified in the future with all great questions."—*Theodore Roosevelt, in 1908.*

"Either Socialism will conquer the cootie or the cootie will conquer Socialism."—*Lenin.*

"The adoption of prohibition by the United States is an event not merely of passing consequence but a great event, judged by the standard of world-history."—*Gilbert Murray, of Oxford University.*

"All the poppycock about 'living one's own life'—and Ibsen is responsible for a whole lot of the poppycock—will not expiate injuries done to children by the divorceful parents. The child has to be considered—the child that makes no request to be brought into the world."—*Alan Dale.*

"The power of muscle or money has opportunities of immediate satisfaction, but the power of an ideal must have infinite patience."—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

"Since the Crusades, I do not know of any enterprise which has done more honor to men than the intervention of America in the war."—*Carton de Wiart, Prime Minister of Belgium.*

"Fannie Hurst is colored gold and blue, her sounds are those of the flute and the violin, her personality is symbolized by a bolt of sequined, rose-colored velvet, a kaleidoscope and a mountain pool; she is Nausicaa, Hermione, and Sophia Western."—*Inez Haynes Gilmore (Mrs. Will Irwin).*

"The respect and admiration that I have always felt for American scientists have been greatly increased as a result of my personal contact with them."—*Dr. Einstein.*

"I, for one, am convinced that the girls of to-day—and the boys, too—are 20 per cent. better than those of the previous generation, which thinks it is so wonderful."—*Dr. Woods Hutchinson.*

Dr. Frank Crane's Editorials

A Challenge to Democracy

DEMOCRACY has its shortcomings. It is young yet. It has the excesses and errors of adolescence.

But no great constructive idea ever grew to maturity and perfection in a day. It takes time for it to adjust to itself the old and wrong ideas of the past, so firmly imbedded in the common mind.

People do not even understand Christianity yet, and it has been developing some two thousand years.

But imperfect as Democracy is, it is better than Autocracy, any kind of Autocracy, whether Monarchy, Oligarchy, Plutocracy or the rule of any class; even as what little Christianity we have is better than the most splendid heathenism.

And the very gist and vital element of Democracy is that the Majority shall rule.

The Minority may be wiser, often is, but the only way it can rule is to persuade the Majority, in other words to become the Majority.

Any other way is to cut down the tree instead of pruning it.

This point was brought out the other day by Mr. Lloyd George, the Prime Minister of England, in his reply to the Labor Unions who threatened to strike, to cut off the fuel supply of the nation, to tie up its traffic system, and to starve the population, unless the Government would do as they dictated in regard to the management and wages of the coal mines.

The Prime Minister asked the Labor Unions to appeal to the nation. "If the nation decided your plan is the right one, why should you starve your people, in order to achieve something which you can achieve by reason, if reason is on your side?"

"If reason is not on your side, why should you force the nation to surrender to unreason? They are not an unreasonable people. The vast majority of the people to whom you appeal are workmen. If the workmen are against us we have no chance. More than two thirds of the electorate of this country are workmen and their wives.

"If the miners stood out for a national pool," went on the Premier, "we will take the fight on that, but I ask you in all earnestness whether you will commit your organizations to fighting what is, after all, a great question of principle to be settled by the nation through its elected representatives. There is really no distinction between this and direct action. Direct action is forcing Parliament to reverse legislative decision by means of strike, by means of trade-union action. The whole essence of democracy is that a decision of that kind must be regulated by the Parliament elected by the people. I put it to you that you should not commit yourselves to what is the equivalent of direct action by seeking to overawe Parliament into reversing a legislative decision by threat of paralyzing the whole life of the community."

There is the whole matter in a nutshell.

The menace of Democracy is not the Capitalist Class nor the Working Class,

as such; it is any Class that, being unable to control the Majority, seeks to gain its ends by force.

When any Group, whether millionaires, militarists, junkers or labor unions, instead of working out their will peaceably through the machinery of Democracy, becomes impatient and proceeds to violence, it strikes at the very heart of Democracy, and if they succeed they have slain the government by the people, for the people and of the people.

It is said that the strike, with its attendant violence and destruction, is the laborer's only weapon.

I do not believe any such nonsense.

The laborer's best friend is Public Opinion. It is the fact that the majority of the people are just and fair.

The workingmen are really in the majority. Let them go ahead and elect what lawmakers and make what laws they please. Nobody objects, if it is all open and aboveboard and a fair fight.

But when a compact and petulant Minority decide that they will not take the time nor trouble to play the game according to the rules, but gain their ends by duress, that is a direct challenge to Democracy.

In Russia a certain class has done just that. A minority has control of the armed force and is compelling an unorganized majority to do its will. And they are making the kind of mess of it which both England and the United States will be slow to imitate.

□ □

Harvey and the Women

COL. GEORGE HARVEY is representing the United States in London. His appointment was a surprise to the people of this country.

Perhaps out of the one hundred million or so inhabitants of the United

States a more striking misfit than George Harvey for the position of ambassador might have been found, but it is doubtful. He has every known disqualification and a few more.

He had hardly landed in his new job when he made a public speech which showed that he is about as well adapted for the position of ambassador to the Court of St. James as Bob Ingersoll would have been suited to become the bishop of London.

The Pennsylvania State Chapter of the National American War Mothers on May 27th adopted a resolution declaring Harvey's speech "an insult to everything that women of America hold dear."

It seems in this speech that Harvey used the following language:

"Not a few remain convinced that we sent our young soldiers across to save this kingdom (Great Britain), France and Italy. That is not the fact. We sent them solely to save the United States of America, and most reluctantly and laggardly at that. We were not too proud to fight, whatever that means. We were afraid not to fight."

Action is equal to reaction, and the women of Pennsylvania came back as follows:

"We, the Pennsylvania State Chapter of the National American War Mothers, assembled in convention in Philadelphia, declare we have read with the utmost abhorrence the words reported to have been spoken by Mr. George Harvey, Ambassador to England. Those words are an insult to everything the women of America hold dear.

"They defame every man and woman who made sacrifices during the war in the hope of hastening the coming of peace and all it implies.

"Our beloved sons—soldiers, sailors and marines—fought, suffered and died believing they were crusaders in a great

cause. The words of Mr. Harvey lead us to believe that they fought in vain. Our dear soldiers cannot repudiate this insult; it remains for the mothers whose sons made the sacrifice to do so."

The people of this country are very anxious that Mr. Harding's administration shall make good. They value the good name and prosperity of the country above any personal rancor that may have arisen out of the election.

Mr. Harding should take fair notice that the continuation of a man of such intemperate judgment and bad taste as George Harvey would be a severe load for any administration whatever.

It is hard for the average woman to see why we imprison Gene Debs and horsewhip Bouck White, while we send a man who uses language that sounds very much like theirs to the Court of St. James.

Especially if she lost a son in the war and has been comforting herself with the belief that he died for an ideal.

□ □

Universal Nuisance

WHAT caused the war was nationalism. What perpetuates the evils of war in time of peace is nationalism.

The artificial boundaries and the traditional provincialisms of people lead to innumerable conflicts and the development of destructive selfishness.

Nature, time and progress, however, are slowly at work wiping out these barriers and creating that feeling of human solidarity which alone can heal the world.

Prominent among these agencies of unity is commerce. Indeed, commerce, or business, is probably the most wholesome influence in humanity.

What ails the world to-day is that it is pigeonholed. Every little country has its tariffs, its money and its regula-

tions of business. All these interfere with the development of normal human life by the perpetuation of worn-out traditions of nationalism.

Commerce is getting very impatient of these things. The sentimentalists and the literary folk generally raise a great cry over the destruction of the picturesque provincialisms of the world.

"Most people are quite ready to dismiss the promise of a full free life for all mankind with a sneer," says H. G. Wells in his latest book, "The Salvaging of Civilization." "That would rob the world of romance, they say, the romance of passport officials, custom houses, shortage of food, endless petty deprivations, slums, pestilence, under-educated, stunted children, youths dying in heaps in muddy trenches, and almost universal lack of vitality and all the picturesque eventfulness of temporary conditions."

By and by the world is going to awaken to the criminal nonsense and septic ignorance of this point of view. It is going to become as impatient of braggart patriotisms as it has already become impatient of braggart kings.

If we could only eliminate our hates and fears of each other and learn to cooperate, we could do in two or three years in the beneficent operation of commerce what it will take a lifetime and more to do through our contending nationalities. As Mr. Wells says, "Given only peace and confidence and union, we could double our yearly production of all that makes life desirable and still double our leisure for thought and growth. We could live in a universal palace and make the whole globe our garden and playground. Men could be destroying their slums and pestilential habitations and rebuilt spacious and beautiful cities."

This dream of better days has been dismissed with the contemptuous term "Utopia." But heretofore the dream

has only come from our religious instincts, and among the masses of people the fundamental instincts of religion have been perverted by the religious organizations which have been as clannish as the nations.

But while religion has made us feel that pigeonholed mankind is wicked, commerce is now making us see that it is a nuisance. Therefore there is hope, for people are much more ready to get rid of a nuisance than they are to abandon a sin.

□ □

Bayonne

IF you will go out to Bayonne, New Jersey, on the Jersey Central Railroad, get off at 22d Street and look around, you will see, a block away, one of the handsomest structures that can be seen anywhere in this country.

It is the Industrial Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. And thereby hangs a tale.

Some five or six years ago the Y workers approached the heads of big business in Bayonne and suggested erecting there a branch for the work of their organization. Said heads considered, inclined and wagged, after the manner of heads, and then, giving speech, declared that much as they sympathized with the pious work done by these brethren, and so on and so on, they did not feel justified in diverting to this charitable cause the money properly due their stockholders.

Now Bayonne was what was known as a tough place. That is to say, the great North American institution of Personal Liberty, the Saloon, flourished. And was heartily supported by the free people including the immigrant population freshly arrived from Poland, Hungary, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia and the like, to labor for the stockholders above mentioned.

In fact, where the imposing Y. M.

C. A. building now stands there was a resort known as Mydosh's Saloon, which was the center of most of the disturbances in those parts. Here Capital was fitly painted by well-illuminated orators as a monster with horns and poison fangs. From here there issued many a gang to burn, to destroy and to kill, in furtherance of the Revolution which was to free the working man and incidentally liberate from poverty the walking delegate.

After several years of merry hell, including strikes, riots, lockouts and ever-deepening Class Hate, a gleam of intelligence penetrated the heads to which allusion has been made above.

As nothing else would do, it was decided, in desperation, to try the Y. M. C. A. The companies bought the saloon and removed it, and put up the present building.

It cost \$750,000, and all the money was contributed by the industrial concerns, including the Standard Oil Company, the Texas Oil Company, the Vacuum Oil Company, the Tidewater Oil Company, the International Nickel Company, the Nucoa Butter Company, the Babcock & Wilcox Company, the National Sulphur Company and the Submarine Boat Corporation.

Never was a better investment made.

It is not paternalism, for sixty per cent. of the up-keep of these industrial Y's is borne by the men themselves.

It is not Charity. The workers pay for what they get, and like it.

It is not Religious Propaganda. It is Religion in its disinfected form, which is to say, pure Service, and not proselyting.

It is not Welfare Work, done by employers to keep their workers satisfied while they rob them. For all the Welfare those who frequent the place get is what they want.

It is a People's Palace. Men go there for recreation. There are pool-rooms,

a swimming-pool, baths, a soft-drink counter (where you can take your girl), and, besides, there are classes where the ambitious young man who has not had schooling enough can learn any trade or science or language he wishes.

It is all fitted up as attractively and in as good taste as any clubhouse in New York.

In other words, it is a place where men can Get Together as Human Beings. Here is no Capitalist, no Proletariat, no Class, none of that heated and fetid nonsense that drains off from the marshes of class-curst Europe to poison the U. S. A. Here is only Humanity.

And here, by the way, is one method in which America is solving her industrial problem. For what ails industry and is at the bottom of strikes and riots is not Conditions; it is Cussedness—Cussedness in fat-head Employers who try to settle matters by pompous intolerance, and hot-head Wage Earners who think to settle wrongs by the old Fallacy of Force.

Hate, and Stubbornness, and Vengeance, and Greed, and Passion—that is what is the matter with Business; not Capitalism on one hand nor Labor Unionism on the other.

It is a Human Problem and not an Economic Problem.

And there can be no better agency to inject its activities into the situation than the Young Men's Christian Association, the Right Arm of the Church.

For it has nothing to say to either side other than the memorable words of Rousseau:

"Men, be human! It is your first duty!"

And when Capitalist and Laborer wake up and find that they are both human, that after all each lay but a while ago on a mother's breast, and each in a short time shall stand naked before the judgment seat of God "to

give an account for the deeds done in the body,"—then and then only are they on the way to find a solution of their difficulties.

I attended the opening exercises of this Bayonne Industrial Branch Y. M. C. A. The place was packed with good-natured men and good-looking girls. We all had a chicken dinner. (They were even so human they passed cigars.) Over in the boys' department the kids, who hate speeches, were swimming, playing basket-ball and howling. And everybody seemed to be regular folks and enjoying themselves.

Young John D. Rockefeller made a speech in the auditorium. I liked him. He seems to be decent, democratic and sincere, an upstanding sort of chap. The crowd was jovial and responsive. They met him more than half way.

Why in time cannot Americans Get Together and talk things over—always!

All this bellyaching, revolutionary, desperate talk makes a plain American sick. There is no trouble we cannot solve if we will sit down together as human beings and start with the belief, as stated in John Leitch's creed:

"All men are fair."

□ □

Why You Don't Understand

ANYTHING can be made clear. All it requires is, first, thorough understanding of the subject and skill in wordcraft by the speaker, and, second, intelligence on the part of the listener.

Of course, it takes the latter. Somebody asked Samuel Johnson the meaning of a definition in his dictionary, which was declared obscure.

"Sir," replied Johnson, "I can write a dictionary, but I cannot supply you with the intelligence to understand it."

But the temptation to lay one's inability to make things plain to the stupidity of the other fellow should be resisted, for it is a dangerously convenient excuse for our own lack of skill in expression.

One of the greatest of arts is the art of making things plain. Every business cries out for it. Every school-house needs it. Many a family suffers for lack of it.

Anything can be made plain to an average intelligence, provided you know how, and know your subject. There are even experts who can talk life insurance so that a grocer's clerk can grasp it. About one teacher in 500 has this rare faculty. He earns his salary; the rest just rub along.

And perhaps one preacher in 900 has this gift. The other 899 drone along. Nothing is lucid. Often the congregation is well satisfied, being fond of fog.

Possibly one editorial in 523 in the newspapers goes to the bottom of things and tells you what it's all about. The others consist in elegant remarks to the reader by the writer about what neither of them comprehends.

In the more ponderous and highbrow magazines few writers understand anything.

The idea, however, that wisdom is obscure is entirely erroneous.

It is bunk that is misty and half-truth.

What Ben Franklin or William Shakespeare have to say is plain as a pike-staff. It is the humbug which Faker Ram Chandra Bamboozle calls "deep and esoteric" that is woozy.

Even Einstein, the man who is supposed to baffle us all by proving that there is a fourth dimension, that two and two do not always make four, and that parallel lines may meet after a while, can make himself understood.

For instance, Maurice Samuel in the *Manchester Guardian*, tells of going to

one of Einstein's lectures in Vienna, and actually grasping what the master had to say.

"I strike my hand twice against the table," said the professor, "one, two. What is your description of these phenomena? You are inclined to say that two knocks, at different moments, have been delivered on the same spot. Is this true? You are aware, of course, that this room, placed as it is on the earth, is moving through space, firstly because the world is turning on its own axis, then because the world is revolving around the sun, and then because the solar system is itself moving through space. It was, therefore, wrong to have said that two knocks were delivered on the same spot at two different times. The sameness of the spot was only relative to the room in which we were placed. And if we wanted the spot to remain the same in an absolute sense we should have to annihilate the sense of time—that is, the two knocks would have to take place simultaneously."

As the lecturer went on, says Samuel, "we were aware, to our astonishment, of a sudden capacity for thought; we were actually able to understand."

If Einstein can be made clear, anything can be made clear.

So cheer up! If you don't see, and are not interested, the fault is not necessarily yours—ten to one the speaker or writer simply does not know his business.

□ □

The Salvaging of Civilization

MR. H. G. WELLS comes nearer having something to say than any author who in these days is polluting impressionable paper with thoughtful ink.

He is the only writer of prominence I know who has a flaming message.

Through him, as in great ages always through some man, the Infinite is vocal.

Here lies his latest book before me, "The Salvaging of Civilization." I have just laid it down. And it is as if I had been listening to one of the high priests of civilization utterly true to the vision, utterly unafraid of his audience.

Not so much a high priest, either, as a burdened yet sure-footed prophet who cleans his soul before an untoward generation.

He sees what is the matter, tells it, and shows the thing to do.

What is the matter, is provincialism, stagnation, that cowardly coagulation which, under the ghostly power of want and use, afflicts mankind.

In plain English it is Class.

And Class is ulcerous in whatever form.

And it does not cease to be a danger, dragging a progressive race back to barbarism, when it takes the form of national vanity and calls itself patriotism.

The one and only cure seems to be Humanity.

To make this pale Utopia red and vital is the only hope of the race.

He boldly declares that instead of a Superstate being a danger it is the only way out, as indeed all clear thinkers have seen.

But he goes further. He has a triumphant faith in his fellow men. He believes that if the matter be put squarely before them they will see it, and that Chinese, Germans, French, even Irish, will be glad to exchange their hot and murderous patriotisms for the glory of Humanity.

The response to President Wilson's first proposal for World Unity in 1918, he says, was "a fact perhaps more memorable in history than the great war itself. It demonstrated that the generality of men are as capable of being cosmopolitan and pacifist as they are of being patriotic and belligerent."

If not—then only another defuge can save the remnant.

What devout thankfulness is ours that at least one first-class writer, whose word has some weight with the intellectuals, has the vision.

For where there is no vision the people perish.

THE ultra-radical group in this country is really quite small. Like the baby in the house it makes a noise entirely out of proportion to its size. A good many persons lump all labor people together and see no difference between a member of a labor-union and a Bolshevik. As a matter of fact, however, the majority and the governing influence of the American Federation of Labor is conservative. The annual report of the Executive Council of the Federation, issued the other day, "carries the battle to the Socialists and the open-shoppers, each antagonistic to the best interests of labor," as one of those who drafted the report says. This reports stands squarely on the position adopted at Montreal in regard to Soviet Russia that the government of Lenin and

Trotsky is not a government of, by or for the people, and that no recognition should be extended any government of Russia not based upon free elections.

The dollar earned and spent by the average family now will buy 25 per cent. more than a year ago. The dollar, according to reports from the labor department of the government, is now worth approximately 65 cents, as compared with the pre-war dollar. In May a year ago the dollar was worth relatively 37 cents. Somebody has said that hard times are really good times. These hard times we have been having recently have added millions to the buying power of American families.

SHALL AMERICA DISARM?

By Hudson Maxim

ENTIRELY aside from the question of ultimate world disarmament, there is one thing which seems very evident to me, and it is that the leading nations of the world—at any rate, Great Britain, Japan and the United States—should suspend naval and military preparations and agree to an armament truce for a period of five years, in order to save the colossal cost of a race for supremacy by force of arms.

I have not changed from militarist to pacifist, but the World War has altered circumstances, and the supreme need is now for an armament truce and not for more armaments. Under the same circumstances and with the same needs as we had before the World War, I should just as strongly advocate the same measures for adequate national defense that I then recommended. At that time, no armament truce would have been possible, and our only security lay in immediate substantial increase in our army and navy and all the munitions, equipment and paraphernalia of war.

Since the World War, there is altogether too little liquid capital with which to prosecute industrial development. The people are weighed down by most oppressive burdens of taxation. These burdens should be lightened, if possible, instead of being made heavier.

It is the relative armed strength of the nations that counts, and not the actual amount of armaments possessed by each. Unless the relative strength

The chief interest in this article is that it is a plea for reduction of armaments from one who represents those who have been most urgent heretofore in pressing the need of a big army and navy. It is a significant change of attitude induced by the developments of the last year or two. Mr. Maxim is consulting expert in explosives of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company.

of the nations can be changed by a race for armed supremacy during the next five years, or during the next decade, and if at the end of a decade of armed preparations the relative strength of Great Britain, Japan

and the United States would stand about as it does to-day, then nobody would gain anything by a race for armed supremacy.

Therefore, by means of an armament truce for a period of five years—and then, if it worked well, for an additional period of five years—the three great world powers—Britain, the United States and Japan—would be able to save amazing sums of money for better uses.

Such an armament truce would enable the people of the United States to save about a billion dollars a year above what they will be able to save if there be no such truce, and if naval and military preparations proceed on the vast scale intended.

What could be done with five billion dollars for the greatest good of the greatest number of the American people?

The First Year. A billion dollars would build in the United States 25,000 miles of concrete roads twenty feet wide—five roads extending East and West from Ocean to Ocean, and six roads extending North and South from Canada to Mexico and the Gulf, connecting all the principal cities and towns.

The roads could be made twenty feet

wide, of the best and most substantial concrete construction, with the liberal allowance of \$40,000 a mile, or one billion dollars for 25,000 miles.

Consider for one moment what such a network of concrete roads would mean to the farmers in getting their produce to market. Think of the cheap transportation that would be possible on short hauls by motor truck. What a blessing such a system of concrete roadways would be to the automobilist, and how the automobile industry would be stimulated and benefited.

As a defensive military measure, such a system of concrete roads would be of first importance. Germany's splendid roadways enabled the German armies to move and concentrate upon any front with great rapidity—to meet a Russian advance with overwhelming force on one day, and a few days later to mass the same men and equipment at a threatened point on the western front.

The immediate enhancement in real estate values throughout the country as a result of this system of roadways would more than equal the entire cost of construction.

The Second Year. With our billion dollars saved the second year, we could build the proposed Intercoastal Ship and Barge Canal, from Boston to Florida, running through Long Island Sound, crossing New Jersey to the Delaware, on to Chesapeake Bay, thence running behind the chain of islands southward, holding an inland water course most of the way.

This development would prove of supreme economic value for the cheap transportation of freight North and South; while, in the event of war, its strategic importance for the concealed and protected passage of submarines, torpedo-boat destroyers, battleships and all manner of fighting ships cannot be overestimated.

But this development would not consume our entire billion dollars. It would not require more than half of it. With the other 500 millions we should be able to dredge and deepen and straighten the Mississippi River to St. Louis, and the Missouri River to Kansas City, sufficiently to admit the free and unobstructed passage of ocean-liners to the very center of the industrial and fruitful West.

The Third Year. For some time past, a great electrical superpower system has been advocated, extending from Boston to Washington, connecting with the bituminous coal mines of Virginia, the anthracite fields of Pennsylvania, and the sources of water-power available at Niagara and in the lower reaches of the St. Lawrence River between Lake Ontario and Montreal constituting the international boundary between that part of New York State and Canada, one-half of which power would belong to the United States.

This superpower project is not a mere fancy, but a splendid possibility. The following is the proposition in a nutshell. Great hydro-electric power stations are to be built on the St. Lawrence and in the bituminous coal-mine section of Virginia and the anthracite region of Pennsylvania. The electrical energy from these plants will be conducted through trunk lines crossing the superpower area, and the trunk lines will be tapped by wires conducting the electricity away in all directions, to take the place of coal in all power plants, to run all locomotives and street cars, to supply all electric lighting and to generate heat for much of the cooking and warming of rooms in private homes.

The total estimated cost of installation of the superpower system is one and a quarter billion dollars. However, in the expenditure of our next and fourth billion dollars on the St. Law-

rence River, we shall provide for the use of the superpower zone a million horse-power per annum, so that the Government could easily complete the two projects for two billion dollars without calling upon private capital.

This superpower system would effect an actual saving of \$300,000,000 a year—twenty-four per cent. on the investment—and thirty million tons of coal a year could be left unmined and preserved for future generations.

The Fourth Year. A very practical and comprehensive plan has already been worked out for canalizing the St. Lawrence River between Lake Ontario and Montreal, thereby to permit the passage of ocean steamers up the St. Lawrence into Lake Ontario. The Canadian Government has already nearly completed the work of reconstruction of the Welland Canal, to allow ocean steamers to pass through from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie. Take a globe, and draw a tape from Lake Ontario to Liverpool, England, and it will be found that the tape will lie right along the course of the St. Lawrence River. Therefore the St. Lawrence is by far the shortest route from the Great Lakes to the European markets.

This plan would at one stroke make Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit and Chicago seaport cities, with ocean-steamer communication with all ports of the world. The utility and helpfulness of this development is so vast as to outpace the imagination. This great work is not a measure for the benefit of the United States alone, nor merely for the joint benefit of the United States and Canada. It would be of incomparable benefit to the entire civilized world, and the nations of the earth could very well call an armament truce if for no other reason than that this great work alone should be accomplished in the next ten years.

The plan to canalize the St. Law-

rence also embraces the contemporaneous installation of the necessary hydro-electric equipment to utilize the two million horse-power already mentioned available on that part of the St. Lawrence between Lake Ontario and New York State's border line with Canada. One-half of this enormous electrical power would belong to Canada, and the other half to the United States. This vast amount of energy is now running to waste.

The Fifth Year. In the Far West, large tracts of arid lands have been redeemed and rendered wonderfully fruitful as farming districts through the magic of irrigation accomplished by the aid of the Government in building the necessary dams to store water for the use of the farms, while the electrical power developed by the water as it is drawn from the reservoirs for purposes of irrigation furnishes the energy for lighting and transportation over large districts. Little has yet been done, however, compared with what remains undone.

In reply to a question put by me to the Department of the Interior, asking what could be done in the way of reclamation of the arid regions of the West for farming purposes by the use of a billion dollars, I received an interesting statement from that Department, giving estimates and figures, showing that 6,000,000 acres of arid and wet and cut-over lands could be reclaimed, and 150,000 farms established for a billion dollars, creating values more than double the expenditure, and supporting a population of about a million and a half.

There is no one use to which the investment of public funds can be placed to such enormous advantage and profit. When a big reservoir is built, and irrigation conduits laid for carrying water to the arid lands to be reclaimed, those lands, up to that moment valueless, are

immediately, as by magic, converted into fields of wonderful fertility, and the farm lands thus created have an immediate market value far greater than the entire cost of the reclamation project.

Seventy per cent. of the water-power in the United States lies west of the Mississippi, and only thirty per cent. in the states east of the Mississippi, while seventy per cent. of the stationary horse-power in use in this country is east of the Mississippi River. The vast regions of the Far West have industrial possibilities which far transcend anything that the race of man has yet done upon this earth.

Thus we see what might be done with five billion dollars saved by means of a five-year armament truce.

We want to know the truth, the exact truth, in order that we may do the right thing and not the wrong thing, and it requires only a little unbiased thoughtfulness to see and understand that the right thing for us to do is to try to keep the peace of the world and keep peace with the world.

Even if the nations cannot be persuaded to lay down their arms, we may, by armament truces and by international councils, do much good and prevent many wars, altho we cannot hope wholly to prevent wars. With the growth of the populations of the nations, with all their attendant needs, there will inevitably come such collision of interests that races and nations will war with one another for bread and a place in the sun.

It is not because I am pro-British, or pro-Japanese, that I am led to advocate a naval truce instead of a naval race for supremacy with those nations. I confess that I am pro-British and pro-Japanese and pro-French and pro-Italian and pro-German; for I appreciate the fact that our own well-being is wrapped up with the well-being of

all those nations. Just as the welfare of each individual American citizen is a parcel of the welfare of every other American citizen, so the welfare of the people of neighbor nations is parcel of our welfare. Humanity now reaches beyond national frontiers. The law of economics makes it good business to be kind and neighborly.

If the other nations of the world would agree to disarmament, we would be the best prepared nation on earth. If all the nations of the world should dismantle all their fighting ships, forge all their guns into structural steel, and return to the club, the pike, the scythe and the pitchfork, the United States would then easily be the best prepared nation in the event of war, for we should lead the world in man-power, resources and the ability to produce every conceivable munition of war more quickly than any other nation. Therefore, the United States would be relatively more adequately armed by world disarmament.

If the other nations are not willing that the United States should occupy this enviable position, and are to set the pace by undertaking to lead us in naval and military equipment, then there is but one thing for us to do. It is to lead the procession, and thereby to maintain, by armaments, the place in the lead which would be ours by disarmament.

We can not afford either to fool ourselves or to let anybody else fool us about this subject, for we have too much at stake.

The actual cash cost or loss to the United States of the World War as a price of our unpreparedness was more than 24 billion dollars. Interest on this at five per cent. is one billion two hundred million dollars. This means that, altho we were one of the winners in the World War, ours was a Pyrrhic victory.

Willard!

The cost of modern warfare is so colossal that wars can no longer be waged at a profit. On the contrary, the victors are obliged to bond themselves so heavily to raise money for the conduct of the war as to be entirely beyond reimbursement from any indemnity which may be wrung from the vanquished. The moral is that it does not pay to wage war in modern times. While it does not pay to lose in modern warfare, it hardly pays any better to win. But because aggressive militarism is wrong, it does not follow that pacifism, which shackles the arms of a people and delivers them defenseless to their enemies, is wise or good. Count the dead on the battle-fields of France, and count the 24 billion dollars as part of the price we paid, and we see that, however foolish and expensive a thing aggressive militarism may be, inopportune pacifism is still more foolish and expensive.

The United States should continue to maintain the armaments necessary for national defense so long as other na-

tions go on arming. It is inconceivable to me how any sane American citizen, after the experiences and sacrifices of the World War, can hold an opposite opinion. To disarm Uncle Sam and place him at the mercy of the other world-powers when he has such a colossal task to perform, as world policeman, would not only be treachery to our nation but to all the other nations of the world who are now looking to us to keep them from one another's throats. Disarmament of the United States in advance of disarmament of the other nations would not serve in the least as an inducement for them to disarm. It would have exactly the opposite effect.

The United States is the balance-wheel of world-power. It is the governor of the engine of modern civilization, and if the governor and the balance-wheel should be taken away from this engine, the whole machine might go to pieces, just as the great machine of empire erected by Alexander the Great went to pieces when he died.

WHY FRANCE SUPPORTS POLAND

By Henry Noble Hall

EVER since the armistice Poland has been a constant irritant to the Entente, and the divergence of British and French views on the Polish question has on more than one occasion placed the fundamental alliance in jeopardy. It is no secret that Mr. Lloyd George never displayed the slightest enthusiasm at the Peace Conference for the restoration of Poland, but, as it was one of the Fourteen Points which had been agreed to by the Allied and Associated Powers as a basis for the peace, the British Prime Minister loyally cooperated in the practical application of a principle he had formally accepted.

The causes of Mr. Lloyd George's lack of enthusiasm are not far to seek. Leaving aside the historical aspects of the question, what good could come to the democracies of Europe by the re-creation of a state which—reactionary by its great landowners, catholic by tradition and militarist by its lack of political experience—would inevitably revive century-old feuds in central and eastern Europe? Would not a strong Poland uselessly intensify the bitterness of German defeat and retard the re-establishment of real peace in Europe? Would not a common interest against Poland inevitably bring Germany and Russia together, an eventuality which

no statesman of the Entente can contemplate with equanimity?

Yet, despite his misgivings, Mr. Lloyd George acceded to the desires of Mr. Wilson and M. Clemenceau in the matter; but he threw the great weight of his influence against the Polish claim to Danzig and, after the first draft of the Treaty of Versailles, which gave the whole of Upper Silesia to Poland, he sustained the German protest. With Mr. Wilson's support he induced M. Clemenceau to agree to the plebiscite, the outcome of which has raised a problem that brings out more strongly than ever the divergence of views between Great Britain and France on the Polish question.

- 9 Why is it that France supports Poland so strongly? The answer is threefold and reveals how compelling her motives are. France supports Poland as an act of justice, from necessity and out of sentiment. As an act of justice because she believes that Poland, for 1,500 years an independent nation, was oppressed and enslaved by her autocratic neighbors; from necessity, for a strong Poland on the east of Germany is essential to the national security of France; out of sentiment, because of the political, religious, social and ethnical ties which have bound the two countries in close friendship for 300 years, during which, on at least two occasions, France was saved from disaster by Poland.

One of the great diplomatic traditions of France has been to neutralize or counterbalance the numerical superiority and geographical advantages of Germany by means of alliances. Although many and grave errors were made by French statesmen in the application of this policy, the policy itself has never varied. Whether it be Henry IV. intriguing with the Protestant princes against the Emperor, or Richelieu helping these same princes and intriguing

with Gustavus Adolphus, or Louis XIV. seeking alliance with Bavaria and the adherence of Alsace to the Crown of France, or the close family ties of the Houses of France and Spain, all through the seventeenth century the guiding policy of French statesmen was the abasement of the Hapsburgs and of the Holy Roman Empire.

This policy of neutralization was continued throughout the eighteenth century. The French Revolution inherited it. What better proof could one have than the creation by Napoleon of the Confederation of the Rhine? All through these centuries Poland was an essential factor in French foreign policy. The French kings always sought to have a French prince, by birth or by marriage, on the throne of Warsaw; Napoleon created the Grand Duchy of Warsaw and attached it to the kingdom of Saxony so as to have a strong base in the north which could be used alike against Vienna, Berlin or Moscow; and never in all her long history has France lost sight of the political advantages which must accrue to her from an alliance with a strong and independent Poland. To-day she looks upon it as a *sine qua non* of a Europe at peace with itself and with the world.

The French people never for a moment doubted that the defeat of Germany would restore Poland to full independence. When, shortly after the outbreak of the war, the Grand Duke Nicholas issued a proclamation declaring "Poles, the time has come when the dream of your fathers will be realized," and promised the autonomy of Poland "under the scepter of the Russian Czar, free in faith, in language and self-government," there was a strong surge of opinion in France in favor of insisting that Poland should be restored to complete independence. When the eastward advance of the German armies was followed by the joint proclamation

of the two Teutonic Emperors, on November 5, 1916, promising the reestablishment of the kingdom of Poland as a German state, French public opinion was enraged. Whether proclaimed as one of the French war aims or not, it is a fact that the restoration of Poland was looked upon by the French people as an essential act of justice which they were determined should be performed in the hour of victory. President Wilson's declaration to the United States Senate on January 22, 1917, in favor of a "united, independent and autonomous Poland," and the subsequent inclusion of Polish restoration in the Fourteen Points, convinced both the French Government and the French people that a new and great Poland would arise on the eastern confines of Germany to hold Prussianism in check and to prevent Germany obtaining economic or political control of the disorganized and leaderless Russian people.

France argues that if there be but two great States from the Ural mountains to the Rhine, their non-antagonistic interests will lead them to join together and to seek their western outlet between the Rhine and the Pyrenees, overrunning France and threatening Great Britain. This was Bismarck's dream and, if he could have established Prussian hegemony over Russia as he did over Germany, history might have been changed in its course. The pan-Germanist dream of the Kaiser and the Mittel-Europa scheme were alike directed against Russia, which, had they succeeded, would have had to choose between alliance with and subservience to Germany. To-day the great captains of German industry dream the same dream of dominating Russia by economic organization, so as to form a coalition of overwhelming resources and man-power. Against this France is determined to fight to the

end; and she is absolutely convinced that to defeat the German scheme a strong Poland is indispensable.

The problem is not what it once was. The "enemy," or, rather, the threatening and disturbing element, is no longer a Prussianized Germany. Russia, which in the seventeenth century was an oriental power, has become a great factor of western politics. And France prides herself not a little on the Franco-Russian alliance which counterbalanced the Triple Alliance and was one of the most important factors of peace in Europe. But to-day the danger of an alliance between the Germany of Ludendorff and Stinnes and the Russia of Lenin is very real in the eyes of France, and she believes that it would be a far greater danger to civilization, despite its mantle of socialism, than could ever have been the joining of the interests of an Alexander, a Frederick William and a Francis II. in their Holy Alliance.

In former days, when Germany stood alone, it was on the banks of the Rhine that France would have sought a barrier and a counterinfluence—a Protestant confederation or Confederation of the Rhine. To-day that Germany and Russia threaten to unite, it is further to the East, it is on the Vistula, that France seeks first of all a buffer state between Germany and Russia, a power to neutralize the Germanic mass, a military force on the German flank which would make it impossible for Germany to concentrate all her forces on the French frontier.

Besides, the present state of political and economic deliquescence into which Russia has fallen and the prevailing unrest throughout Central Europe make it necessary that there be some strong nation capable of giving political stability to the new states created by the Treaty of Versailles and of withstanding any attempt by Germany to use the

young and inexperienced or the old and decaying elements that have arisen from the disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian Empire for the purpose of a *Drang nach Osten*.

It is to Poland that France looks to play this part. If Poland has ambitions, they are only such as can serve France—to regain her former power, to reunite under the wings of the White Eagle all men of Polish tongue and tradition, all those too young, too old or too feeble to live beyond her or without her. Pilsudski's campaign in Ukraina is witness thereof. His aim was not to reconquer Kiev for Poland but to set up a barrier between Warsaw and Moscow. Poland alone of the nations can bar the road from Russia. Poland also is essential as the eastern side of the cage within which Germany may move but out of which she must not break. Such is the French conception of the part Poland is called upon to play in Europe, as a pacific and anti-imperialist factor necessary to the policy of peace and justice for which France stands.

But political and diplomatic considerations have little appeal in a democracy unless they are supported by public opinion. The French people at heart are not only pro-Polish, but are almost as Polish as the Poles. They instinctively feel that Poland is a sister civilization beyond the confines of Teutonic barbarism.

The French know that the Polish civilization is as essentially Latin as their own, and every schoolchild is taught the many ethnical, social and political ties which for so long have bound the French and Polish nations.

Every Frenchman knows the story of the great Polish mission which came in June, 1572, to fetch the Duke of Anjou (later Henry III. of France) to crown him in Poland, a mission which astounded the French court and the Paris

of the Renaissance by its courtesy and its magnificence. On every page of history one finds ties between the Seine and the Vistula. Ladislaus IV. marries Marie-Louise of Gonzague, who, as a widow, marries King John Casimir. In 1682 the Duke of Enghien, the victor of Rocroy, who is known to fame as the Grande Condé, was a candidate for the throne of Poland. In 1674 Jean Sobieski, the future conqueror of the Turks before Vienna, being unable to wed a French princess of the blood, took as his Queen a Frenchwoman—Mlle. d'Arquien. Then in 1697 the Prince of Conti was candidate to the Polish throne, and in 1725 a Polish woman, Marie Leczinska, became Queen of France by her marriage.

In 1811 Alexander of Russia tried to induce Napoleon to sacrifice Poland. The Emperor refused. Poland raised 80,000 men for its savior and, under the auspices of the Emperor, the Polish Confederation proclaimed the restoration of Poland. Then came 1813. The Poles alone remained faithful to Napoleon. At Leipzig, Poniatowski, former marshal of the Empire, was drowned in the Elster while covering the retreat of Napoleon's troops, an act which, popularized in picture and song, has never been forgotten. The presence of Poles in the wars of Hungaria and of Italy in 1848, the creation of a Polish Legion during the Crimean War, and the French diplomatic intervention of 1863 at the time of the last great insurrection, all served to stimulate these memories.

It is on these traditions—transformed into legends by the populace—that the existing friendship between the two countries is based. It is this strong public conviction that serves as a basis for French policy of to-day, which is directed towards the establishment of a strong Poland—the natural friend of France and the foe of Germany.

A STUDY OF BRITISH NATIONALISM

By Iona Macdonald

WILLIAM HARD, writing in the *Metropolitan* on that ubiquitous subject "Why England Fails in Ireland," quotes a Scottish friend as saying to him: "You know why the English can't understand the Irish? The English have no sense of nationality." But one may safely conjecture that this Scottish friend has not made the acquaintance of the English outside of London. Indeed, London is the only spot in the British Empire where an Englishman escapes the consciousness of being English; it is a sort of cosmopolitan oasis in the center of England. One might also say that it is about the only place where a man with a grudge against the Empire may safely expound his ideas without fear of molestation. When a Sinn Fein gathering meets in the Albert Hall, London not only condones but offers her patronage; but when a demand was recently made of the mayor of Victoria, B. C., that he give police protection to a Sinn Fein meeting, he refused, presumably on the theory that a Bobby and the Union Jack are so intimately related that it is unseemly for the former to overhear swear words directed at the latter.

Tho loath to contradict the opinion of a fellow countryman, I would venture to say that what is more nearly true of an Englishman's sense of nationality is that he does not associate a ballot box with it. I well remember my amusement when an American friend told me that Canada could never progress so long as it was "ruled by the English." I immediately ventured a bet with her that she could not by all her powers of persuasion get an Englishman within ten yards of a polling-booth in Canada. I assured her that I had on many occasions endeavored to lead,

drive or coax him thither, expostulating the while on the "duty of citizenship"—a creed imbibed during my school days in the United States—only to be rewarded with the announcement that he had "too much respect for his nationality."

This is true of the Dominions, but even in Great Britain I verily believe that, while an Englishman has no particular antipathy to the British Government, he has about as little interest in it as an Irishman has. To be reminded that he is a "British subject" is a humiliation he seeks to avoid. He has a vague idea that the word "British" is simply another name for Scotch—in which he is not far wrong. The word was officially adopted by the Treaty of Union of 1707 to eliminate the possibility of any suggestion that the Scotch ever were or ever would be "under English rule," and ever since then the Englishman has been engaged in the vain attempt to treat it as a scrap of paper and to reestablish himself in the eyes of the world as a self-governing entity. In this he is greatly assisted by the Irish and to no little extent by the Americans.

The Irishman, for example, has declared his independence from the "English Government." There is no doubt, of course, that the Irishman himself, knowing exactly what he means, gives little heed to the name of it. The American, unable to comprehend the thing itself, picks it up by the wrong handle—or what he supposes to be a handle. He is seemingly unaware that a Scotchman's hair takes on chameleon shades at the application of the word "English" to that pet abstraction and thing of his own creation—the British Government.

What really concerns us most is whether or not the exact use of the word "British" would enable our American friends to understand better that strange composite of nationalities to which the word is properly applied. I can recall my own indignation when a young man of my acquaintance remarked to me that "it was too bad the way the English Government treated the Scotch and the Irish." I had forgotten for the moment that an American has a "single-track mind," as he would express it himself; he invariably puts two and two together to make four. In the case of Scotland, however, two and two do not make four. That is to say, if you begin with the assumption that because "the English conquered Ireland seven centuries ago and the Irish have been and still are a downtrodden race, suffering from the unspeakable iniquities of the tyrant," etc.—surely every American knows the formula—that it follows as night the day that the Welch must have been obliterated and the Scotch demolished. Do they not live infinitely nearer to—indeed, under the very nose of—the Tyrant? Moreover, is not an Irishman reputed to be the best fighter in the world, and who would have the temerity to attempt that which an Irishman fails in?

And the Englishman is secretly delighted; one can always see a smile steal over his countenance at mention of the "conquest." The fact is that at home on his own island he is unused to having his prowess on the battlefield recognized. Any self-assertion along that line invariably brings Bannockburn down on his head; or, if he happens to be sojourning in the U. S. A., it is Bunker Hill that descends upon him. Is it not natural for him to feel gratified at the knowledge that he has done something to mark his place in history—he conquered Ireland seven hundred years ago!

A wily historian has explained that "the English were lucky in Ireland and singularly unfortunate in Scotland." The English themselves put forth the excuse that the Scots were "too English to be conquered by the English,"—referring to the Lowlander who has made himself a bulwark against the aggression of his kinsmen to the south. But we suspect that Dr. Samuel Johnson inadvertently hit the mark when he suggested, after an abbreviated visit to the "land o' cakes," at a time when inns were scarce and none too comfortable, that the most pleasing prospect an Englishman saw in Scotland was the road back to England. No doubt the good Doctor was unaware that in a sentence he had summed up five centuries of British history.

It is little to be wondered at then that what distinguishes an Englishman abroad or in the Dominions is his pride of race and tender affection for his native land. Politics do not enter into this, nor Kings nor Prime Ministers. Indeed that which an Englishman holds most precious is curiously like that which an Irishman holds precious. The difference is superficial rather than fundamental. An Englishman believes that he and his race are the dust of England scattered abroad; an Irishman believes he is consecrating his native land by dying in it, and, to glorify it still more, he erects for himself an elaborate inquisition in which to endure self-made agonies. An Irishman's sense of nationality is not the antithesis but rather the parallel of an Englishman's—it is bound up in his race. It has been left for the Scot to comprehend a nationality extending beyond himself and his race. William Paterson, founder of the Bank of England and one of Scotland's most renowned men of the Seventeenth Century, had such a vision when he saw in the Isthmus of Darien
(Continued on page 132)

A CABINET MEMBER WHOSE LIFE STORY READS LIKE A DIME NOVEL

IN official Washington the impression prevails that no man identified with the present administration enjoys the personal friendship of President Harding to any greater extent than Albert Bacon Fall, Secretary of the Interior. He is described as one of the "honey bees" of American politics. Before the picturesque border State of New Mexico sent him to the United States Senate eight years ago he sipped the delights of Democratic, Progressive and straight-goods Republican petals with full enjoyment of all and considerable political prestige and profit to himself. There exists the belief that if Charles Evans Hughes had not accepted the State portfolio the President would have conscripted the services of the man from the Mexican border who is now in charge of the undeveloped resources of the nation, of Alaska, the Philippines, Hawaii and Porto Rico, of the great unexplored oil fields in these far-flung States and dependencies, of their great wealth of timber, of their mines and of their immense volume of unharnessed water-power, yet to be hooked up for the development of commerce.

Probably no man in the United States has a more intimate acquaintance with the country at large and he is reputed to know Mexico better than any other man in public life, having for years kept a vigilant eye upon the turbulent republic to the south. He has thrown a leg over a horse and ridden far into the Mexican wilds. He has investigated the conduct of the Mexican Government from both the inside and outside and has insisted for many years that the only solution of the Mexican problem is intervention and ultimately annexation. Naturally the Mexicans do not regard him as a friend, and such papers as the *New York World* and the *Brooklyn Eagle* are apprehensive of his being "a trouble-making Secretary" and as destined to be "a thorn in the flesh of Hughes."

The Senatorial colleagues of Secretary Fall credit him with three qualities—intel-

ligence, determination and industry. He is pronounced by them to be one of the best authorities on international law in the country, having specialized in that branch of the profession incidental to probing into the intricacies of Mexican affairs. President Harding is said to regard him as "the best international lawyer in the country." Louis Siebold, writing in the *World*, describes him as "a fighting man whose career, to some extent, is reminiscent of that of Buffalo Bill, tho in appearance he is the last man in the world one would pick for a border hero. He is slight and spare in physique, with a long, narrow, almost esthetic face distinguished by blue penetrating eyes—the sort of eyes that one learned to beware of in the early frontier days as indicating a man who could take care of himself in almost any sort of company.

This successor to the late Secretary Lane is described as a most agreeable companion, very strong in his personal friendships, a good listener and not particularly loquacious. He is a good deal of an optimist and shares with President Harding an abiding faith in the supremacy of American institutions. He admits that there are "a lot of problems" for him to solve, but says, "we'll find a way."

It was in the Senate that he and Warren G. Harding became cronies when their duties first brought them into contact, and the friendship thus formed has continued without interruption. Rumor has it that they are to visit Alaska together this summer, to investigate the railway now being built by the Government at an expense of \$15,000,000. The object of the trip is to make the necessary arrangements for Government operation of the road as soon as it is completed. Whether or not the President will accompany Secretary Fall, emissaries from the several railways over which the transcontinental journey might be made have been haunting the Department of the Interior trying to persuade its chief to arrange to have the Presidential private car travel over their lines.

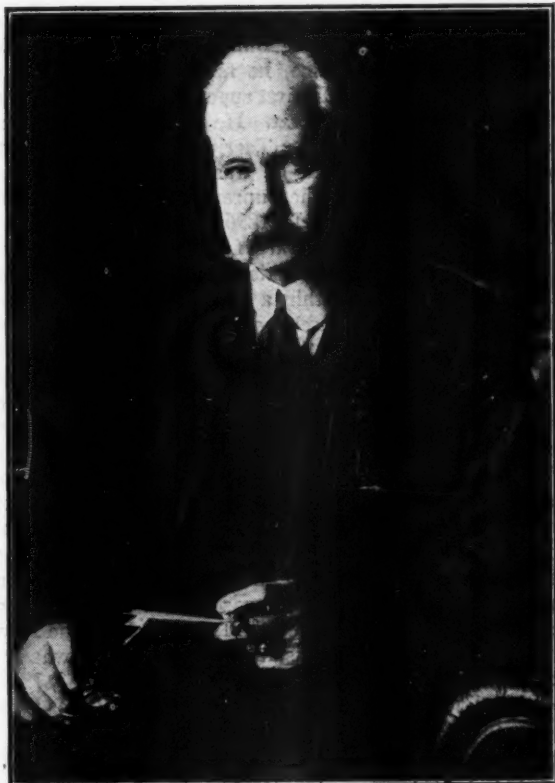


Photo by Brown Brothers

"THE BEST INTERNATIONAL LAWYER IN THE COUNTRY"

So President Harding is quoted as saying of his Secretary of the Interior, Albert Bacon Fall, of New Mexico.

Whatever the final decision of the President may be it is stated authoritatively that he is enthusiastically in accord with Secretary Fall's idea to make the Government railroad in Alaska an outstanding proof of the feasibility of Government operation. The fact that the population of Alaska has decreased from 70,000 to about 35,000 in late years is due, in the opinion of Secretary Fall, to woful neglect on the part of the Government of the mining, timber, oil and fish industries of the Territory.

From boyhood, records the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, the rôle of prospector has appealed to Albert B. Fall. At the age of twenty-one, with such knowledge of mining as he could acquire from books, he

ventured into Mexico. That was in 1882. He began at a mine near Nieves, Zacatecas, where for three years he worked as a mucker, as a timberman, and as foreman. He served his apprenticeship on the hoist and in the operation of pumps. He sorted ore, built roads, and sharpened drills. When the Mexican Central, in 1884, ran its first through train from Mexico City to El Paso, young Fall returned to the United States with enough practical experience, he believed, to undertake operation on his own account. During 1885, 1886 and in 1887 he prospected through the back range of the Sierra, in Grant County, N. M. He located a number of properties and undertook the development of several. While in Mexico, he had acquired some prospects in that country, and these he developed with the aid of associates, together with his New Mexico activities. Finally, in 1907, he sold his holdings in Mexico. In discussing his mining experience Secretary Fall said that there are numerous monuments to bad fortune in the wake of his mining

experience, but he admitted that there are a few monuments to good fortune as well.

One of the prospect holes which Fall dug came near being his grave. He was doing a little double-hand hammer work in the bottom of a 25-ft. shaft while his partner was hoisting the used drills. One of these slipped through a hole in the rawhide bucket and landed on Fall's head. The resulting injury was a severe one, and even yet he carries a conspicuous scar as a reminder of this episode.

Twice during his experience in Mexico Fall barely escaped death. While exploring an old Spanish working, on one occasion, bad air was encountered by two of his Mexican workmen. One managed to reach the surface, more dead than alive,

but he was unable to bring out his companion. Thereupon Fall went into the hole himself, found his workman at the bottom of a winze, and managed to carry him up the chicken ladder and the crude roadway to the surface. His heroism was in vain, as it developed that he had brought a corpse out of the mine.

Secretary Fall was born in Frankfort, Kentucky, in 1861, the grandson of an English preacher and son of a Confederate army officer. He was raised in Kentucky and Tennessee and worked in a cotton mill at Nashville when he was eleven years old. He worked on a farm and taught school in Kentucky until he studied law in 1879, when he was eighteen years old. The fellows that knew him then say that he was a "darned good lawyer" before he was twenty. Resisting the charms of the blue grass country, Fall emigrated to the Red River country of Texas, where he married Miss Emma Morgan, a daughter of a member of the Confederate Congress. For three or four years Fall "laid down" the law in the Panhandle country. Then he went off mining and prospecting in Mexico, principally around Zacatecas, where, as we have indi-

cated, he had adventures enough to make an interesting dime novel. Returning to New Mexico, he made his home in Las Cruces. His first appearance in politics was as a Democrat. He served in the Legislature of the Territory for three terms, after which he was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court by President Cleveland. In 1896 he was appointed Attorney General of the Territory, but resigned to practice law at the end of the year. Within a short time he had established himself as one of the ablest lawyers in the Southwest despite the fact that he was an ardent outdoor man. He had the reputation of being able to hang in a saddle for twelve hours without tiring, and he knew how to handle a gun or a rifle and a Colt with the best of them. Also, he played the great American game of draw poker with an unusual mathematical appreciation of values. In 1902 he was elected to the State Senate as a fusion candidate. He was elected to the United States Senate as a Republican by the New Mexico Legislature in 1912. He was reelected for the term ending March 3, 1919, and again was reelected for the term which will end on March 3, 1925.

SIR ROBERT HORNE: THE LATEST BRITON TO MAKE A HIT

THE mother of Sir Robert Horne prayed from the hour of his birth that he might become a minister of the gospel, but instead of that he is Chancellor of the Exchequer and the man of the hour in British politics. "Dinna be a fool," his mother is quoted in the London Times as saying to him when he asked her opinion about taking office, "come hame." Matters, he respectfully explained, had gone too far. His father had been a Presbyterian minister, to be sure, but the boy had been affected early in life by much study of Schopenhauer and Fichte and Hume and Voltaire. He held a chair of philosophy at an important university and wrote about things which his venerable mother, still alive at a great age, thought no Christian should even understand. She cherishes a hope that he may yet see the

error of his ways and preach the gospel, for he is only fifty.

Nobody in England paid much attention to Sir Robert until the labor situation was rendered tense through the activities of Bob Smillie. This pair are usually in sharp collision. One is the antithesis of the other, observes the *London News*, for while one "Bob" is grim, dour and suspicious, the other is cheerful, open-handed and lively. The labor Bob revels in dire anticipations of to-morrow, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer always faces the bright horizon. One Bob scowls while the other is laughing heartily and yet both are typical Scots, living examples of the two types into which their countrymen are divided. Each is a genius at negotiation, but the northern "burr" is stronger in the speech of the one than it is in the other.

The fame of Sir Robert Horne is so well established that it is difficult to realize the extreme brevity of his parliamentary career. He has not been three years in the Commons, but, as the London daily explains, he took to parliamentary life from the first, unlike so many other clever lawyers who must wait to saturate them-

ish health, a blithe temper. The smile seems never to desert that open face. He has the good luck to suggest nothing like genius, to wear no aspect of the superman and he disarms criticism by asserting at the outset of a debate that he is not quite sure that he knows what he is talking about but he hopes to learn.



"DINNA BE A FOOL," SAID HIS MOTHER, "COME HAME"
But Sir Robert Horne preferred to stay in London where he is at this moment Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Bob Smillie complained from the beginning of the coal crisis that its destinies were in the hands of a man whose temper and training set him apart from the working classes. Sir Robert Horne retorted that his career had been that of a typical Scots laddie, and that was true. He was what the English call "a son of the Manse." His father had little to give him except an education, and the future Chancellor of the Exchequer lived on oat meal, wore clothes which in some cases had been reshaped from his father's old coats, and by the time he went up to the university lived on a pittance. He had to tutor when he finished his law studies, for his practice at the bar brought him commercial cases for which his clients did not pay well. It was noted that he won the day in court, a circumstance attributed by many to his assumption that his opponent's side of the controversy need never be taken seriously. He carries this gesture into his disputes with the coal miners, taking it for granted, with

selves with the atmosphere of the place. He speaks pithily in tones that ring out distinctly and he has the advantage of what is called "a good presence." He looks like a quiet man by temperament, but the clean-shaven face, the bushy brows, the eyes of Saxon blue and the vigorous swing of the arm suggest a boy-

comical good faith, that they must be joking. The panic of the British public alternated between apprehension and merriment as Sir Robert went from one phase of the agony to the next with his imperturbable humor. He is assisted in this attitude by his gift for appropriate anecdote. He is such a good

story-teller that, partly in consequence of his droll manner, it is impossible to refrain from laughter when he has spoken his little piece.

His rapid rise is ascribed to his social gifts chiefly. Nobody questions his solid attainments, his profound knowledge of his own branch of the law, his intimacy with serious literature, his intellectual power; but it is no disparagement of these things to affirm, as the *London Post* does, that he gets along because he is such a delightful company. He dines out almost nightly and his entertainments in his bachelor apartments are among the events of the London season. He happens to be one of the best dancers of his time and he has a passion for meeting people. Wherever he goes he makes himself the life of a party and that not because he tries to shine but because he bubbles over with geniality and what the English call high spirits. His detractors insist that he is only lucky and even the *London Times* concedes that the secret of his power is elusive. "It is not in his speaking, which has a firm disciplined tread without wings or seduction, strong in argument and often racy in expression, but no precipitant of emotion." He has no particular gospel to preach in politics, even if he be something of a Tory. It is not known that he is an able administrator. He has risen only because he has the mysterious faculty of making everybody like him for no reason that they can set down definitely.

He is a big, bulky figure to look at and he paces in his most ordinary walk at a stride that makes the average man breathless. He dashes through a swinging door at a run. He fidgets when indoors and he hates the atmosphere of an office. London dailies report him a restless being at board meetings. He is the ideal outdoors man, hating the smell of gas so intensely that he never, if he can help it, rides in an automobile. The invention of the motor car seems to him a doubtful blessing. His recreations are such outdoor activities as golf and running, angling and an occasional tour on a bicycle. In the summer he likes to trudge about in the open, often putting up at some out-of-the-way inn where he is a stranger, lounging about the

field in shabby suits and shabbier hats. He loves to pick flowers and make a huge posy of them. He once confided to a friend that he would have liked to devote his life to Nature study. He is the last person in the world to be suspected of a passion for metaphysics and philosophy, the only indoor sport, he has said, to which he ever addicted himself.

He carries this outdoor breeziness into all his official life, made up of loud talks with laborites, tax reformers, parliamentary committees. Everybody shouts around him or bangs tables or makes defiant observations. There is sure to be an interval during which everybody talks at once. Sir Robert has thus a genius for animating people, for developing noise and turmoil. All this was remarkable enough, as the *London Herald* says, when he was only minister of labor, but labor is accustomed to noise and rather liked Sir Robert Horne's vivid style. When he was put at the head of the Board of Trade there was more noise than ever, louder pounding of tables, greater vehemence in speeches. He did not set the example. He merely stimulated. His incomparable vividness of manner involved all negotiations in uproar, in melodrama, reaching a climax in loud laughter. The history of the labor crises was the result. Now that he is responsible for his country's finances, Sir Robert Horne exults in the same pandemonium. He has quite eclipsed Winston Churchill as the noisiest creature in the British government. Sir Robert Horne's critics accuse him of a suspicion that all the world is deaf. If you want to find out where he is, go where the shouting is loudest.

He is supposed to owe this propensity to the intimacy of his association with the coal miners. He was born and brought up amongst them. Well he knew the home life of the miners in his own locality when he was a boy in his father's parsonage, a fact of which Bob Smillie reminded him grimly when the two had it out "hot and heavy" last September. Perhaps he owes his temperamental affinity for noise to his own exuberant good health. In any event, his capacity for noise accounts to many for his firm hold upon popular

attention. He has an instinctive grasp, London *Truth* thinks, for mob psychology. He exults in a fracas. He actually enjoys the experience of having the big fist of a labor leader shaken perilously near his nose. He is fairly energetic in shaking his own fist, too, and it is notoriously a big one. Then he laughs in his loud, ringing fashion.

This vitality explains his ability to work all day and dance all night, an achievement not unusual with him. When London gets too much for him—and he dislikes city life—he will jump on a train and go to Edinburgh to see his mother. She is anything but edified by his career, and she does not conceal her disapproval of his dancing. Her supreme anxiety is on the subject of his religious faith. He has relaxed much of the severity of the

Calvinism he received from pious parents, but his mother notes with satisfaction that the hold of the German philosophers over his youthful mind is not what it was. He is a believing Christian who, on a Sabbath morning, when he is in Edinburgh, takes his mother to church and sits meekly in a back pew, drinking in a sermon which he knows he must later analyze at home for her satisfaction and peace of mind, just as he did when he was a boy. Only when he is sitting with his mother in her little parlor, we read, is Sir Robert Horne a subdued man, and he still listens respectfully to her pious admonition that he mend his ways and become a minister of the Gospel. "A guid lad, my Bobbie," she is quoted as having said to a neighbor, "but flighty."

LOUIS LOUCHEUR: THE MAN BEHIND THE FRENCH ATTITUDE

GERMANS may be quite mistaken in their idea that Louis Loucheur is the real ruler of France, but there can be no doubt that he is one of the "strong," as they say at Paris—a figure no less important now than Poincaré or Briand. Louis Loucheur lacks the genius for publicity because he did not enter politics by way of journalism. He was an engineer, a constructor, a mathematician, a man who had risen from poverty to power in the industrial world through initiative and what the French call "objectivity." He does not dream, observes the *Matin*. In all the character sketches of him he conveys an impression of energy, of eagerness, of absorption in to-day. ✓The Germans deem him their worst enemy in France, the creator of that policy of irreconcilable determination.

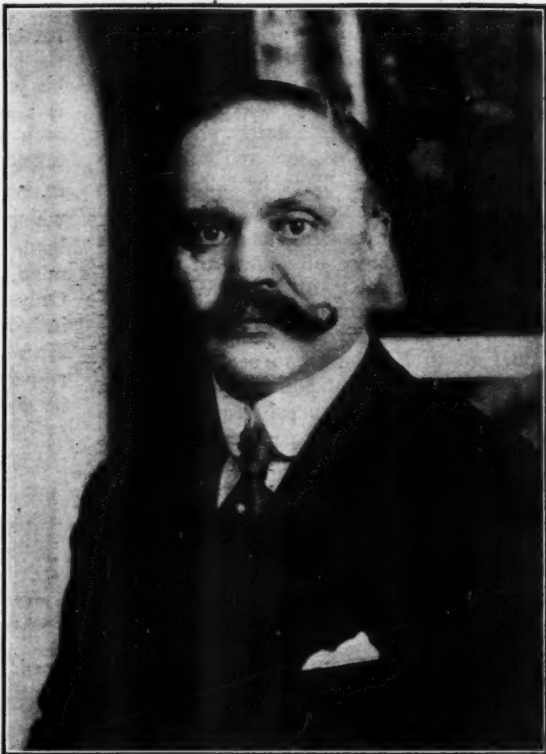
Louis Loucheur looks like a man who could infuse his own energy into all around him. The eyes are turned on and off like bulbs in lighting schemes, and they transfigure a countenance across which the man's emotions play like reflections of sky and cloud in a lake. He fixes one with his forefinger, snapping

words like firecrackers. His French is elliptical, swift—the language, according to the *Gaulois*, of one who has handled things rather than ideas. He does his thinking quickly and aloud, reaching decisions almost on the spur of the moment. The voice is loud, the hand is gripping, the walk is swift, the clothes are new. He laughs, he frowns, he gets up and he sits down all in a series of gestures that have nothing restless about them. It is all natural to the man who is on the alert, who has many people to see, innumerable threads of negotiation in his hand. He is never "flustered," but he never seems to give much time to any one thing. He leaves detail to many subordinates. His is the directing mind, the greatest directing mind, some observers think, that France has to-day. He doubts the wisdom of publicity for politicians. "There is such a thing," he told the deputies once, "as being too well known."

Such are the more striking personal characteristics of the man who began life as the mathematical prodigy of the college at Lille and who, as he approaches fifty, finds himself so steeped in the atmosphere

of the Chamber of Deputies that he might as well, laments the *Action*, be a pot-house politician. Who would dream, we are asked, that this Loucheur is the discoverer of two absolutely new theorems on epicycloids that have won the admiration of geometers? The bent of his genius had been discovered before he entered the *École polytechnique*, where, according to M. Marc Logé, writing in the *London Outlook*, only his detestation of German and his refusal to have anything to do with chemistry kept him from supreme academic distinction. His passion in those days was for geometry, but he enlarged the scope of his mathematics when he entered the artillery school at Vincennes. There, too, he proved an intellectual prodigy.

If the father of Louis Loucheur had not died unexpectedly at this time, leaving a trivial estate which the youth surrendered to his mother and sisters, the statesman would have been extinguished prematurely in the theorist. Louis Loucheur had to make money, a thing he never thought much of before. He floundered about for some time before making that connection with the Nord railways which really enabled him to find a practical outlet for his genius. He was financially at the lowest possible ebb, forced to live on less than five dollars a week for a long time. Louis Loucheur was little more than a stripling when he was entrusted with the task of widening the tracks of one of the great railroad stations. He sat up night after night and seemed to be working in flat defiance of practical experience, so delicately had he calculated his curves and stresses. Traffic was never interrupted. The work was finished ahead of time. Every specification was nicely met and the cost was within the estimate. The position of the youth as an efficient engineer was so well established



THE RESTORER OF THE DEVASTATED REGIONS

Louis Loucheur has won fame with his schemes for the rejuvenation of France, for the obliteration of all traces of the passage of the ravaging Hun, and he is deemed the supreme engineering genius of his country.

that he could afford to marry, and he was rewarded with a desirable post in the provinces.

Now occurred one of those swift transformations in which the career of Louis Loucheur abounds and which seem to reflect the essential trait in him. A classmate of his at the Polytechnique turned up unexpectedly with a suggestion that they form an engineering firm. His old college chum had a little money. Louis Loucheur at once threw up his post, to the consternation of his whole family. He seemed to have parted with his worldly wisdom, especially as the new firm did no great amount of business for a considerable time. At last, Loucheur insisted that he and his partner specialize in reinforced concrete, and that seemed the

maddest whim of all. Reinforced concrete was unknown to the French, or nearly so, and there were engineers in the land who ridiculed it. Loucheur ran about for business, undertaking audacious enterprises which conservative contractors would not look at. His triumph came with the completion of the plant which gives light to Clermont-Ferrand. The immense artificial lake necessitated by the undertaking caused some experts to impeach the sanity of the bold Loucheur.

He revealed this daring, this defiance of experience, in all his engineering. Nobody took him seriously when he affirmed that the waterfalls of the Dauphiné and the Grenoble district ought to provide motive power for a vast region. He was inferred to be the victim of a mania for carrying power across insurmountable obstacles—from the Alps to the industrial centers. His idea was to enable France to get abreast of Germany in the matter of electrification, and this was held impossible. The French temperament was thought to be one obstacle, France being a country of little business men. Loucheur had no patience with this view. He went obstinately forward with his construction of great central motive-power stations. His successes were so astonishing that his fame became international, and he was not forty when he got big contracts in Italy and especially in Russia. He was a rich man, employing thousands of workmen, with interests in Moscow, Tangier and Rome. He had become what the French call a "great industrial." He explained his career as the application of the higher mathematics to engineering instead of to astronomy. "I try to see the earth," he once explained, "as well as the stars."

He had acquired a beautiful home in an exquisite garden at Louveciennes, where his leisure was passed in the society of his wife and daughters. He has all the Gallic sprightliness, a capacity for the enjoyment of life. He strives on principle to overcome a tendency to melancholy, and he will not permit himself to dwell upon the tragedy in things. He avoids vain regrets, harping upon the past, philosophizing upon what might have been. There are too many Hamlets, he

explains. His relaxation, when possible, is travel. He has penetrated into the remotest parts of Morocco, wandered in Greece, put up at outlandish Turkish inns. He knows Italy, Russia and England well. For so practical a creature, he is well read in the poets. His tastes incline him towards the esthetic contemplation for which that other French politician, Louis Barthou, is celebrated, but Louis Loucheur is too immersed in affairs to write art criticism, to stroll through picture galleries and to collect cameos and prints, in the colleg's fashion. When he gets a little leisure he reads, especially the history of the French revolution and the memoirs of eighteenth-century celebrities. He expressed to a friend not long ago his deep regret that he can find no time for a systematic study of Shakespeare. The conversation at his dinner-table almost invariably concerns itself with topics remote from his work—literature, music and painting.

Loucheur is accused by his political enemies of cherishing preposterous and impossible schemes for a reconstruction of society. These theories of his are not socialistic. They reveal, according to the French dailies, the propensity of the engineer to forget the limitations imposed by Nature upon the handiwork of man. He thinks society ought to provide the poor man with free heat in the winter by means of electrical transmissions of energy over vast distances. His Utopia sometimes startles his listeners, for he has the prophetic vision and is fond of describing the society of the future in terms of a material well-being that will banish poverty from the earth. He can refute all opponents with his mathematics. The society of the future, he contends, will be made not by physicians nor by sociologists, but by engineers.

The creation of a ministerial post for the restoration of the "devastated regions" of France meant the appointment of Louis Loucheur to a seat in the cabinet. Inevitably, he manifested the temperamental impatience of his nature. The Germans were slow—slow in sending that coal, slow in providing material, slow in handling machinery. He would not per-

mit Germany to send her workmen into France. They dawdled, he said. Here a well-known trait in Louis Loucheur must be allowed for. "He plants a seed," writes M. Marc Logé; "a week later he expects to gather flowers, and a fortnight later oranges." This eagerness to race with time was a precious asset to his country during the war. It was he who solved the ammunition problem. They thought him mad when he affirmed that in a few months France could build new factories out of which ought to come thirty thousand shells daily. The thing was done. Loucheur was on the spot. He slept in the cellar while the roof was under con-

struction. He ate hard bread and tinned salmon like the laborers. He exemplified anew his surprising capacity to do with little sleep. Always he urged speed. He does not mind being laughed at when he says that whatever is well done is quickly done. "Rome," Ribot remarked gently to him once, "was not built in a day," but Loucheur merely retorted, "Are you sure?"

It is the quick Loucheur temperament, the temperament behind the Gallic impatience with the Germans, the mood this man has communicated to his countrymen, who regard him as the genius thrown up by Providence for their emergency.

HOW DAUGHERTY "PUT HARDING OVER"

ALTHO opinion has been divided as to the qualifications of Harry M. Daugherty to fill the office of Attorney-General of the United States, there seems to be no question but that in placing him in the Cabinet President Harding recognized an obligation to the man who is most responsible for his selection and election to the Presidency. Of course full credit for the performance must be divided among some fifteen odd million voters, but Daugherty was the "original Harding man" just as Colonel George Harvey is credited with having been the "first to see the Presidential possibilities of Woodrow Wilson."

The new Attorney-General, recounting, in the *New York Herald*, the story of his part in "putting a President over," goes back twenty-five years to the time when he and Harding, "a green and awkward young fellow who was running for the Ohio State Senate," first met in Marion. It was not until 1919, however, when Senator Harding, with a good record behind him, was rounding out his Senatorial service in Washington, that the matter of the Presidency became a consideration. "He was developing as a national figure, and I had in the back of my head the opinion that he would make a strong candidate for the Presidency and a good

President. In the autumn of 1919, I think it was early in November, or perhaps it was the latter part of October, I got on the train and came to Washington. I saw Harding and talked it over with him. He seemed to be indifferent about the matter, but he did not turn down the proposal that he authorize the use of his name as a candidate.

"It was then, really, that the germ of the idea began. I made a second trip to Washington and gave an interview to the newspaper men, which was published generally. In this I outlined what sort of man I believed should be President, called attention to the widening of the breach between Congress and the Executive, said the President should be a man who would accept the counsel of House and Senate and other leaders, and wound it up with the mention of my belief that Senator Harding fulfilled those qualifications. My purpose in this was to learn the reaction from the country. It attracted some favorable comment and gave me encouragement. This statement was followed up soon afterward with another visit to Washington, in which I talked with a number of leaders of the Republican party in order to ascertain what they thought of the idea of the proposed candidacy.



Copyright by Clinedinst

A GOOD LAWYER, BUT A GREATER POLITICIAN

Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty is thus described by his friendly critics in Washington. He is credited with being "the original Harding man."

That, too, gave some encouragement. Harding knew nothing of this visit.

"My next talk with him about the matter was in Ohio, more than a month afterward. It was, I am sure, during one of the Congressional recesses—just after Thanksgiving, as I recall. Harding called me up on the telephone from Marion and came over to Columbus for a talk. We sat in my den until two o'clock in the morning discussing the situation. I explained to him that he had the qualifications as a candidate, and that, while I did not wish to urge him to enter the race, I felt that

he had nothing to lose by entering. Ohio always has had a candidate for President at every convention, and we laughingly agreed that the country might get the idea that Ohio was seceding from the Union if she failed on this occasion."

In the end Senator Harding agreed to become a candidate for the nomination and Daugherty to become manager of his campaign. The duties of a Presidential campaign manager and the ways a President is groomed for the race are thus unfolded: A year ago last December the Republican National Committee was to meet

in Washington. Daugherty got in touch with some fifty leading Republicans in Ohio and arranged for them to be in Washington at the time of the meeting. He obtained hotel quarters for them and had them in turn sound the various members of the Committee on the Harding candidacy. All of the fifty called on Senator Harding but "he had no idea what they were doing in Washington." With very little money in hand, a publicity bureau was organized to acquaint the public with Senator Harding and his record, the preconvention "strategy being to familiarize the people with Harding so that if or when a deadlock came the convention would turn to him."

In this connection, Attorney-General Daugherty recites an odd coincidence. He had been a delegate to the Republican National Convention in Minneapolis which nominated Harrison, and also to the Chicago Convention of 1916 which nominated Hughes. William McKinley was chairman of one and Warren G. Harding of the other. "McKinley came around to my hotel one morning and we rode together to the Convention in a hack. We talked about the reports that they were going to vote for him in the convention because of the fight between Harrison and Blaine. McKinley took the position that the time was not ripe for him to be nominated; even as chairman of the Convention he challenged the vote of Ohio when it went to him, challenged it on the ground that the Ohio delegation had been instructed for Harrison. McKinley was right. He was nominated four years later, when the time was ripe. And he was elected. The same thing, virtually, happened in Chicago in 1916. Harding was the 'harmony chairman' of that Convention owing to the fact that he had been selected to sound the key-note which was intended to reunite the Republican party after the break of four years previously. Harding and I were living together during the Convention. The stories were afloat that he was to be voted on as one of the logical candidates in the field. But we agreed that the time was not ripe, so the movement was blocked. But four years later, just as in the case of McKin-

ley, Harding did win the nomination and the election."

The work of Daugherty in the national campaign is a matter of record. He served in no official capacity, but as the personal representative of the Republican nominee with whom he appeared in the important party conferences, traveling about the country, fixing something here or something there, helping to shape the public sentiment which expressed itself in the heaviest vote that any Presidential candidate ever received in an election.

Harry M. Daugherty was born in Washington Courthouse, Ohio, sixty-one years ago. His father, of Scotch-Irish extraction, died when the future Attorney-General was four years old. At twenty-one he was admitted to the bar and while in his twenties was elected to the Ohio State legislature and later, with law offices in Columbus, the State capital, he became a lasting factor in Ohio Republican politics. Recognized as a good lawyer, a portion of the criticism of Daugherty as the chief law officer of the Government has been based, as Mark Sullivan records, in *The World's Work*, on the theory that his private practice has not been sufficiently within the field of what is commonly looked upon as formal legal work. The critics counted up the hours Daugherty had actually spent in the courts and found the number small. There is a fair, even tho only partial, reply to this criticism in that the Attorney-General of the United States is not expected to appear much in court, the strictly legal work of the department being done by the Solicitor-General who during the next four years will represent the Government in suits aggregating some ten billion dollars in contested taxes, contested payments on war contracts, and the like. Incidentally, the Attorney-General points with pride to the fact that every law partner he has ever had has gone on the Supreme Court Bench in Ohio.

Daugherty is described as clean-cut, smooth-shaven and solid without being fat. He dresses modishly, inclining to light colors, wears tan shoes and smokes a pipe and Wheeling stogies. His one and only diversion is politics.



"I want to go with you!" wailed the little girl. "I don't like her! I don't want you away from me!"

THE OLD SCHOOL

By Wallace Irwin

Illustrations by E. F. Ward

IT was on a fine Spring evening not so many years ago—at about the twilight of the Pastoral Age when nobody ever thought of war and neither servants nor their masters had learned the art of profiteering—that Hannah Sheehan walked out under the lamps of East Eighty-seventh Street to keep her rendezvous at a Madison Avenue corner. Even as she closed the service door of the Corbins' three-story brownstone house her mind was not entirely upon the errand before her, but kept wandering back to where Rosa Carrol's little Tony lay sleeping quietly at last after a week of struggle with his baby teeth.

It was not without a quarrel with her conscience that Hannah had relinquished her duty to give this brief hour to her own life

story; indeed, she had not gone away until she had been satisfied that Aggie Stacey, the red-headed fly-up-the-creek who owed Hannah many a favor, would forego her flirtation with an amorous iceman and give to the nursery that argus-eyed attention which, in Hannah's opinion, the nursery demanded. It was characteristic of Hannah that she should have held her fellow domestics in poor esteem, deriding their weakness for fine clothes, petty larceny, and cutting round corners in their daily work. "Superior," they called her, and by way of retort Hannah would give a fine toss of her head and reply:

"That I am. I'm a servant and a daughter of servants, savin' yer honor. Me grandfather waited on a juke; lords and ladies followed his coffin to th' grave, God rest his

soul. I wor-r-rked for the Carrols whin there was two footmen astandin' at th' dure an' a groom on th' box. I wor-r-rked for Misther Corbin whin his house was like a palace, front an' back, an' betther food on his table than anny of yez ever got th' smell of. Superior I am."

Anthony Corbin kept no palace, front and back, now. His estate had diminished from princely grandeur to substantial comfort during the three years of his married life when Hannah Sheehan had taken the fat with the lean in utter devotion to the woman who had been Rosa Carrol and was worshipped accordingly. Devotion had been the test of Hannah's superiority.

And superior she looked as her small, neat figure stepped somewhat primly along the lamplit street toward the prearranged corner. Her well-fitting tailor suit was sufficiently out of style to be a little quaint; her little shoes were severely cut, and her stiff straw hat without trimming. She looked somewhat younger than her thirty-six years; indeed, in those days she was sufficiently pretty to need no adornment. Her skin had not grown sallow; it was a pleasant ivory tone, and her black eyes had not lost the Southern languor which some Spanish ancestor once brought to the green Irish coast. But in those eyes to-night there lay worry—the look which comes when two opposing tides meet in the spirit for the spirit's mischief.

She paused at a Madison Avenue corner and feigned interest in an approaching street-car. Out of the doorway of a tailor-shop a tall man approached and walked punctiliously toward her. At his first footfall she knew that it was Daniel; there was a slight unevenness in his gait as he came limping forward to lift his square-crowned derby and shake hands ceremoniously. He was a large-muscled man, lame, and somewhat pallid of face. The funereal shade of his clothes, the stiffness of his attitude, and the mathematical precision of his little side-whiskers proclaimed him to be a man who had spent a good part of his life in domestic service. Hannah always liked his appearance out of livery. It was so respectable. True, he was not so dashing as he had been in the days of Corbin pros-

perity, the days when he had served as groom in handsome plum-color, the days before a kick from a sorrel mare had put him on a pension and into the laundry business, there to become a capitalist in miniature.

"I'm late, Daniel," admitted Hannah falteringly, as she looked up at the tall man and wondered if the formality with which he grasped her cotton-gloved fingers augured ill for their meeting.

"A bit late, I might say," he agreed in the careful accent he had learned during his youthful service with an English family in Dublin. "It seemed a long time, Hannah. But I should be used to it by now."

"Dan, ye'll not be cross with me!" she pleaded, and laid her hands beseechingly on the lapels of his black coat.

"Come along, now!" he chuckled, reverting to the brogue as he looped one of her arms

in his and paraded her slowly past the shops of the semi-deserted street. They had walked silently for a spell before she spoke again.

"It was little Tony, what with his milk-teeth and his poor stummick. All week he's been fretful and worrit, cryin' day an' night an' fightin' his food. He gits it from

his mother, who's delicate, poor dear—"

"By the way you speak of him," said her lover gruffly, "you'd think he was your own."

"Me own he is not," responded Hannah somewhat shrilly. "But he'll niver lack nothin' for that. A finer child ye'll not find, aven in Philadelphia. Whose child was it got his picture in the *Thribune* last Sunda' along o' the best in Noo Yark?"

"Not your own, Hannah Sheehan."

At this taunt she dropped his arm and walked a space apart from him. Temper flashed in her dark eyes; but behind it all she saw the justice in what he said. She had kept him waiting so long, putting him off from month to month, from year to year, always promising that they would go to a priest and have a home of their own—but first he must wait for Rosa's baby to be born, and then he must wait until little Tony was well and strong, and again he must be put off until the darlint's teeth were cut and he could be turned over to a strange nurse, bad cess to the shiftless lot of 'em! And now

Don't look for rollicking humor and satire in this story because you see the name of Wallace Irwin. It is a story of devotion and self-sacrifice, of pathos and tragedy. The delineation of Hannah bites in deep. The story is reprinted, by permission, from the "Pictorial Review."

Hannah must face her suitor with another claim for postponement.

They walked silently along, restraint widening the gulf between them. When at last Hannah knew that she must speak again it was Daniel who broke the spell.

"Hannah!"

He had stopped suddenly, and she was surprised by the brightening in his tone.

"Look here, would you? And how's that for a tidy shop-window?"

They had come to a halt before a neatly painted front, its casings glossy black as the garments which Daniel habitually wore.

"French Laundry."

Hannah read it in an arc of gilt letters across a glittering plate-glass, and below, in smaller letters, she spelled out the words, "McGinn & Cohen, Props."

"McGinn & Cohen, Props.," repeated Hannah Sheehan, "an' what McGinn do that be, Dan?"

"Daniel H. McGinn, if you don't mind," proclaimed he with an air which wavered between arrogance and good nature.

"Saints love us!" Hannah folded her black-gloved hands and read again. "Since whin have ye been arunnin' a Frinch laundry wid yer name on it in ryle gold?"

"Since last Thirsday week," he told her solemnly. "We rented of a tobacconist who moved further up-town.

"Saints love us!" she repeated reverently. "And where's the Frinchman in the firm, Daniel McGinn?"

"Cohen," said Daniel in his careful way, "is Hebrew to all appearances. French Hebrew he claims to be. He's a man of rare business judgment."

WARNING her to mind the paint, which was fresh, he jingled a bunch of keys from his pocket and was unlocking the door with the air of a lord about to enter his own castle. He had switched on the light in the little interior before he beckoned Hannah to follow him in.

How proud she was of her Dan at that



"MERCIFUL SAINTS! HIS MOTHER HAD LOOKED LIKE THAT ON THAT LAST NIGHT!"

first flash of light which permitted her to gaze upon the glory of his fledgling venture! Everything white-enameled and neat as a

ship's cabin! Even the gilt-trimmed clock by the window seemed to tick-tock newness and brightness and good luck to Dan's enterprise.

"It do be grand, Dan!" she at last found voice to tell him.

"Wud ye see the fine cash-register, now! I never seen the like of it. An' a desk for th' bookkeeper an' a counter for th' wash. It's a Fur-r-rst National bank ye've got, an' no mistake."

Permitting his achievement to speak for itself, Daniel led her into the back of the establishment to exhibit patent mangles, scientific flat-irons, driers, finishing-tools, and a multitude of immaculate devices for sorting away fine linen. It was after she had inspected it all carefully and breathed again that the fear returned, because she knew what Dan had brought her there to say.

THEY were standing close together in an alcove to the rear, when her lover, all his studied gentility now gone, took both her hands and said gruffly:

"And now, Hannah, you're not going to keep me waiting again, are you?"

"A little while, Dan, dear," she began, and would have blurted the whole truth, but her voice failed her.

"Grogan's moving out of the flat upstairs," he went on, just as if he had not heard her. "There's not a better one in New York for the size. I'm 'needin' you now, Hannah, if ever I did. And you know I love you, darlin'—"

"Dan," she replied softly, releasing her hands. "It won't be long for this time. But we got to wait ag'in."

"In God's name, why?"

His pale face reddened with anger as he stepped back. Hannah closed her lips tight before she replied.

"There's another wan comin', Dan."

"Another one." He puzzled a moment before he understood. "Another one of those Corbin brats—"

"Ye'll not be speakin' that way about the Corbins," she cautioned him, angering in turn. "The very money ye've put into this place ye owe to 'em. They ain't rich like they was, but Rosa Carrol's husband's good for what he promises. Ye'll not take his pension wid wan hand an' curse his childher wid another—"

"I don't owe 'em a thing," he grunted. "Not a thing except pain and suffering. Their horse made a cripple out o' me, and little enough they've paid me for the damage. And they've put their children between you and

me until I've spent the best years of my life waitin' for you."

"There's me own life, too, Dan," she told him, tears welling to the eyes that wept but seldom.

"I'm thinkin' of that," he told her bitterly. "But there's few men would wait for a girl the way I have—"

He relented this unchivalrous speech and tried again to take her hand.

"Hannah," he persisted, "you know I love you, but the way you've treated me is a crime."

"You can't think I don't love you too, Dan," she said in a small, broken voice.

"Darlin', be sensible," he urged. "I'm on the way to fortune, Hannah. I'm marked to get up in the world. You'll be the wife of a rich man with your own automobile on the Avenue. But I can't wait any more, Hannah. Something's broke in me. It's the last straw."

He stood there drooping and dejected until she put her arms round his bulky shoulders and wailed.

"Dan, it's not what I want to do. It's what God sent me to do. I can't leave her now, Dan. Sure, I can't."

"How long it is going to be this time?" he asked, pushing her away with a harshness he had never before shown.

"'Twill be but a short time, Dan," she answered, her dark eyes pitiful with the fear that already she had lost him. "I'll stay wid her but a week or two after—after the new baby. Ye've been patient, Dan. Too patient for the likes of me. But I'll not be after disapp'intin' ye this time."

She drew down his big head and kissed him once on the lips. It was a prim and maidenly kiss, for Hannah was never prodigal with her emotions. After that she left him and went rapidly toward the little brown-stone house in Eighty-seventh Street, where the heavy chain of another affection seemed to lead her as tho it were linked to a ring in her heart.

There were more lights than usual in the Corbin house as Hannah came in by the service entrance. The gas-jet was burning low in the kitchen, mutely explaining that the cook had fled with her beau to a motion-picture theater. As she tiptoed up the stairs a nervousness overcame her; and yet there was nothing unusual to be seen or heard in the modest, comfortable house. As she mounted upward she could peer along the corridor leading to Mrs. Corbin's door. It was closed. She thought she could hear low voices behind the panel.

Nothing extraordinary. Yet doom seemed to hover round the place, to lurk in the all-too-cheerful electric lights. A certain Celtic gift of second sight seemed to forewarn Hannah of ill things that had befallen the house. She stood again on the stairs, listening, listening. Again she heard the murmur. The house felt wrong. There was a shudder lurking in every corner of the neat stairway as she slunk timorously up toward the nursery.

She found the door of Tony's little apartment standing slightly ajar. As she pushed it noiselessly open the spell of fright came upon her again. That vain thing, Aggie Stacey, had neglected her trust—something terrible must have befallen the house.

Tremblingly she turned on the night-light and peered into Tony's room. Under the merry figures of Mother Goose wall-paper he lay huddled up in his white crib. He had cast the bedclothes aside and his plump, half-naked body had struck the posture of a cherub learning to swim. His head lay cheek down against the pillow; under a crown of yellow ringlets his face showed the heavenly beauty which only a child reveals in sleep. Renewing her imprecations upon Aggie's careless head, Hannah smoothed the tumbled bedclothes and went softly into her dressing-room beyond.

In the instant of reaction she was almost happy, feeling that her fears had been in vain. Like the Spartan woman that she was, Hannah Sheehan was no analyst, but in that reaction she could not avoid the knowledge that Dan had been right.

She was taking the Corbin children too seriously. After all, they were not hers—and that fact was bound to make a difference somewhere. How proud she was of Dan and what he had done for himself and wanted to do for her! When the new baby was born she would make good the promise to that dear man who had justified the one romance in her life.

It was not idly that Hannah said to her associates of the backstairs, "Superior I am." She had been born two years before the time when her mother had taken service as cook in the Carrol family; Mrs. Sheehan was then a lonely woman with a worthless husband wandering somewhere between Liverpool and Bombay. Hannah had never forgotten the wise and kind Mrs. Carrol who had lived in splendor in the days before the Carrol and the Corbin fortunes had withered in the same financial disaster. Mrs. Carrol had taken the growing child into her house, seen that she was properly cared for and sent to the paro-

chial school. That good deed had stayed green in the memory of Mrs. Sheehan, who had nursed it like a sacred token and paid the debt of gratitude with all her genius as a woman and a cook. Her heart had burned with a fierce feudal loyalty for the Carrols, and that lesson she had taught to Hannah with her prayers.

"Ther's thim that remimbers an' thim that forgits," she would say when Hannah was old enough to help round the kitchen. "Good for good an' gold for gold, an' it's me that's tellin' ye."

Hannah was eight years old when Rosa was born. There had been another Carrol baby who died—Hannah could scarcely remember that day of mourning. Rosa had grown up as the only child of a great house, and Hannah had flourished beside her in the capacity of a humble elder sister. Then came the time when Rosa was a young lady and Hannah her personal maid—lady in waiting she might have been for the pride she felt in her office.

Heigh-ho! What a beauty Rosa Carrol had been in those days!

SLOWLY undressing in the little room off the nursery where slept Rosa's fine man child, Hannah was quite unable to realize how much of herself, how much of her youth she had given to the work of love. What a charming thing Rosa had been in her first womanhood—how close they had grown to one another! Hannah, never a great favorite with the men, had watched Rosa's young romances with as much heart-flutter as tho they had been her own; she had been her mistress's confidante in many of these. She had known that Rosa would accept Anthony Corbin a week before a certain bridal bouquet had been tossed to Rosa to inform all the world that the Carrols had arranged a good match for their only daughter.

In the little third-story room Hannah sat and pondered over her hairpins. Two memories came vividly to her mind—memories of two weddings. Somebody, whose name Hannah had quite forgotten, had got herself married to somebody else equally unimportant. That Rosa had been a bridesmaid at the ceremony was all that mattered in Hannah's estimation; she had seen nothing more beautiful in all the world than the gown of rose silk and the hat like a great flower of rosy ribbon and cobwebby lace.

"Ther'll be no eyes left for th' bride at all," Hannah had told the object of her adoration as soon as she was dressed to witness another girl's happiness. "Thim other brides-

maids'll be fit to scratch, what wid jealousy. Rose an' lace can do nawthin' for drab cheeks an' scrawny necks. They're the color for ye, darlint—pink an' white."

PINK and white! Rosa had settled down as mother of Anthony Corbin's children and Hannah had shifted easily from a good lady's-maid to a peerless baby-nurse when little Tony arrived.

And it was after Rosa had been married for nearly two years that Hannah committed the one small sin of her life. Up in an attic where she had been sent to rummage she had found in an open trunk the remnants of a pink and lacy hat. Hannah recognized the bridesmaid's sweet adornment. But into what disuse it had fallen! The trimmings had been torn from the frame and lay in a tangle among scraps of silk and cast-off clothing. Pink and white! For an instant Hannah had been indignant with Rosa Carrol for her forgetfulness of her own girlish perfection; then a dishonest little devil had tempted her until she took the remnant and folded it guiltily away in her bodice.

It was a little sin, but it weighed disproportionately. She might have asked her mistress for the trifle. A certain pride and shyness prevented that, just as pride and shyness prevented her telling Father Kelly of her misdeed when the time came at the confessional. She always detested the servants who stole small things out of bureau-drawers and off pantry-shelves—as most of them did.

Yet it was significant that Hannah Sheehan never made a move to restore that yard of lace and ribbon to the old trunk in the attic. Instead she kept the tremendous trifle locked away in a bureau-drawer, which she would open sometimes and gloat fondly and declare that divvie a hat or divvie a man was made too good for Rosa Carrol.

So perhaps it was only natural that on the night when she had put off Daniel McGinn for the last time Hannah should have unlocked that drawer again and mused for an instant over the ribbon which Rosa had worn on her bridesmaid's hat. Maybe after the new baby was born and safe, thought Hannah, she would tell her mistress about the ribbon and beg for the favor of wearing it at her own wedding. Hannah stood a long time over the open bureau-drawer. She did not smile as she stroked the rosy scrap with her gnarled fingers, but her somber eyes danced with gladness—that was as near a smile as she ever came.

Hannah awoke from sleep to find a stout woman in a nurse's uniform standing over

her bed. The vision appeared as a confirmation of the evil boding which had frightened her as she came up the stairs.

"What's wrong?" asked Hannah quietly, sitting up in bed.

"The baby was born at eleven o'clock," replied the nurse in her low, cool voice. "It was premature, but the little girl will do nicely, I think."

Hannah opened her mouth to ask a word about Rosa Carrol, but something in the nurse's eyes smote speech from her lips.

"She ain't dead?" Hannah heard herself whispering.

"No. But there has been a sinking spell. Her vitality is very low. She has asked to speak to you, and Dr. Welland thinks you had better come now before—"

Hannah leaped out of bed and made a fumbling effort to dress. "You can't wait for that," said the nurse. "Put on a kimono and come."

Even in the moment of crushing tragedy Hannah was horrified at the idea of going before her mistress in a kimono. But she followed mechanically along the little corridor leading to the front of the house. Lights were blazing everywhere as for a festival.

Contrasted to this was the half light of the sick-room, whose rococo furniture and flowery French carpet—relics of Corbin grandeur—would have shown a Dresden frivolity in the glare of day. Hannah looked fearfully toward the dimly outlined bed. The head upon the pillow—the head which Hannah had seen brave and smiling such a little time ago—lay corpse-like, colorless and still; two thick braids of hair rilled down on either side; the eyes were closed, but the nostrils were dilated.

Big Tony Corbin sat beside the bed, one of her white hands in his. It was terrible to see this great healthy animal who loved sport and laughed at everything with the same careless humor which took him, a few years later, over the bloody clods of France—to see him brought so low, his fingers clutching at his mouth, his eyes dry and stricken. Across from him stood the doctor, a nurse at his elbow with a tray of glittering instruments. He motioned to Hannah as she came in and made way to give her a place by the bed. She sank on her knees and breathed a prayer for the departing soul, for it was plain that Rosa Carrol had but a little moment more to linger.

"Speak to her," commanded Corbin, and his voice came gratefully from a dry throat.

"Miss Rosie!" cried Hannah. It was like an invocation at the Black Gate, already closed.

THE great eyes opened slowly, wandered for an instant, then settled in a stare. "Where's Hannah?" came a voice which seemed to flutter from the twilight void.

"You'll have to get a little closer," said Corbin in the same harsh tone.

"I'm here, Miss Rosie. I'm here, darlint!" cried Hannah, leaning over until her lips all but touched the shell-white ear.

"Hannah, you'll take care of them—"

The far-off note fluttered and died away. There came a sudden tightening of the hand that had clutched out at her. In another instant the doctor brushed her aside and motioned her out of the room. The dim picture was flashed on Hannah's mind; the doctor leaning over a motionless head to press the eyelids with his delicate fingers; the nurse whispering something in Corbin's ear until he came to his feet, standing as straight and rigid as a soldier who faces the firing squad with wide-open eyes.

No less bravely went Hannah Sheehan forth into the bright lights of the stricken house. In her heart she knew that Corbin's wife was already dead when her voice, freighted with a sacred message, had floated down to her out of the stillness of the night and stars.

"You'll take care of them—"

As she scuttled along the corridor she seemed again to hear the pleading which to her was a command, and the faithful servant's lips were murmuring the promise, "Rosie, darlint, never ye fear. God rest yer soul an' be at peace."

Out of an angle of the hall appeared another trained nurse, a young and handsome one this time. In her hand she was carrying a basin, and her air radiated with a cheerfulness which tore Hannah's poor heart.

"You're the baby-nurse, aren't you?" asked the scientific lady with a beaming smile.

"I am that."

Hannah glared malevolently. Who was this to be asking questions now?

"Would you like to see the little girl? Poor little thing—she only weighs five pounds, but she's really doing very nicely."

Assistants from the hospital were already converting Mr. Corbin's up-stairs den into a scene of white-enameled sterility when Hannah came in, following her guide. Through the transparent door of a four-legged, white-enameled, oven-like contrivance Hannah could see poor Rosa's new baby lying, red as a beet and squalling feebly.

"We'll soon have her out in the world just like other babies," promised the nurse.

But Hannah could say nothing.

She went quietly to her own room, where she sank beside her bed and prayed. At first she prayed for the white soul of Rosa Carrol, whom no fires of purgatory need ever purify. Then she prayed for herself; prayed for strength with which to devote her life to those precious lives which Rosa Carrol's delicate body had given to the world.

Hannah Sheehan had before her a simple course; and that, as all wise men know, is the hardest to follow.

FIVE years along that simple course changed Hannah Sheehan into an old woman. Few had time to mark her wrinkles during that space, for those were hard years for women. Four of them had been passed under the clutch of war; and when millions of widows were wailing in Armenia, in India, in France, in Arabia, in England, in Australia, in Germany, in America, what mattered the sacrifice of one woman, more or less, amid the din of stricken voices?

To Hannah Sheehan, whose view of the world was narrow as it was straight, the affairs of governments that quarrel proudly or fall and take men's bodies down with them, were of as little importance as the jargon of creeds in which she had no faith. She only knew that in her little world she had work to do and that the spirit of Rosa Carrol, all lovely and lacy as a bridesmaid, looked down from heaven and approved because her servant had done well.

Up to the Spring of 1917 Corbin kept his house in town and in the country, arranging everything for the benefit of his children. The younger child lived and grew plump—perhaps Corbin never guessed how much Hannah had to do with that. He had a sister, a Mrs. Torrence, who had married well and lived within a stone's throw of Fifth Avenue. She was always arranging his life for him, only to have him disarrange it at his leisure. He laughed at the idea of bringing the children to grow up in the Torrence home; and when she insisted that two children were one too many for a delicate little woman like Hannah to take care of, Corbin grinned and asked Hannah.

"A second nur-r-rse, Mr. Corbin?" said she. "An' what would I be doin' wid th' lazy things always gittin' in me way? Do I need two thumbs on me right hand? Thanks just the same, Mr. Corbin."

The Spartan woman, her face already hardening into grim lines, was up early and late. She was tyrannical and inclined to

sarcasm with the other servants, a cook and a waitress, who detested her shadow and put her sour manners down to disappointed love, since Daniel McGinn had jilted her for red-headed Aggie Stacey—a bit of a flirt and a great lady now in laundry circles.

In the Summer of 1917 Tony Corbin turned his business over to older men, went to training-camp, and later overseas. It was then for the first time that Hannah realized that war was something more than a British affair trumped up for the ultimate destruction of Ireland. Before he left she saw Mr. Corbin in the nursery, partially disguised in his suit of soldier brown with silver bars on his shoulder and sleek tan boots over his calves. He kissed the children in his shy, good-humored way, and took little Rosie on his knee long enough to laugh when she attempted to cut a tooth on one of his bronze buttons.

"I know I can leave them with you and not worry," he said in a guardedly offhand manner. "I'll rent the house until I—get back. Mrs. Torrence will arrange an apartment in a hotel. Just go to her for anything you want. And good luck to you, Hannah," he concluded, giving her his hand and one of his shy grins.

"Good luck to you, sor," said Hannah. She might have assured him that she would take good care of the children, but Hannah seldom said the superfluous thing.

After that she had just two interests in the World War. By name they were Little Tony and Little Rosie. Mrs. Torrence did not plague her with overattention, and for that Hannah was grateful. Corbin's brother-in-law had also gone to war, and Mrs. Torrence closed her handsome house and devoted her entire time first to a Red Cross workroom, then to Liberty Loan campaigns. She saw Hannah for brief half hours and arranged about paying the bills; but she was too ill or too busy most of the time to give more than a superficial attention to her brother's children.

Hannah was practically in sole charge and she gloried in the responsibility. Children's nurses were scarce in those days, and there were few at any time like Hannah Sheehan. The hotel which Corbin had chosen was a third-grade affair; its service and sanitary condition were dubious even in peace-time—during the War it degenerated in proportion to other more prosperous establishments. Less than two weeks after Corbin's departure for France Hannah took affairs in her own hands. She found a clean little boarding-house in the West Side, near the Park, and

there she struck a sharp bargain with the landlady before moving the children and taking up new quarters.

Had she been a servant of the conventional school she would, no doubt, have consulted Mrs. Torrence about this move. But Mrs. Torrence was seldom in New York now, and Hannah was of no mind to permit red tape to interfere with the health of Rosa Carroll's children. She did scratch off a post-card in her eccentric, servant-girl hand, to inform Captain Corbin at the queer address he had given that his children were doing well and had been moved across town for their own good. Mrs. Torrence was inclined to censure when she heard of Hannah's high-handed doings, but after a glance round the waxy neatness of the new suite and an inspection of the children's rosy faces she decided to leave well enough alone, wherefore she went earnestly away to be lost again in Liberty loaning. Captain Corbin, somewhere in France, had no reason to worry about his children. I saw them myself during that period, and cleaner and happier youngsters I have never beheld.

It was in the Fall of 1918 that the Spanish influenza, sweeping in increasing waves over America, did its evil worst to offset the glorious news from the Western front. Schools and kindergartens were closed, citizens went suspiciously about, avoiding coughs and sneezes. The city was already panic-stricken with the plague; the streets were choked with funerals by day, and in the dusk of evening black-and-white taxicabs would go stealthily by with small coffins half concealed behind the windows. Doctors and nurses were worked to madness in the cantonments, which were like death-traps; in town the sick and dying were jammed together in temporary hospitals.

It was in the dusk of one such day that Hannah went out to find help for Rosa's children, for influenza had broken out in the boarding-house, and Tony showed unmistakable signs of the contagion. She had tried to call Mrs. Torrence by telephone, but the lady had journeyed West again. The landlady had gone to bed with a cough and a temperature, two of the servants were ill, the rest in a panic. There was no help to be found there. Then Hannah remembered Dr. Welland, who had stood by the bed in Rosa's dying hour. The telephone was a mad babel when she tried to call him, therefore she left the feverish Tony in charge of a scared chambermaid and went out to find the doctor.

She encountered him, disguised as a

captain in the Medical Corps, just as he was leaving his office and walking with most unsoldierly steps toward his automobile. His face was pasty and there were black rings under his eyes.

"No wink of sleep for four nights," he complained. "What's that? Corbin children?"

He spoke the Corbin name in a vague, weary drawl. It was as tho he had never heard of them. His eyes held the sleep-walker's uncomprehending look.

"Appointment at the hospital—" he spoke disconnectedly, showing a sleeper's annoyance at interruption. "Late already—sorry—have to excuse me—"

HE stepped into his car, but Hannah sprang in after him before he could close the door; and since the car was already started he sat glaring stupidly.

"Look here, my good woman—"

"Not an inch will I stir," said Hannah Sheehan, "until ye've come wid me to see the Corbin children."

"Corbin?" He seemed trying to recall the name. "What's wrong with them?"

"Influenzy."

"How do you know?" he asked, rubbing his red-rimmed eyes.

"How do I know me foot from me hand? Tony's runnin' a temperchoor of a hundhred an' foot."

"That needn't mean influenza. I can't neglect a hundred real cases for a suspected case—sorry."

He lay back among the cushions, and Hannah saw that he was falling asleep. She seized him desperately by the arm and shook him until his eyes opened again.

"Don't ye know who I mean?" she shrilled. "Don't Tony Corbin's children mean nawthin' to ye?"

He sat up, and for the first time betrayed real interest.

"Why didn't you tell me they were Tony Corbin's children?" he asked.

"I did tell ye. An' little Tony's that sick—"

"So you're the nurse—"

"I am," replied Hannah, desperately resolved to hold his full attention. "I was her that knelt by th' bed the night Mrs. Corbin passed. An' d'ye mind, Doctor, the words she spoke to me out o' the breath of her soul—"

An understanding look came into Dr. Welland's tired eyes, but his voice was hard and practical as he snapped,

"Give the chauffeur the address. I'll look over the boy."

"The real thing, I should say," he pronounced after he had leaned over Tony's bed and examined the restless little invalid. "Nobody seems to know anything about it. Bronchial pneumonia here. Temperature may run three or four days. Then look out for a collapse."

He went into the other room to examine the little girl.

"All right so far," he said tartly, "I'll give her the first injection of serum—two more injections to follow. In case I'm not able to come I'll send the tubes round to you on the proper days—think you can give it yourself?"

"Sure I can," said Hannah.

He made her bare her arm, and upon her own skin he illustrated the cunning of the hypodermic needle. He gave her the needle and with it elaborate instructions as to Tony's treatment. His language was somewhat technical, but she understood that the boy was to be kept in bed, and in case of a collapse after the crisis a dozen difficult things were to be done all at once.

"And tell the other nurse—" began the doctor as he stood at the door.

"Ther' ain't no other nurse."

The doctor threw up his khakied arms as tho in protest against the havoc which war had wrought in a city unscarred by shell and three thousand miles away from the firing-line. Then he wrote prescriptions on a pad and said he would call again if he was still alive. Upon this promise he left Hannah with her problem.

In her narrow, loyal, parochial mind she had full faith in her ability to cope with the situation. During the bitter days that followed she was calm and tactful—it takes a crisis to bring out all the good in characters like Hannah Sheehan. There is no doubt that in tranquil times she brooded over her own disappointment and felt jealousy for the intriguing little minx who had won the heart and laundry of Daniel McGinn. But here was no time for bitterness; it was a fight for one of Rosa's children whom Hannah had no intention of losing.

DURING the three critical days she slept not at all. Keeping Rosie in the confines of a single room was a task in itself, but Hannah never lost patience, and her management of the child was in the nature of a miracle. With Tony fretting between fever and normality in his own particular ward the Corbin suite took on the character of a two-ring circus of which Hannah was proprietor, ring-master and lion-tamer all in

one. She devised games for the well one and bullied the sick one into staying abed. Out of her own pocket she bribed a chambermaid to stay with Rosie during odd hours, but the relief was insignificant.

Tony's fever worked itself out with all the freakishness of a cyclone. One hour he would be raging in delirium, another hour he would be sitting up in bed, looking and talking normally as he tried to browbeat poor Hannah into letting him get up and dress; then again the flush would be on his cheeks and he would be babbling wild boy-talk as he lay half asleep, plunging among the bedclothes.

The doctor never kept his sinister promise that he would call again—if he was still alive. Whenever Hannah called his office by telephone, a cold, scientific voice responded that the doctor was ill. This was as much as announcing that Hannah was in full charge of the case from that time on. Ill or well, Dr. Welland made good one promise, for a messenger appeared at intervals with the serum.

On the night of the third day Tony's fever broke, and with it the heart that had pumped the hot veins so terrifically. He had been sleeping restlessly. Then his choking cough came on again. Suddenly he sat up in bed, his eyes wild.

"That ball's mine, Rosie!" he screamed in his rough little voice. "Give it back!"

He threw up his hands and lunged forward, full out of bed. Hannah caught him as he fell, and he lay in her arms, stiff and lifeless. His face had paled to a color of clay; his eyes were rolled up. Merciful saints, his mother had looked like that on that last night.

All the instruction the doctor had given her in case of emergency blew like thistle-down out of Hannah's poor head. But to take the place of science came common sense. In that frenzy of mindless inspiration which shows heroes the one right way Hannah dragged the lifeless boy to the bathroom, turned on a jet of steaming water, and plunged him into a bath that was hot as the hand could bear. At the instant of immersion Tony gasped. His eyes rolled down to the normal and stared blankly round the room.

"Jiminy crickets, Hannah," he complained thickly, "Want to boil a fellow?"

She slept a little that night, huddled in an easy chair beside Tony's bed. It was the first sleep she had had since influenza walked into the Corbin family. Before her eyes closed she saw the boy sleeping nor-

mally, the flush gone from his cheeks, his breathing more natural than it had been those many days and nights. The crisis was over. This was no surprize to Hannah, because she had known all along that he would get well—a little rosy ghost, smiling at her out of the night, had told her so.

IT was early Spring, and the world was breathing again under an armistice when Mrs. Torrence returned. She had done her bit heroically on a Liberty loan platform, where she had developed so remarkable a talent at whipping sluggard patriots into line that she was justified in telling Hannah that her time had not been her own. After looking the children over she expressed herself as satisfied that Hannah had not neglected them—altho Tony, she thought, looked a trifle pale.

"He's had a cold," was all that Hannah's tight lips would admit.

"Why didn't you let me know?" asked Mrs. Torrence.

"Small good that would 'a' done, Mrs. Torrence," replied Hannah grimly. "Wid you in Pinnsylvany an' him in Noo Yark. He's all right now—but I do be thinkin' they'd bot' of 'em be better in the country early this year, if it's all the same."

Mrs. Torrence, who was worried about the influenza—a little late in this case—decided to ship the small Corbins to her house in Westchester County. Her time belonged to the Government still, and she was risking her own health in the service of democracy. It was quite natural, then, that she did not notice how Hannah had grown to be an old woman—Hannah whose age by the parish register was a little over forty-two.

Shortly after their establishment in the big Westchester County house Hannah was honored by a call from no less a personage than Mrs. Daniel McGinn. "Her that was Aggie Stacey," as the servants designated the lady, had grown a little stout and not a little worldly. She had come as far as Westchester County allegedly to have a cup of tea with the Torrence cook, actually to show off the chummy roadster which Daniel had bought for her from a used-car agency. Also the occasion gave her another opportunity to pour vitriol into Hannah's cureless wound.

She came by the way of the back-stairs, a vision in a striped skirt, champagne-colored shoes, and coral sweater, and in the nursery sitting-room she was received by Hannah with a politeness which did not waste itself

(Continued on page 129)

"CLAIR DE LUNE" IS VICTOR HUGO SERVED A LA BARRYMORE

BROADWAY during the past season has witnessed both better and worse plays than Michael Strange (Mrs. John Barrymore) has devised by the process of warming over Victor Hugo's "Man Who Laughs," and which Charles Frohman served as a six-course dramatic repast under the name of "Clair de Lune." Its run of eight weeks at the Empire was distinctly a Barrymore festival, in so far as it brought Ethel and John Barrymore together upon the stage for the first time since their maturity. As a play it has been condemned by the critics with the same unanimity which has characterized their applause for it as a production. "A muddled and amorphous dramatization," says the *New York Times* critic, "in which Ethel Barrymore, of course, was beautiful to behold, and in which John Barrymore, of course, was interesting to watch and hear"—or, at least, intermittently so. Not in recent seasons, however, have the Barrymore talents been employed so industriously in extracting moonbeams from cucumbers. Nevertheless the public has responded in a way that has made

the production an event of the metropolitan season.

Miss Barrymore, who played the Queen, a character on which more emphasis is laid in the play than in the Hugo novel, was happier, observes the *Sun*, when she was simply Ethel Barrymore than when she was endeavoring to be every inch a queen. To Violet Kemble Cooper fell the well-drawn and well-motivated part of the Duchess of Beaumont, the Queen's

half-sister who has promised to marry Prince Charles of Vaucluse (Henry Daniell) on the morrow, but who develops a violent tho fleeting passion for the mountebank Gwymplane (John Barrymore), who always seems to laugh because as a child his mouth was disfigured in such a way as to suggest a perpetual grin.

The curtain rises on several courtiers and ladies-in-waiting lounging in the park of the Queen, near Paris. The air is rife with gossip more or less cleverly phrased and which indicates at the outset that the Queen is jealous of her half-sister, the fiancée of Prince Charles. Prominent in the company is the court steward, Phe-dro (Herbert Grimwood), whom



VERY FAIR TO BEHOLD
Ethel Barrymore, with her brother, John, shared the honors in the Charles Frohman Production of "Clair de Lune."

the Queen, on entering, dispatches in quest of Prince Charles, who is playing croquet with the Duchess Josephine on a nearby lawn. The Prince enters and pompously addresses the Queen, the steward discreetly retiring:

PRINCE. My Cousin, my Sovereign, this marriage has been arranged, I presume in lieu of my lost brother, the Prince of Vacluse, and apparently in order further to quilt your Majesty's exchequer.

QUEEN. Your poor brother; your poor brother; if it had been he, how much heart-break I would have been spared.

PRINCE. Which means, your Majesty?

QUEEN. That I have been talking to myself, and you have been listening, which is ungallant, as if you were to let me put rouge on my nose instead of on my cheeks without stopping me.

PRINCE. (*Rather uneasily returning to a favorite subject.*) Well, your Majesty, now I have accustomed myself so long to the idea of my marriage that it gives me pleasure and calm to dwell on it, especially when I gaze upon Josephine's tapering reality—then I am most inclined to think your esteemed father, our former King, was wise in recommending it, and that Fate was not too unkind in disposing of my half-brother in her own mysterious way.

QUEEN. (*Who has not attended the last part of his speech.*) Yes. To provide at

one clip for her—the child of his love, and for me, the result of his duty, proved him a parent, a statesman, and, to-night, I am a little inclined to think, a blackguard. However, you know this marriage has none of my command in it, and there are many ways out. (*Phedro, invisible to Queen and Prince, slides into the shadow of a giant oak tree.*)

PRINCE. You mean if either of us—

QUEEN. That if any charge of unworthiness could be brought by either of you against the other, then it would be my duty even at the last hour—

PRINCE. (*Suddenly.*) Well, unfortunately my various dissipations have only rendered me romantic in the eyes of your court, and as for Josephine—

QUEEN. Ah, her appearance gives us no clue to her mind (*with an attempted lightness*), save occasionally there is too much scent on her cambric.

PRINCE. Why do you dislike Josephine?

QUEEN. I do not dislike her, but she behaves unbecomingly. She is very arrogant. Arrogance does not become a bastard.

PRINCE. (*In a teasing vein.*) You do dislike her. You hate her, even tho she is your half-sister, but I find her enchanting. I adore her cold, slender finger-tips and the perfection of her contemptuous profile. She moves exactly like a swan.

QUEEN. (*Trying to control her emotion.*) At last you are giving yourself entirely away. I am hearing what I know. Ugh! how doubly unpleasant!



SELDOM HAS A PLAY BEEN MORE ELABORATELY MOUNTED

In this scene of "Clair de Lune," the mountebanks, headed by Gwympine (John Barrymore), perform on an improvised stage in the royal park, in the presence of the Queen (Ethel Barrymore) and her court.

PRINCE. Why should I not give myself away to you, Cousin?

QUEEN. You mean I am powerless to harm either of you?

PRINCE. Why should you wish to harm us?

QUEEN. There are many things you might not understand; for instance, there is a love that is half hatred. It is sprinkled into life in a rather strange manner—by wounds. However, I am becoming sentimental and I hate sentimentality. It reminds me of people with colds in their heads who have lost their pocket-handkerchiefs.

PRINCE. (*Uneasily.*) Madame, your eloquence is remarkable, but to say that you are mysterious is all that I dare.

QUEEN. You dare to say what you want to say. You have courage enough to satisfy your curiosities like everybody else, but I have always noticed that when people are not curious their manners become extraordinary. However, we are forgetting about the fête. Let us call Phedro.

PRINCE. (*Bowing.*) With pleasure. (*He calls. Phedro emerges after a few seconds at an entirely different angle from the place where he was concealed.*)

PHEDRO. Majesty.

QUEEN. (*In a peremptory voice.*) It is my wish that you should think of something bizarre to be included in the festivities of to-night. The Prince and myself do not seem able to put our minds on it.

PHEDRO. I think most certainly, Majesty, there should be something bizarre about these festivities; but, Majesty—

QUEEN. Yes?

PHEDRO. (*Sliding up to her.*) Could I beg a moment alone with your Majesty? For it would be my humble view that both fiancés share the surprise.

QUEEN. (*Turning to the Prince with a gesture of dismissal.*) Go along, Charles. At any rate you have a sort of sleight-of-hand manner of looking at your watch that makes me rather nervous.

Phedro informs her that a troupe of mountebanks is in the neighborhood and has craved permission to play before the Queen. They go out and the Duchess and Prince reenter, the latter exclaiming epigrammatically: "You are very like an exquisite temple in which there is no god." She chides him for "talking like those men who design my dresses" and they are interrupted, as the stage begins to darken, by the mountebanks passing in a grotesque

cavalcade. The Prince is attracted by a beautiful but blind gypsy girl, *Dea*; and the Duchess by the disfigured Gwymplane, *Dea* and Gwymplane being lovers. There follow two scenes, elaborately mounted, showing the gypsies camped in the palace grounds at night and arranging to give a performance. Lanterns are suspended everywhere from the trees. The Court arrives, followed by the Queen, who seats herself near the Prince and Duchess. The performance—a pantomime—impresses the audience variously and inspires a deal of clever conversation. At its conclusion, the Queen demands that Gwymplane be formally presented, but he cannot be found. The audience gradually disbands. It develops that the Queen, with the help of the court steward, is resolved to use *Dea* and Gwymplane as pawns in the game to bring disgrace on the Duchess, who is strangely infatuated with the mountebank. Phedro, the steward, seeks out the blind girl and gives her a letter which she, in turn, is to present to the Queen that night. He confides to her that it contains information that will make her adored Gwymplane "rich and respected." While in the gypsy camp, the steward intercepts the bearer of a note from the Duchess to Gwymplane, inviting him to visit her at midnight. Loyal to his gypsy sweetheart, he is at first indignant but finally agrees to visit the palace, if not the Duchess, on being told by Phedro that Prince Charles is luring *Dea* to a rendezvous there. The second act shows the richly but fantastically furnished bedroom of the Duchess, who is slipping on a mask as Gwymplane, also masked, enters after Phedro:

GWYMPANE. Where are we now?

DUCHESS. (*Coming forward graciously.*) I believe you seek—

GWYMPANE. (*Hastily.*) The blind girl in my troupe. It appears she is in the palace.

DUCHESS. (*Trying to conceal her joy at his arrival.*) The palace is so amazingly large. Have you an idea in what part of the palace to look?

GWYMPANE. (*Bitterly.*) Some slight idea.

DUCHESS. Then you cannot do better than to send Phedro to the exact spot.

GWYMPANE. Very well. We both will—(*He makes a motion of departure.*)



"EVERY INCH A QUEEN"

Miss Barrymore succeeded, in a thin and artificial rôle, in obtaining the homage of her courtiers and in captivating her audiences.

DUCHESS. No, no. (*Detaining him with her white arm.*) Let him go and discover where she is and if he cannot bring her here, then he shall return and take you to her.

GWYMPANE. But that will lose time, I must—

DUCHESS. Mistakes are so much more disastrous than delay. One can pass unnoticed where two will be remarked. Trust to my better knowledge of the court.

GWYMPANE. (*Reluctantly.*) Very well, Madame. Only speed, sir, speed, and return to me.

PHEDRO. I will, dear mummer. (*He exits.*)

DUCHESS. (*Turning to Gwympane with gracious triteness.*) Ah, what an unexpected delight that I might tell you what pleasure your performance gave.

GWYMPANE. (*Standing stiffly attentive.*) Then my work is lavishly rewarded, Madame.

DUCHESS. (*In the tone of one who confers by asking a favor.*) Do unmask. It is so very warm in these rooms.

GWYMPANE. I consider but your comfort, Madame, in wearing my mask.

DUCHESS. (*Smiling subtly.*) Nay, you would be surprised at what considers my comfort and what does not. Your mask, for instance, does not. (*She sinks upon her chaise longue, intensely graceful and beautiful. Gwympane lets his eyes rest upon her for a moment.*) Your mask, do remove it.

I have always heard artists were most gallant to women. See, I remove mine.

GWYMPANE. (*Overcome with surprise and emotion.*) Madame . . . Madame . . .

DUCHESS. Come! I command you to obey me. Pray take off your mask! You can have no idea how I hate mentioning a desire twice. (*Gwympane removes his mask. The Duchess looks at him intently and sighs.*) It must be wonderful to be you. (*She motions him to a black cushion with golden tassels at the foot of her couch.*)

GWYMPANE. (*Who has by this time mastered himself.*) To be me, Madame? (*Bitterly.*) But of course your life is a revel of laughter; so why should not your thoughts be forever jesting through your words?

DUCHESS. I am not jesting.

GWYMPANE. (*Surprised.*) Madame?

DUCHESS. It must be wonderful to be you and wind through forest and across hills into new cities with your drummers beating attention for you, through lines of unknown faces, faces over whom you have a rare—a great power. For you can moisten them with tears—choke away their breath with laughter. And afterwards, when you have finished your performance and are walking on the outskirts of some alien city, tell me, do not certain ones steal out to you and tell you of the blasphemous fancies you have stirred awake in their souls?

GWYMPANE. What are you saying, Madame, what are you not saying!

DUCHESS. (*Leaning forward and taking one of his beautiful hands.*) O, Gwympane, I am lonely. You can have no idea how lonely. Everything around me is so false to my desires, is so alien to what I feel myself to be.

GWYMPANE. You are so beautiful, Madame. Your loneliness only makes you more so. It lends the quality of a goddess to what is already earthly majesty. (*He is about to press his strange lips to her hands, when suddenly he remembers and resists.*)

DUCHESS. Ah, you were going to kiss my hand. Why didn't you kiss it? (*She stretches it out close to his mouth.*) See—here—here it is, most soft and white. (*Gwympane draws away, passing his hand across his brow. The Duchess leans toward him, almost over him.*) I am very lonely, Gwympane. Give me a few moments of forgetfulness. O, tell me about your life—tell me about what has happened to you. (*She lays her hand upon his shoulder. Gwympane takes it, kisses it, and looks up at her with flaming eyes and chalk-pale face.*) Ah, that is nice! The touch of your lips chills, burns me with forgetfulness. The touch of your lips is like a tide hushing, sucking my wakefulness down into depths of terrible oblivion. O, listen, you are grotesque—your limbs are like the coils of nightmare. I love you because you are so grotesque—because upon your face is stamped the contorted beauty of your mind—your mind that is surely as amazing as your face. O, Gwympane, tell me of what you have thought, tell me of what you are thinking.

GWYMPANE. (*Led into rapture by her words, kneels and suddenly kisses her feet.*) I am kissing your little white feet. It is like brushing my face amongst sprays of silken flowers.

DUCHESS. Ah, do not talk beautifully to me, Gwympane.

GWYMPANE. But you are beauty! What other language would you understand?

DUCHESS. Do not talk to me beautifully, Gwympane. Talk to me with the savage pulsating words of your clown language. Talk to me as if you held a whip in your hand. (*She catches at his hand.*) What marvelous hands you have! Deceitful hands—for they look unlike the things they do—the things they must do.

GWYMPANE. (*Sitting upon her couch and bending over her lips.*) I think you are something I have stolen out of a temple—a wonderful winged crowned figure that I have stolen out of a temple and profaned. I feel as if we were in a black barge upon a scarlet



AT THE DEATH-BED OF DEA

It is on the deck of a schooner, with Gwympane (John Barrymore), her lover, and Ursus (E. Lyall Swete), her father, as the mourners.

sca, as if in a moment it would dip over the horizon line and we should be lost forever together. O, I feel as if all the light in the world were flowing from behind the chalice of your pale face. I love you, I love you.

DUCHESS. (*Drawing away from him.*) You love me, you love me! But you do not talk to me as if you were a clown. You do not speak to me with those curiously pungent words that are flung between men and women in the thickets near the booths. (*Almost pettishly.*) You do not talk at all like a clown, Gwymplane.

GWYMPANE. (*His eyes slowly traveling over her body.*) I do not understand—I cannot understand why you permit my hands to touch you. Does not the flame from my hands burn you as they tremble and hover nearer, nearer to your scorching loveliness? But I think you are ivory, ivory dyes in hues of dawn and sunset.

DUCHESS. Ah, I wish you would not speak to me beautifully. I tell you beauty is not so dear to me as ugliness. O, Gwymplane (*with a rather coarse gesture nudging his arm*), O, Gwymplane, tell me of love as I want to hear of it, and I will love you better than all the rest!

There is more of this exotic love-making which is interrupted by a sudden knock at the door leading to a gallery. It is Prince Charles, who explains that Phedro had told him "he thought he heard you cry out a moment ago." The Duchess is furious and Gwymplane suspects treachery. The Prince has retired down the gallery when suddenly, through an open French window, Dea, the blind girl, appears. Gwymplane shrinks with remorse and trepidation.

DEA. (*Advancing into the room.*) Where am I?

Someone took me out of one room and pushed me in here.

DUCHESS. I am the Duchess of Beaumont. You are in my room.

DEA. O, I am glad, Madame. I have been terribly frightened all evening. (*Gwymplane stands frozenly against the wall.*)

DUCHESS. Really? By what?

DEA. I was looking for the Queen. I was being guided to the Queen's apartment when suddenly I found myself in a room with some gentleman.

DUCHESS. Ah, what gentleman, I wonder?

DEA. I do not know. I am blind and he would not answer me. But I felt his hand to see if it was the court steward's. It was not the court steward's hand, for this man wore a ring with a gigantic stone.



"MICHAEL STRANGE"

Such is the pen-name of Mrs. John Barrymore, poet and playwright, whose "Clair de Lune" is a clever adaptation from Victor Hugo's novel, "The Man Who Laughs."

DUCHESS. (*Always unquestionably upon the right scent of anything damaging to her vanity.*) An oblong stone?

DEA. (*Pausing.*) Yes, your Grace, I am sure it was an oblong stone.

DUCHESS. (*Her face becoming malicious.*) Well, what did he wish of you?

DEA. He said many things to me. He told me how I appeared to him in all things beautiful, and that he wished to steal me away forever from the troupe and for himself because he loved me.

DUCHESS. (*Starts. Gwymplane wrings his hands in impotent fury.*) Strange those bundles we possess, that are of no value to us whatever, should, nevertheless, when they fall into the river, become precious as gold. (*She snaps her fingers.*) So much for faithfulness! And you answered this gentleman?

DEA. (*Looking around abstracted.*) Your Grace, is there anyone else in this room?

DUCHESS. I don't think so. (*Gwymplane starts imperceptibly. The malicious Duchess, reading his thought, shuts the window and locks it. Gwymplane looks at her in terror.*) And what did you reply to your preposterous lover, little gypsy thief?

DEA. O—I stretched my arms out against this gentleman and prayed, and my prayer was heard, for Phedro came and said he thought he had heard you call, and this man went out telling me to remain, when a pair of hands suddenly laid hold upon my wrists and led me out into the air, then pushed me into this room.

DUCHESS. Think how disappointed your lover will be when he returns and finds you gone!

DEA. I do not care what he should think.

DUCHESS. Your affections are already a wreath upon some mortal head, eh?

DEA. (*Modestly.*) Yes, I love; I am beloved.

DUCHESS. (*Quizzically regarding her.*) By whom, pray?

DEA. Messire Gwymplane of the circus troupe.

DUCHESS. (*Throwing back her head and laughing.*) No? Beloved by Gwymplane, you say? (*Gwymplane looks at her in a horror of bewilderment, the point of her conduct beginning to pierce his heart.*)

DEA. O yes, I am loved by Gwymplane.

DUCHESS. It seems to me, child, that upon this somewhat fantastic night we have perhaps changed partners.

DEA. Madame? (*Gwymplane stands rigidly silent. The Duchess plucks a flower from a vase, throwing the petals over Dea's head in a gesture half gay, half brutal.*)

DUCHESS. At last the whimsy of my soul is outmatched by the turn of events.

DEA. I hang upon your words, Madame; yet I do not understand them.

DUCHESS. Still you and I have proven to each other, with and without intent, the existence of a quality common to the world at large—faithlessness.

She drags the girl toward Gwymplane and places her hand upon his arm, repeating presently some of the pretty speeches, still warm in the air, which had so exasperated her. Dea staggers at this proof of his inconstancy. He leads her from the room, returns by himself and is in talk with the Duchess when the Queen is heard at the door. Implovingly the Duchess directs Gwymplane to a hiding-place. The Queen enters suspiciously. She is followed by the Prince, who inquires maliciously whether anyone else has been in the apartment during the evening. Retorting, the Duchess demands to know what he has been doing. Whereupon:

QUEEN. You seem to be throwing dirt at one another out of a bonbonnière. I have a feeling I should extremely dislike to hear you actually explain yourselves. I wonder where Phedro is. He has hinted to me of extraordinary news for to-night. (*She opens the window and looks out.*) And now it is almost dawn. (*She calls Phedro, and opens the door through which she has entered the room.*)

VOICE OF PHEDRO. Majesty, I come. (*He enters. The Duchess gives him a fearful look, which he returns with a grim smile.*)

QUEEN. You promised significant news for me after midnight and in the apartment of the Duchess. I have come. It is long beyond midnight. What have you to say?

PHEDRO. We are strictly in private, your Majesty?

QUEEN. Assure yourself. I had some feeling about it myself a few minutes ago. (*Phedro steps at once to the door where the mountebank is concealed, but the Duchess with a haughty look forestalls him, opening the door herself. Gwymplane steps into the room. The Queen pretends to be speechless. The Prince is.*) Your Grace, the Duchess of Beaumont will please explain.

DUCHESS. Oh, this mountebank was merely seeking the blind girl from his troupe, who had been admitted, or possibly abducted, into the palace.

QUEEN. Abducted, really? By whom? For whom?

DUCHESS. (*With a glance at Charles.*) We do not know, but we guess possibly.

QUEEN. Nevertheless, why does he seek his partner in your Grace's closet?

PRINCE. Josephine, good God—what are you?

DUCHESS. What you are or would be, Charles—a star of the nobility, shedding its single glory for the last time.

QUEEN. Come, come, cease your language. Why was this mountebank in your Grace's closet?

DUCHESS. He flew to the nearest door in the opposite direction from whence came your Majesty's voice. I suppose he lost his head in his embarrassment. That is a quality of the lower classes.

QUEEN. Your answers are evasions. They explain nothing save what you wish to conceal—your dishonor. (*She turns to Gwymplane.*) Mountebank, I think you have ruined and frustrated the life of a most important personage in our court.

PHEDRO. Hold, hold. A bat has not torn a lily as you suppose, your Majesty.

QUEEN. No? Then what has happened, Phedro? And do drop your metaphor. We are not wise enough so late to do it justice.

PHEDRO. Two stars have blundered together, that is all. Her Grace the Duchess of Beaumont and His Highness Prince Ian of Vaulcluse.

PRINCE. My brother? Here? But my brother is dead! Where can you have imagined to have seen my brother?

PHEDRO. (*Approaches Gwymplane making him a low bow.*) Prince Ian of Vaulcluse.

Swiftly grasping the situation, the Queen, with a tender look at Prince Charles, suggests that the union of Gwymplane and the Duchess would be appropriate. To them mutually the idea is abhorrent. At this juncture Phedro enters, leading Dea who, at his instruction, delivers to the Queen a letter which confirms the legitimacy of Gwymplane's title to the principedom of Vaulcluse. Dea and Gwymplane depart. In the next scene it is night upon the deck of a schooner which is bearing Gwymplane, Dea and her father, Ursus, away from France. The girl lies extended upon a couch. She is dying—heartbroken.

GWYMPANE. Life, life. It has suddenly burst its leash—torn in among us like a mad

dog and wounded us, mortally, I think. (*Glances at Dea.*) O, the pain, the tragedy that can come out of nonsense. Will Dea live, can Dea live?

URSUS. (*Sighing heavily.*) Perhaps, perhaps. How quiet and smiling she looks. There is some great pathos about her peacefulness as if Heaven were restoring to her something cruelly lost in this world.

GWYMPANE. (*Walking over to her couch and wringing his hands.*) My love, my little love. (*Ursus rises and extends a hand, which Gwymplane ignores.*)

GWYMPANE. Oh, there seems no corner in myself into which I can creep, pull down the blinds, and shut out those horrible, grotesque, indecent processions that I joined and made last night.

URSUS. My poor son! You threw your body to the jackals for an hour. You forgot there was a soul in your body to get mangled along with the rest.

GWYMPANE. Oh, my soul was not in all that.

URSUS. Most people perish from thinking like you. (*Earnestly.*) Somewhere in you is a blinding, transfigured face, struggling up out of the sprawled, coiling limbs of infinite pasts, yet put it in certain conditions and it retains its fearful stamp of former bestiality. But during death, death the last condition we follow, what a likeness unto God appears upon the features of the worst of us.

GWYMPANE. (*Taking Dea's hand.*) How can I ever press my lips against these hands again without bruising their dear shy softness by this weight of unworthiness I carry within me?

URSUS. Only through hope.

GWYMPANE. Hope is for people who have not such keen noses as I. I can smell the decay in myself far too well to go near the person I love with it. Only to sleep, to sleep, and not have to make my way any more, through these biting, malicious, stifling memories.

As a climax to these meditations, Gwymplane goes forward to the prow of the vessel and presently disappears overboard. Dea dies and is buried at sea. The concluding scene is an antechamber in the Queen's apartments the next morning. It buzzes with court gossip as, for instance:

A LADY. The air seems sizzling with lightning. Tell us, has the Queen done her some rudeness again? We were just saying

how charming she was and thinking of how to express our admiration to her on her arrival.

PHEDRO. Don't disturb your vocabulary for the sake of the Duchess.

LADIES AND COURTIER. (*In one voice.*) Why, what has happened?

PHEDRO. The Duchess does not exist any longer.

COURTIER. She is dead?

SECOND COURTIER. Artemis has risen to hunt, but—

THIRD COURTIER. Good God! (*He gradually recovers himself.*) What a shame the classics are taught. It lends a pulpit to such tedious people.

A LADY. Oh, we must know, if we are to live. What has happened to the Duchess?

PHEDRO. (*Grimly—with finality.*) She has become déclassée.

A LADY. You mean that she left the door open? Or mislaid one of her jewels somewhere?

OTHER LADY. (*Incredulously.*) You would suggest that she permitted herself to be—discovered?

PHEDRO. Yes, her apartment was honeycombed with indiscretions.

FIRST COURTIER. (*Sharply.*) But what did that matter? Who plucked them out?

PHEDRO. The Queen.

THIRD COURTIER. What an appalling mischance!

A LADY. It is an outrage! People who are lazy enough to be found out are a menace to all of us.

With the Duchess in disgrace and Gwymplane gone, the Vaucluse estates are confiscated to the Crown and Charles, whose indiscretions become known to the Queen, is banished because she could not bear to be incessantly reading her past which, she deplores, is printed over him in large letters.

NOVELS SUPPLY BETTER MOVIE MATERIAL THAN PLAYS

HISTORY is made rapidly in the motion-picture world. Conditions, ideas, methods of two or three years ago are out of date to-day. Even the hold of celebrities on their audiences is very insecure and, as for authors, we are assured by Benjamin B. Hampton, writing in *The Bookman*, that the fame of a novelist reaches an infinitesimal distance into the social and intellectual strata of movie fandom. Somewhere around the upper middle and higher strata of photoplaygoers are to be found the book readers, but below them there is an enormous audience with little or no knowledge of famous authors. This writer in *The Bookman* has been a magazine editor and publisher and is now a leading motion-picture producer. He reports, as an illustration of the limitations of literary fame, that even after four or five of Rex Beach's novels had been made into successful photoplays and the name of the novelist featured in electric lights at the theaters, there was general bewilderment in the audiences because nobody named Beach was in the pictures.

This producer is disposed, in one breath, to discourage novelists from writing for the screen and in the next breath he asserts that novels supply better screen material as a general rule than is furnished by the stage play. The able novelist or dramatist can learn to write for the screen, but why should he when in learning the new craft he is almost certain to sacrifice skill at the old? The photoplay, Hampton goes on to say, has a most amazing method of training the writing mind in highly specialized ways—ways that are good for picture-making but not always so good for novel-writing or play-building. One of America's leading novelists is quoted as saying: "I'm through with scenario work. I've been at it for a year now and it will take me another year to get my hand back to novel-writing." At the same time, picture producers are more familiar with stage productions than with books:

"They go to the theater and see plays; they witness the reactions of audiences; they are able to visualize the possible appearance of the play when transferred to the screen.

A few producers read novels, but as a class their reading is not more extensive than the reading of any other group of business men. Consequently it is difficult for them to imagine the novel made into a successful photoplay; they cannot so readily picture audience reaction.

"Forty-nine or 499 separate, distinct, enthusiastic and splendid reasons will be given by movie friends to prove that this statement is narrow, prejudiced, biased and so forth—but that's my answer and I'll have to stick to it. My own experience is fairly convincing evidence that as a general rule the novel supplies better screen material than is furnished by the stage play. Certainly there are exceptions, notable exceptions; but I am confident that 100 best-selling novels will make better pictures than 100 most successful plays of a comparable period. The reason is simple. Photoplay-making is more closely related to novel-building than to play-building. The novelist's sense of characters, his description of locations and sets, his feel for

movement—all these elements, and others, supply the photo-dramatist with the materials needed for a closely-knit, convincing screen play. . . . No matter how great our admiration for the playwright, we are compelled to admit that when his material is offered for the screen, the photo-dramatist must add to it vastly or a thin picture is the result."

The movies, we are assured, are progressing artistically in the face of many obstacles. Three years ago trashy, hack-written plays were the rule. To-day they are the exception. The public shows signs of discrimination. Better writing, better acting, better direction, better sets and properties, better titles—improvement in every department of production "has been so notable in two years that one may predict with safety that the next two years will see the photoplay far along on its journey toward artistic perfection."

SYNTHETIC DRAMA IS THE NEW ART OF THE STAGE

ONE of the most unique and interesting developments of the modern theater is acclaimed by a writer, Walter A. Lowenberg, in the *Theater Magazine*, to be the work of Maxwell Armfield, the well-known English designer and painter, and his talented wife, Constance Smedley, who have evolved what is said to be an entirely new form of drama. It is defined as synthetic drama and it combines the motion of the continuous dance with the music of words and definite color progression, all having their own distinct parts in completing the rhythmic whole.

After appearing at various colleges and universities throughout the country, Mr. and Mrs. Armfield have completed a course of lectures at Columbia University, including a "synthetic" production of "A Winter's Tale," tinged with the spirit of Greek drama in its use of elevated stages, of colorful costumes and the insistence on rhythm in word and music. What is this new art? Of their ambitious work "Miriam," a five-act play, written for the synthetic method and produced at the

Greek Theater of the University of California, with Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, the *Daily Californian* says:

"'Miriam' is a sacrament, an act of religion; it is also a work of art of breathless beauty; it is music, sweetly mingling the mental and emotional with the spiritual; it is blazing color astounding the eye until even black and white come crashing upon the senses like a revelation in the thunder and in the lightning, and over all rolls the mighty, sonorous voice of the Pentateuch. Mr. and Mrs. Armfield, the dramatists, made wonderful use of the mighty lines of Exodus, and the action moves steadily, powerfully, and, indeed, with all its majesty, rapidly, to the inescapable and adequate culmination of real tragedy. For the play is, in the highest sense, a great tragedy, but the miracle was accomplished of giving to tragedy, without cheapening it, the 'happy ending' which the modern mind most indubitably demands, and which the tragedian is almost always unable to compass without prostituting his art. . . . The decoration reaches a climax intellectually in the bold conception of the tabernacle, but the use of pure color goes on to the end."

This synthetic play is promised a New York première next season. Regarding the Armfield method of production we are told that they take a play based upon an old French. Troubadour *chanson de geste*, for example, which needs to be presented attractively to be at all appreciated, and by working it into a rhythmic whole, with every movement, word and color simplified to fit into a balanced form, give the production a rare quality of distinction. The speaking voices are selected as singers are, with an ear to soprano, contralto, tenor and bass. When the action and dialog are rapid a contrast is effected by a character whose movements create a definite pool of slowness about him.

What distinguishes the work of the synthetic artist from that of the ordinary actor is that in his case each movement, sound or color on the stage is playing a definite and individual part in expressing the subject. Nothing is redundant, nothing irrelevant, nothing is an end in itself. Red, for instance, is not in a costume because the author likes red, but because red is a part of his tool chest and says something at some point in the drama which cannot be conveyed to the audience by a note of music or otherwise. It is further explained that "the blond young lady wears blue, not because it suits her, but because blue is necessary to the author, and if he does not require blond hair, her 'crowning glory' must submit to a wig."

The synthetic dramatist or producer ar-



THE GRASS BLADE—A WANDER DANCE

The synthetic dramatist arranges his material so that when accurately performed any given emotion is automatically aroused in the audience.

ranges his material so that when accurately performed the emotion is automatically aroused in the audience. There ceases to be any "natural movement." A movement is characterized as either relevant or not. The visual appeal and the audible appeal, in speech, music and song, instrumentation and composition, prose and verse, are all on a unified basis, and the color sequences, the background, and the underlying ideas are also unified. Mr. Armfield predicts that "the day will come when the ennobling ideas, the mental attitude to life of the synthetic dramatist will be found to be the determining factor in the production of satisfying, worth-while art."

APPLYING "SPECTRAL COLORS" TO MUSIC A NEW FINE ART

PLAYING "color notes" to harmonize with music notes is a new form of expression that is beginning to find an audience in the motion-picture theaters and that promises to stimulate interest in concert music wherever it may be played. This new luminous music is rendered by what is variously called the astral graphophone, the spectral organ, the light scale or color player which has been perfected by the well-known pianist, Mary Hallock-Greenewalt, and is described, in *Musical America*, as "an instrument capable of giving forth a light scale conforming with a musical scale." It has been tried in motion-picture houses with the effect that audiences accustomed to its use look for the obligato of "spectral colors" with their music. It is made to stand in the orchestra pit, with its player under the direction of the conductor, and is operated by pedal control for the light intensities, the color changes being made by long-distance magnetic control—electricity. Filters placed in front of light units and equipped with this electric control give any desired color of the spectrum by manipulation of a button.

In the operation of the color player, we read,

the operator can deal out quantities of light at will as subtly as a violinist feels out timbre or a singer gives forth overtones. The control affords a means of fusing the prismatic colors for all kinds of tints and variegated effects. Light choirs may be arranged all around the stage or at intervals throughout the entire theater or concert hall. One choir may give one tone, another choir a distinctly different tone. The blending of the two may give that shade of color which best interprets the shade of meaning in the mind of the artist.



IT PLAYS COLOR NOTES AS AN ORGAN PLAYS MUSIC NOTES

Mary Hallock Greenewalt, the inventor, is seated at the instrument manipulating a fluid light control of color filters and lamp heads. The instrument may stand in the orchestra of a theater or in full view of the audience.

In explanation of these novel instruments, the inventor emphasizes, in *Musical America*, that "light" and "music" are two entirely separate and distinct things. "Light and its color can speak as an art alone, as an art of abstract expression made in time succession, but since the nature of light is that of an accompaniment to all happenings, it will, for some time, in great part be used as such. To vest light with emotional and abstract expression in time succession is the novelty. If a rising inflection of the voice will ask a question irrespective of the word it accompanies, a raising of the light, the mo-

ment being appropriate, will do the same. Let this little sample stand for the world of expression possible to this as any fine art. Color, in the fluid capacity given it by light, will move parallel to other meanings through analogy, quality, quantity, extension. What will it mean to the concertgoer of the future? Once he is used to it, he will not do without it."

The light score is written in advance, and to follow it requires only intelligent reading and manipulation. The colors are read according to diamonds, an ingenious marking of the unit indicating the measure of intensity by the colored denotations.

RESURRECTING CHINESE MOVIES A THOUSAND YEARS OLD

IT appears that motion pictures, along with so many other things that are supposed to be of modern creation, are of Chinese origin, tho naturally differing somewhat in operation, if not principle. In proof of this, Tony Sarg, the New York artist, whose marionets have made him known from coast to coast, is soon to present a Chinese motion-picture play just as it was given about the year 921. Not only has Mr. Sarg a set of original shadowgraph puppets, actually used in China hundreds of years ago, but he has an original Chinese scenario which was played by them.

Karl K. Kitchen records, in the *World Magazine*, that these Chinese movies are far superior to the shadowgraph pictures and animated cartoons which are familiar to filmgoers to-day. They are worked by wires from below instead of above, as in the case of modern marionets, and so cleverly are they fashioned that a skilful operator can make them perform the most amazing stunts.

When Mr. Sarg first presented his marionets he did a lot of research work and came across many references to the shadowgraph plays of the Chinese. However, until he obtained a set of original shadowgraph puppets and an authentic Chinese scenario, he had no idea of presenting them. He does not assume that

the filmgoing public will want to see Chinese shadowgraph plays every day or week, but their novelty promises to make them an interesting feature for an occasional engagement in important playhouses. A portable stage and two or three operators will enable a "picture" to be moved from theater to theater without difficulty, and because of the colored puppets, their artistic designs and the quaintness of the scenario, the producer is confident they will appeal to all lovers of artistic film plays.

His initial play he regards as simply a novelty, but, he says, "these Chinese shadowgraphs, dating back a thousand years, show that the origin of motion pictures is much older than most people imagine. They are practically indestructible, being cut out of the toughest buffalo hide and colored with vegetable dyes that never fade."

The scenario Mr. Sarg has, which has been faithfully translated from the original Chinese, concerns the immemorial triangle—the husband, the wife and the husband's false friend. There is the inevitable "rally" or chase near its end, and a hatchet is used with telling effect on the unfaithful wife. The puppets are so skilfully made that by switching around the head of the female figure the axe is shown in her skull.

NAPOLEON AS A DEMOCRAT IN SPITE OF HIMSELF

THE contradictory elements that went to the shaping of Napoleon Bonaparte have never been more strikingly illustrated than in the tributes awakened by the hundredth anniversary of his death. He is celebrated, first of all, as a warrior, and his military prowess is glittering enough to reconcile even the antagonists of the Great War. We find, on the one hand, Prussian militarists commemorating his efforts to accomplish what the Kaiser attempted—world-empire. We find, on the other, Marshal Foch standing at the famous Tomb in Paris and declaring that Napoleon's military lessons enabled the Allies to defeat Germany. But the military side of Napoleon is only part, and perhaps the lesser part, of his genius. He said himself: "My glory does not rest in my forty victories. What will always live is my Civil Code." It is one of the paradoxes of history that a man who was naturally arrogant and self-centered and who held that humanity deserved the disgust it inspired in him, was compelled in the end by the logic of events to serve humanity. He became, so to speak, a democrat in spite of himself. He impresses President Harding as "the greatest democrat who ever lived."

His democracy, it is true, was based on dictatorship. So is Lenin's in Russia at the present time. There are those who think, however, that the terms are not necessarily irreconcilable. The *London Times*, at any rate, finds no difficulty in making the reconciliation, and points to Lenin as being, in a sense, a successor of Napoleon. It is true that Napoleon, unlike Lenin, never led the masses against the classes; yet if he is to be regarded, above all, as a democratic dictator, the *Times* says, "his truest heir at this moment may be Lenin—Lenin, especially, in the last phase, which abandons dogma for a realistic perception of necessities." Whatever we may think of the comparison, the logical conclusion is that at certain crises in history it is necessary to destroy the liberties of a people for a time

in order to perpetuate them. Napoleon, so a champion of his democracy states in the *Nineteenth Century*, "was too good a democrat to talk of making the world safe for democracy."

This champion, Major Leslie Hore-Belisha, goes on to remind us that Napoleon was a product of the French Revolution, and learned his democracy not in a philosophical seminary, but in the hard school of life. The unfolding of the revolutionary drama was his daily instruction. He watched the invasion of the Tuileries and the massacre of the Swiss Guards, and his friend Bourrienne has described in vivid phrases the disgust which he felt as he saw the noble principles of the Revolution stained in blood:

"They were a parcel of blackguards, armed with weapons of every description and shouting the grossest abuse, while they proceeded at a rapid rate towards the Tuileries. This mob appeared to consist of the vilest and the most profligate of the population of the suburbs. 'Let us follow the rabble,' said Bonaparte. We got the start of them and took up our station on the terrace bordering the river. It was there that he was an eye-witness of the scandalous scenes that ensued, and it would be difficult to describe the surprise and indignation which they excited in him. 'What cowards!' he loudly exclaimed."

It was in such a scene as this that Napoleon realized that generalizations, like bombs, tend to explode in hands unaccustomed to them. He lost faith in some of the methods of democracy, but "he never despaired," the *Nineteenth Century* writer observes, "of giving a sane and practical expression of its ideals." His career is described as a justification of the task which he set himself. His politics, so far as he had any, were centered on the practical thing. "He saw France dejected and disrupted. He must evolve order out of chaos. He saw his country surrounded by enemies. She must be freed. Her citizens must be made content, her population fed. He had gleaned from his study of economics certain principles which should be



HE STILL HOLDS THE WORLD ENTHRALLED

Napoleon, who confronts us here in a sketch by David, is variously estimated a hundred years after his death. To some he appears the most ruthless imperialist of modern times; to others he is the pioneer of democracy.

put into practice. His aims were transparently simple. His efforts were justly rewarded. Patriotism, freedom for every activity, the satisfaction of a desire for knowledge—these were the things that he sought for himself and that he gave to his country. The orator had mistaken words for facts, but he substituted facts for words."

It cannot detract from our estimate of Napoleon as a democrat, according to this interpretation, that he built up a strong executive. The greater part of his life was spent in war, and a strong executive, as the Allied nations have lately discovered, is the necessary accompaniment of the proper conduct of a war. "The Napoleonic wars show that it is quite possible for a democracy to throw up men of ability capable of reconciling those actions which are necessary for the safety of the state with the will of the people."

Apart from his duties as a general, it was Napoleon's problem to construct an executive power which should be able to take the ordinary measures for the safety and good government of the state. If his actions were arbitrary, it was because the situation could be handled in arbitrary fashion only. He despised popular assemblies, as he had good reason to, for he had seen how futile they could be; but he paved the way for the parliamentary institutions that were to follow him. The practical improvements which he introduced, not only in France but wherever his military exploits took him, were democratic in the best sense. Serfs were liberated. Commerce was organized. New methods were introduced into agriculture. Roads and canals, among the best in Europe, were constructed. He instituted sane financial and administrative systems, appointed honest tax collectors, and reorganized the currency.

Having lifted some of the material burdens under which people labored, Napoleon proceeded to liberate the individual citizen from religious, legal and industrial disabilities. His passion for equality, so long as it did not include himself, was genuine and fierce.

"He found the army a mob; he left it a national and democratic institution, imbued

with the vigor of youth, animated by patriotism, emboldened by the spirit of self-sacrifice, inspired by the justice of its great mission. In one of the most successful armies the world has seen Masséna was the son of a wine-merchant, Ney of a cooper, Lefebvre of a miller, Murat of a publican, Lannes of an ostler, Augereau of a mason, and it was an army in which a general was old at thirty. So genuinely were this army and its leader fired by the spirit of liberty and equality that wherever it went it found in the hearts of generous men a natural alliance. A flame of democratic enthusiasm preceded it, a flame which did not merely consume but which lit up the darkness of men's lives."

In Egypt Napoleon gave a new stimulus to antiquarian study. At home he founded a university. It still flourishes, as do the Prefects, the Codes, the Legion of Honor and the Lycée which he established. The administrative, judicial and financial organizations of Napoleon survive not only in France but also in Belgium and Italy. His Code was in use in Holland until 1838 and in the Rhine provinces until 1900. Even Spain has reproduced his institutions. Anywhere, from Warsaw to Valladolid, may be seen his permanent bequests to civilization.

To think of Napoleon as anything else than a democrat is, for the *Nineteenth Century* writer, impossible. His article concludes:

"Napoleon created the most permanent democratic institutions of Europe. He only failed to create a democratic government. France has been taught by the Third Republic to regard Napoleon as the destroyer of the First. Orthodox history has followed suit by pointing to his overwhelming military personality as an insuperable bar to the development of a democracy. This is profoundly untrue, except in the sense that any democracy is in danger of the predominance of a personality. Whether that personality be military or political is merely an incident. With the lapse of a century since Napoleon's day, arms have yielded to the toga, and now democracy stands in greater danger from the political superman than from the militarist. It is of little account that he preserves constitutional forms. Napoleon rose from one high office to another till he reached the purple, always with a respect for democratic forms."

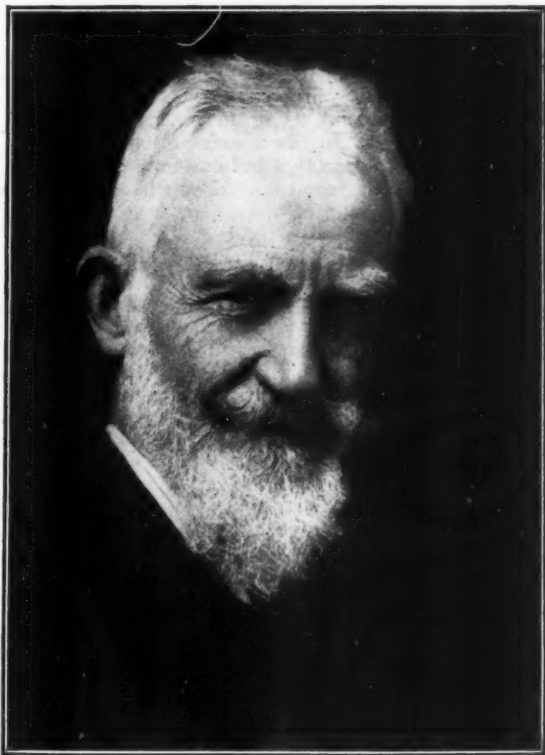
"BACK TO METHUSELAH"—BERNARD SHAW'S NEW GOSPEL

THE line I am going to take is back to Methuselah." So speaks one of the characters in the "Metabiological Pentateuch"* which Bernard Shaw has just published. The reference is to the son of Enoch who, according to Genesis, lived for 969 years. Mr. Shaw's new character does not expect to rival Methuselah, but hopes to live 300 years. There are other characters in the book who both cherish and realize this hope. Tercentenarians walk around as if they were gods. Mr. Shaw is staking his faith, now, on longevity.

There are parts of this new work which read like solemn Scripture. There are other parts which seem like a cross between "A Midsummer-Night's Dream" and "Gulliver's Travels." It is all a gigantic intellectual efflorescence. Shaw's Pentateuch, while written in the form of drama, consists of "parts." The first is dated B. C. 4004 in the Garden of Eden. The last stretches "as far as thought can reach: A. D. 31,-920." A preface furnishes a scientific background for the fantasy.

In earlier days, when "Man and Superman" was being written, Shaw staked his faith on eugenics. It was only by the breeding of superior men that the world could be saved. Shaw still is convinced that the human animal, as he exists at present, is incapable of solving his problems or of creating a decent world. But he tells us that he has come to see that man, in the ordinary span of his life, does not reach maturity. He must learn to live longer. As the argument runs:

"Men do not live long enough; they are, for all purposes of high civilization, mere children when they die; and our Prime Ministers, tho rated as mature, divide their time between the golf course and the Treasury Bench in Parliament. Presumably, however, the same power that made this mistake can remedy it. If on opportunist grounds man now fixes the term of his life at three score and ten years, he can equally fix it at three hundred, or three thousand, or even at the genuine Circumstantial Selection limit, which would be until a sooner-or-later-inevitable fatal accident makes an end of the individual. All that is necessary to make him extend his present span is that tremendous catastrophes such as the late war shall convince him of the necessity of at least outliving his taste for golf and cigars if the race is to be saved.



HE STAKES HIS FAITH, NOW, ON LONGEVITY
There is no hope for the world, Bernard Shaw tells us, unless we can live long enough to become wise.

* BACK TO METHUSELAH. A METABIOLOGICAL PENTATEUCH. By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's.

This is not fantastic speculation; it is deductive biology, if there is such a science as biology."

Mr. Shaw adopts the phrase of Bergson, "creative evolution," and includes himself among those who believe that the impulse that produces evolution is creative. "If the weight-lifter," he says, "under the trivial stimulus of an athletic competition, can 'put up a muscle,' it seems reasonable to believe that an equally earnest and convinced philosopher could 'put up a brain.'" It is Shaw's conviction that Lamarck, rather than Darwin, fathomed the real truth in regard to evolution:

"Lamarck passed on from the conception of evolution as a general law to Charles Darwin's department of it, which was the method of evolution. Lamarck, whilst making many ingenious suggestions as to the reaction of external causes on life and habit, such as changes of climate, food supply, geological upheavals and so forth, really held as his fundamental proposition that living organisms changed because they wanted to. As he stated it, the great factor in evolution is use and disuse. If you have no eyes, and want to see, and keep trying to see, you will finally get eyes. If, like a mole or subterranean fish, you have eyes and don't want to see, you will lose your eyes. If you like eating the tender tops of trees enough to make you concentrate all your energies on the stretching of your neck, you will finally get a long neck, like the giraffe. This seems absurd to inconsiderate people at the first blush; but it is within the personal experience of all of us that it is just by this process that a child tumbling about the floor becomes a boy walking erect; and that a man sprawling on the road with a bruised chin, or supine on the ice with a bashed occiput, becomes a bicyclist and a skater."

All this appears in Shaw's preface, and naturally leads us on in search of an explanation *how* man is to attain his long life. The preface furnishes no such explanation. We have to turn to Part II of the amazing Pentateuch before we get even a glimmering of what Shaw means by "voluntary longevity." This Part is entitled "Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas." In it a conversation is taking place in regard to the possibility of living for three hundred years. Five persons are

talking—Conrad Barnabas, who is thought to have manufactured an elixir to attain the miraculous result, and his friends Lubin, Burge, Franklyn and Haslam. Here is the passage:

LUBIN. Take the mere question of the manufacture of the specific, whatever it may be! There are forty millions of people in the country. Let me assume for the sake of illustration that each person would have to consume, say, five ounces a day of the elixir. That would be—let me see—five times three hundred and sixty-five is—um—twenty-five—thirty-two—eighteen—eighteen hundred and twenty-five ounces a year: just two ounces over the hundredweight.

BURGE. Two million tons a year, in round numbers, of stuff that everyone would clamor for: that men would trample down women and children in the streets to get at. You couldn't produce it. There would be blue murder. It's out of the question. We must keep the actual secret to ourselves.

CONRAD. (*Staring at them.*) The actual secret! What on earth is the man talking about?

BURGE. The stuff. The powder. The bottle. The tabloid. Whatever it is. You said it wasn't lemons.

CONRAD. My good sir, I have no powder, no bottle, no tabloid. I am not a quack: I am a biologist. This is a thing that's going to happen.

LUBIN. (*Completely let down.*) Going to happen! Oh! Is that all? (*He looks at his watch.*)

BURGE. Going to happen! What do you mean? Do you mean that you can't make it happen?

CONRAD. No more than I could have made you happen.

FRANKLYN. We can put it into men's heads that there is nothing to prevent its happening but their own will to die before their work is done, and their own ignorance of the splendid work there is for them to do.

CONRAD. Spread that knowledge and that conviction; and as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow, the thing will happen.

FRANKLYN. We don't know where or when or to whom it will happen. It may happen first to someone in this room.

HASLAM. It would happen to me: that's jolly sure.

CONRAD. It might happen to anyone. It might happen to the parlormaid.

So it seems that Shaw's plans for longevity include the casual and the acciden-

tal, and that when tercentenarians appear they may find themselves as much surprised as their friends. It would also seem part of Shaw's intention to scoff at the very beings to whom he points as ideals. The tercentenarian Archbishop and Mrs. Lutestring, in Part III, divert rather than instruct us, and the He-Ancients and She-Ancients at the culmination of the fantasy are represented as going around "in a kind of germ-free austerity, fairly beyond sleep or food or love or hair, bent only on omnipotence and omniscience, knowledge and power." The words quoted are taken from an article by Francis Hackett in the *New Republic*. Mr. Hackett confesses that he is not much impressed by the Shaw ideal. "Madame Curie, one feels, and Thomas Edison are visibly en route, but few others. Most of us are hopelessly food-ridden, sleep-ridden and hairy, with the thickest personal preoccupations. We'd have as miserable a time with the Ancients as Cleopatra and Ozymandias did."

To Ludwig Lewisohn in the *New York Nation* "Back to Methuselah" carries the same message of disappointment. Mr. Lewisohn writes:

"The five dramatic books of the revelation of the new vitalist religion are less brilliant than Shaw's earlier works, less humanly sagacious in detail, and, despite several bravura passages, less eloquent. But they have all his old energy and rapidity of intellectual movement and the last two, 'The Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman' and 'As Far as Thought Can Reach,' are matchless exercises of a cold imaginative vigor building its structures out into the void. Yet so divorced from essential human feeling are these stupendous parables and legends that Shaw never suspects, for instance, the true character of his Ancients. He means them to inspire awe; they arouse pity and disgust like the Struldbrugs of Swift. Did he, by any chance, remember his great predecessor and draw the parallel? Swift, having castigated the follies and the crimes of mankind, holds up as a saving ideal the simplest goodness, gentleness, and innocence of soul. Shaw, suaver in gesture but in reality more terrible, finds no hope in any quality of human nature. It must be transcended; it must be obliterated; it must be remembered with loathing and contempt. Man must return to the whirlpool in pure

force' whence the world arose. Form itself has become an ache to Shaw. He thirsts for nothingness. He destroys the cosmos not like Faust with an imprecation, but with an argument.

"In no sense will mankind take his bleak parable to heart. It is the monument of a great despair. But men do not despair. They are sustained by the very things that Shaw holds to be negligible if not noxious—by love and art, food and wine, and even by a little warmth when, after darkness, the goodly sun returns."

A third critic, O. W. Firkins, in the *Weekly Review* (New York), is equally unimpressed by Shaw's gospel. He points out that George Eliot in a poem has expressed the precise opposite to Mr. Shaw's view in the suggestion that the curtailment of life, by giving to moments the significance of days, would make men infinitely solicitous of moments. "Altogether," he says, "Mr. Shaw's prescription of longevity seems rather superficial. Brains and character alone can finally solve the problems springing from defects of brains and character. Time is good only as a means to more efficient goods." Mr. Firkins continues:

"Yet I should be unjust to Mr. Shaw and the reader alike if I withheld my impression that the author of this work, remarkable after all abatements, is a sincere, unselfish, elevated man. An admirable, an almost unrivaled, scorn of the sensual, the mechanical, the trivial, and the hypocritical animates the volume, and its basic temper and propelling motive, as the author fearlessly confesses, are religious."

"Do you call him a juggler and harlequin? He is the jongleur of Notre-Dame. Do you call him frivolous? He is the most serious of men; he has turned the theater into a lyceum and humor into gospel. It is not for nothing that he prefers Bunyan to Shakespeare; Mr. Shaw was born like Bunyan and Bunyan's hero in a City of Destruction, and he urges men to flee from that city. He is to the contemporary world what John Knox was to Mary Stuart. . . . There could be no more curious or interesting proof of the vitality of religion than its resurgence in a man of Mr. Shaw's temper in Mr. Shaw's century, and there could be no more searching or painful proof of the difficulties of its position than its resort for support to eugenics and longevity."

THE STRENGTH AND THE WEAKNESS OF JOHN BURROUGHS

THE only American writer to whom a monument has been erected during his own lifetime was John Burroughs. This distinction, John L. Hervey writes in *All's Well* (Fayetteville, Ark.), was, in a special sense, deserved. Native influences formed and molded the life and thought of Burroughs; native subjects were the ones he chose to write about. The authors for whom he cared most deeply were American—Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman. He has himself recorded the fact that, at the outset of his career, he was "mad over Emerson." His debt to Thoreau he acknowledged in essay after essay. He regarded Whitman as "the one mountain in our literary landscape." Through his long life of eighty-four years he did not falter in his allegiances. "His masters," as Mr. Hervey puts it, "remained unforesworn to the last. His *correspondences* with them are pervasive of his entire work." Yet somehow he managed to add a note of his own.

He was less transcendental than Emerson. He lacked altogether the whimsical spirit of Thoreau. "There was something thin in his blood," Mr. Hervey tells us, "as there was in the blood of both Emerson and Thoreau, but it was something different, too, and smacked only derivatively of New England." It was this thinness which prevented him from conveying the robust warmth and breadth of Whitman, who, in Mr. Hervey's phrase, was never narrow or chilly, "while Burroughs could be both."

John Burroughs and John Muir are popularly coupled as our foremost contemporary nature writers. They were firm friends and frequent companions, but they looked upon nature from different angles and with different visions. "There is a strain of romanticism, of exhilaration, a *brio*, a ruddy glow about Muir never apparent in Burroughs, whose critical side was much more highly developed than that of his comrade, who almost never 'let himself go,' and remained always calm in the presence of sublimity, as Muir could not." He did not, however, always remain

calm in the presence of falsehood or futility—or what he felt to be such—and he allowed himself to be betrayed into "an irritability indicating some lack of largeness in his nature." Thus "he spent, or rather wasted, time in pursuit of small game and the transpiercing of rather puerile errors."

Burroughs, Mr. Hervey continues, is sharp-eyed and clear-sighted and what he sees he sees in "the light of day"—the title of one of his collections of essays in which the philosopher rather than the naturalist is exposed.

"There are in him no artistic effects of *chiaroscuro*, no *morbidezza*, no 'pathos of distance.' He had a fear of deception, of self-deception, almost prim in its insistence. He disdained ornament and had a genuine affection for homespun. Hence there are many paragraphs and passages in his writings which just fail of a fine artistic effect because he would not have it so—seems deliberately to have preferred it otherwise. There was perhaps something defective in his sense of prose rhythms which left him unconscious of these frayed edges and unpruned periods. He had none of Thoreau's Greek feeling for form and almost nothing of that felicity of diction which, like iridescence, suffused the style of Emerson, making it lambent, luminous, auroral and, in patches, even gold and purple and of a polished elegance and gnomic power. Neither does his prose ever thrill and vibrate like that of Richard Jefferies until you feel his heart throb with its ardor. Yet his command of his medium is far from amateurish. He has truly beautiful pages, written in half-tone or at best but lightly tinted, yet with their own sustained and clear tonality. They bespeak him always what he was—native of and dweller in a temperate zone, whose air is pure and fresh, with a biting tonic edge at times, its sunlight pellucid, its streams rippling, its woods and flowers familiar, its birds and beasts with few hints of the exotic."

Despite his clear vision, Burroughs, Mr. Hervey maintains, had his blind side. His dread of anything approaching the sentimental led him into an attitude in which he was in danger of conceding the animal-

ity of man while denying the humanity of animals. Mr. Hervey has been unable to find in the many books of Burroughs any real feeling for those two beasts which mankind has loved and made companions of, the horse and the dog. "Only with the greatest reluctance will he concede to the dog a few feeble gleams of intelligence, while of the horse he speaks in terms of contempt." Burroughs lavished his greatest affection on birds, yet even here the lack of warmth is perceptible. "We have always a definite sense that, despite his love of nature, Burroughs' kinship with it was replete with inhibitions. He loved, but it was with difficulty that he caressed."

Emerson and Whitman welcomed the spirit of modern science. The veils which it stripped from ideals and beliefs in no whit diminished either the aerial optimism of the one or the robust optimism of the

other. Burroughs, on the other hand, "makes a loyal effort to emulate them, but it is only partially successful, and at intervals—it is his nearest approach to morbidness—as he contemplates what science has revealed and is revealing, the 'malady of the infinite' attacks him and an undertone of hopelessness, nay, more than that, sounds from his pages." Is the end then nothing, after all? Burroughs must fain believe so. Is the confession that of strength or weakness? Or is it merely the result of what Emerson pronounced "the unconditional surrender to facts"? Mr. Hervey makes the significant answer: "Emerson never surrendered. Whitman never did. But somehow we get the impression that John Burroughs did, tho he might deny it. It is the last and extreme penalty of the prostration before science which modernity demands."

FRANKLIN LANE AND THE ART OF DYING

DYING has been called the last and greatest of the arts. It is also one of the most difficult. When Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior under President Wilson, was recently confined to a hospital bed in Rochester, Minnesota, and knew that he soon was to enter "the valley of the shadow," he wrote out his creed in a memorable statement:

"For forty years I had been wondering, wondering. Often I had said to myself that I should summon to my mind when this moment came some words that would be somewhat of a synthesis of my philosophy. Socrates said to those who stood by after he had drunk the hemlock, 'No evil can befall a good man, whether he be alive or dead.' I do not know how far from that we have gone in these 2,400 years.

"The apothegm, however, was not apposite to me, because it involved a declaration that I was a good man, and I do not know anyone who has the right to so appreciate himself. And I had come to the conclusion that perhaps the best statement of my creed could be fitted into the words 'I accept,' which to me meant that if in the law of nature my individual spirit was to go back into the great

ocean of spirits, my one duty was to conform. 'Lead, Kindly Light,' was all the gospel I had. I accepted."

It may be true, as religious papers suggest, that there is something inexpressibly sad in such an expression of faith on the part of so excellent a man as Mr. Lane. But the *New York World* is convinced that the language is richer for his simple statement, "I accept," and the *Brooklyn Eagle* thinks that "the most sincere believer in the future life cannot fail to realize the superb courage that enables a man to become reconciled to the end of the individual spirit." From the point of view of the *New York Globe*, Mr. Lane's statement has pertinence for the living no less than for the dying. It says:

"Acceptance of either life or death is probably a rarer virtue than it was in Jeremy Taylor's time, on account of our modern superciliousness toward nature. We are all inclined to swagger a little because we have electricity so far under control, can measure the magnitude and ascertain the composition of infinitely distant stars, and can even specu-

late scientifically, after the fashion of Dr. Einstein, with respect to the magnitude of the universe and the nature of time and space. Yet acceptance of life and creation, whether after the fashion of the great teachers of the revealed religion, or after that of Socrates and the ancient pagans, or in the manner of the modern pantheists, or according to Walt Whitman, seems still the key to

tranquillity and courage. And doubtless many continue to find it—some, like Mr. Lane, in the western mountains, where he desired that his ashes be scattered, and others in the streets of cities and in the faces of the multitudes which flow through them like swift streams, and are continually growing old and cynical and dying, and continually being renewed by youth and energy and illusion."

TRYING TO STAMP OUT PEONAGE IN GEORGIA

THE State of Georgia has had unenviable notoriety during recent months as a result of the murder of eleven negroes on the farm of John S. Williams in Jasper County, Georgia. It appears that Williams was running his farm with colored prisoners whom he had been able virtually to get possession of by paying their fines. This practice is known as peonage, and is prevalent not only in Georgia but throughout the South. A pamphlet, "The Negro in Georgia," issued by Hugh M. Dorsey while Governor of Georgia, lists a score of cases of peonage. The same authority is responsible for a circumstantial recital of 135 outrages upon negroes in the State within the last two years—negroes lynched; negroes beaten, shot, whipped; negroes forced from their homes by violence or threats of violence. "To me," says the former Governor, "it seems that we stand indicted as a people before the world. If the conditions indicated by these charges should continue, both God and man would justly condemn Georgia more severely than man and God have condemned Belgium and Leopold for the Congo atrocities. But worse than that condemnation would be the destruction of our civilization by the continued toleration of such cruelties in Georgia."

This is the first time that the Governor of a Southern State has gone so far in protest against the wrongs inflicted on negroes, and his words are attracting international attention. In Georgia he has stirred up a hornet's nest. His successor in office, Governor Hardwick, brands as an "infamous slander" statements made in the Dorsey pamphlet. President Olive,

of the State Senate, complains that while "cases" are listed in the pamphlet, names are not given. "I distinctly deny," he says, "that peonage exists to any extent." Judge Searcy, of the Superior Court of Georgia, charges the former Governor with having done Georgia and her institutions and her people "greater and more lasting harm than any plague or pestilence could have inflicted upon them." Mass-meetings were held to answer Dorsey. Feeling ran so high in some parts of the State that there was talk of impeachment, in spite of the fact that his term as Governor was to expire in two or three weeks. "Georgia, our mother," it was stated in an appeal signed by "Guardians of Liberty," of Georgia, "is being defiled before the world. And by the help of the eternal God he shall answer for it!"

All of which may be said to becloud the issue, and to have its comic as well as its serious aspect. There are still papers in the South which express the spirit of these hot-headed Georgians, but more responsible papers, such as the *Atlanta Constitution*, admit that former Governor Dorsey has done a real service to his State and to his nation by speaking out. "Better to let the light of publicity play over these cases than to damn Dorsey out of hand," says the *Birmingham (Ala.) News*. In similar spirit, the *Houston Post* declares:

"It has been proven beyond a doubt that peonage does exist in Georgia, and the courageous efforts of Governor Dorsey to stamp it out ought to be commended and supported by loyal Georgians, jealous of the good name of their State, rather than condemned and the Governor threatened with expulsion."

The remedies proposed by former Governor Dorsey to offset the conditions against which he protests include a State constabulary. He wants financial penalties imposed upon any county in which a lynching may occur. He thinks that if the Governor were given larger powers to appoint commissions to investigate lynchings and to remove guilty officials, it would help. There should be, he says, a "careful gathering and investigation by Georgians, and not by outsiders, of facts as to the treatment of the negro through-

out the State." He advocates also "an organized campaign by the churches to place in every section of Georgia a sufficient number of Sunday-schools and churches, where in their separate places of worship the young and old of both races will learn from suitable teachers the gospel of justice, mercy and mutual forbearance for all."

This program is widely commended and indorsed. "The whole moral sentiment of the United States is behind Governor Dorsey," according to the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

PROBLEMS RAISED BY EDISON'S QUESTIONNAIRE

A DISCUSSION of international dimensions was launched when the New York papers recently published the text of 146 questions that Thomas A. Edison has been asking applicants for positions in his laboratories and workshops. There is nothing new in this questionnaire. Mr. Edison says that for thirty years it has been his custom to use the question-and-answer method in testing the fitness of men whom he thought of employing. What is new is the comment with which he embroiders the results of his experience.

It seems that at a recent test of 600 applicants 27 answered enough questions to be marked eligible. The rest failed, "most of them miserably," Mr. Edison tells us, "so that they got XYZ as marks, which means a total failure."

The nature of the questions asked may be judged from this list of the first 20, with answers furnished by the New York *Times*:

1. *What countries bound France?*

Spain, the tiny independent State of Andorra in the Pyrenees, Monaco, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Luxemburg and Belgium.

2. *What city and country produce the finest china?*

Some say Limoges, France; some say Sèvres, France; some say Dresden, Germany; some say Copenhagen, Denmark.

3. *Where is the River Volga?* In Russia.

4. *What is the finest cotton grown?* Sea Island cotton, or Egyptian cotton, according to different experts.

5. *What country consumed the most tea before the war?* Russia.

6. *What city in the United States leads in making laundry machines?* Chicago.

7. *What city is the fur center of the United States?*

St. Louis has been the raw fur center until the month of April of the present year, when New York apparently eclipsed it. It is nip and tuck between the two cities, with New York leading. New York is incontestably the center of fur manufacturing and retail selling.

8. *What country is the greatest textile producer?*

Great Britain is so considered, but the United States is a close competitor in volume and may even be slightly in the lead at the present day.

9. *Is Australia greater than Greenland in area?*

This is a catch question. Greenland looks far bigger on the square, flat maps on Mercator's projection, which represents the world as a cylinder, exaggerating the size of areas

as they approach the poles and minimizing them as they approach the equator. Australia is in reality more than three times as large as Greenland.

10. *Where is Copenhagen?*

In Denmark.

11. *Where is Spitzbergen?*

In the Arctic, north of Norway.

12. *In what country other than Australia are kangaroos found?*

In New Guinea.

13. *What telescope is the largest in the world?*

That at the Mount Wilson Observatory in California.

14. *Who was Bessemer and what did he do?*

An English engineer. He invented a process for making steel by taking carbon out of molten iron by the air blast.

15. *How many States are in the Union?*

Forty-eight.

16. *Where do we get prunes from?*

Prunes are grown in the Santa Clara Valley and elsewhere.

17. *Who was Paul Revere?*

The Minute Man who spread the alarm of the British march on Lexington.

18. *Who was John Hancock?*

The first signer of the Declaration of Independence.

19. *Who was Plutarch?*

A Greek of the first and second centuries A.D., who wrote the "Lives" and miscellaneous works.

20. *Who was Hannibal?*

The Carthaginian General who conquered most of Italy in the third century B. C.

Mr. Edison lays the blame for the poor showing made by 573 of the 600 questioned on our system of education. This system, he says, is fundamentally defective. "It is wrong, it has always been wrong and it gets worse every day." Mr.

Edison does not arraign the colleges. The source of the evil is in the primary schools. There is a danger period which occurs between the ages of twelve and seventeen. If a boy or a girl fails to acquire a vital interest during this period, then "evil takes hold of them, and for all the good they will do in the world in after life they are the same as dead." Too often, Mr. Edison charges, the primary school defaults at just the point where it has the power to shape the entire future of the pupil.

All this is the subject of spirited controversy in which the questionnaire takes a central place and Mr. Edison is thrown on the defensive. His test is scouted; his ideas are ridiculed; and yet, it would seem, he deserves the thanks of the nation for projecting issues of real importance.

The controversy has its comic side. "Ain't life exasperating? What makes slippery elm slippery? Why did the world's greatest cough-drop makers never shave?" asks the *Globe Trotter* in the *New York Globe*. When Professor Einstein, of "relativity" fame, was in Boston recently, he confessed that he was unable to answer such a simple question as "What is the speed of sound?" without reference to a text-book. Professor Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia University, writes in *The Independent* that after going through the entire questionnaire he made a grade of exactly 78 on a scale of 100. Edison himself, Arthur Brisbane argues in the *New York American*, could not have answered one-quarter of the questions when he was young. Mr. Brisbane continues:

"Where was Napoleon born?" asks Mr. Edison. The answer is 'Ajaccio,' on the Island of Corsica, in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Italy. But to possess that information is absolutely unimportant. A better question would be:

"What did Napoleon answer when sycophants praised his courage in taking an army over the Alps in winter?" Napoleon said: 'I deserve no praise, for winter, when snows are solid and don't slide, is the safest season for crossing the Alps. I deserve credit only for not believing fools that said it couldn't be done.'

"Edison also is the kind that refuses to



THE GREAT QUESTIONER

Thomas A. Edison has made it a practice for thirty years to determine the fitness of applicants for positions in his laboratories and workshops by asking them questions. Only 27 out of 600 survived a recent test. Mr. Edison blames our "defective system of education" for this poor showing, but is himself blamed for putting too much faith in questions.

believe fools who say it can't be done. That's why he sent several messages over one wire. Fools had said it couldn't be done.

"The vast majority—ninety per cent, at least—of one hundred and forty-six questions attributed to Edison, in his test of college graduate intelligence, are unimportant, have little to do with productive use of human intelligence.

"From what States do we get sulphur? What States have the largest copper mines?" The answers mean nothing, as long as we have the copper and sulphur.

"A French boy would be expected to answer 'What department has the heaviest rainfall in France?' Foch could tell, for he comes from the north side of the Pyrenees. But it doesn't matter to other Frenchmen. . . .

"Nothing could be more preposterous than arranging a list of questions on knowledge to include everybody."

Another criticism of Edison's position is made by Dr. E. L. Thorndike, Professor of Educational Psychology at Teachers College, Columbia University. Dr. Thorndike was chairman of the committee on the classification of personnel in the army during the war and devised many of the intelligence tests used. It is his conviction that the Edison test means almost nothing at all. "I should say," he is quoted in the *New York Times*, "that the applicant who even remembered the 146 questions might better give up all idea of working for Mr. Edison or anybody else and devote himself to devising a memory system. He'd make more money." Professor Thorndike continues:

"The possession of information, altho it is a test of general alertness, is not an especially good one. The best single test of ability is to present eight or ten hard paragraphs dealing with a wide range of subjects and examine the applicant on his ability to understand and interpret them. I wouldn't take an engineer and cross-examine him on what he already knew about Amy Lowell and impressionistic art, but it would be a fair test of his intelligence to give him a paragraph to read about them and ask him what he made of it."

But any examiner who concerns himself solely with paper and pencil tests is sure,

we are told, to be unfair to certain types of mind, the types that are not verbally expressive, but may show genius in actual accomplishment. Dr. Thorndike instances the cases of men of great skill who cannot learn to identify parts of machines by their names in a book, but have to see a picture. "I knew," he says, "one mechanic who could not even recognize a perfectly clear half-tone picture of parts he handled every hour in the day. And another had so little understanding of words that he called an accelerator an 'exhilarator,' and platinum points 'prattling points.' I don't say that his terms were not picturesque, and perhaps expressive, but they weren't correct. Yet he was an excellent workman."

For this type of mind a test has been devised which releases it somewhat from the bondage of words by asking questions connected with performance. After all, Dr. Thorndike reminds us, performance is the real test. He goes on to say:

"Would it not be more useful, when looking for a competent executive, to give him some men to boss and see how he did it than to try all this paper and pencil stuff? Give Mr. A and Mr. B a group of workers each and a certain task to perform, and then give them another task with Mr. A handling Mr. B's group and Mr. B handling Mr. A's group. If Mr. A succeeds with one group and not with the other and Mr. B does just as well either time, it is clear which one will make the better executive. Of course, it would be expensive and slow to use this method to any extent, but it would be a fair test."

There are other elements in personality which are just as necessary as the ability to perform a task. Dr. Thorndike speaks of character, of loyalty to family, school and church, of capacity and willingness to do an honest day's work. Are these qualities revealed in answers to a questionnaire? "Mr. Edison," Dr. Thorndike concludes, "is doing not only himself, but others an injustice when he gives a candidate the XYZ without having looked him all over. He may be not only missing geniuses, but depriving himself of the services of men of magnificent character."

MODERN ART AS A FORM OF DEMENTIA PRAECOX

UNUSUAL interest was shown by the German public in that exhibition of the art of the insane which took place recently at Frankfort under the auspices of the psychiatric department of Heidelberg University. The affair has revived among European psychologists a discussion of the esthetic gifts of maniacs which began several years ago without leading to any definite conclusion. Now we find Doctor Hans Prinzhorn, whose lecture is reported in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, affirming that the masterpieces on view owed their merit to the circumstance that the creators of most of them were victims of dementia praecox.

This term is of somewhat general application and denotes to some experts a mild epileptic propensity, to others a disassociation of the personality in an elementary form. It is psychic. It may be defined as an incipient insanity. Its victims are in a more or less advanced form of lunacy, not necessarily dangerous or permanent when they are mature. In the young it may signify little or nothing more than the result of a mental strain. The men whose works in painting and sculpture were placed on exhibition did not in any case happen to be artists before they fell under the spell of their psychic malady. A few of them were confirmed cases, dangerous to themselves and to others. Some were obsessed by "mild" afflictions. All were, as the phrase goes, out of their minds. Victims of dementia praecox are often gifted.

The specimens of their work shown to the German public revealed an uncanny, sometimes an incredible, likeness to those of the artists of the so-called "expressionist" school of our own day. Others were indistinguishable from the work of mere children. An important class of these exhibits might have been dug up from the ruins of ancient and extinct civilizations. Those who are familiar with the reproductions of extinct art in archeological works on old Yucatan, ancient Mexico, Egypt and Babylon will be able to conjure

up in the mind's eye a very good idea of what this section of the exhibits looked like. While not a few specimens in the large collection had little artistic importance, there were a few here and there which revealed undeniable genius. Professor Prinzhorn exhibited during his lectures several paintings by victims of dementia praecox which could without challenge have taken a conspicuous place in contemporary collections of the "new" art. In fact, collectors have already been drawn to these works and a few of them have fetched smart prices.

It would be erroneous to infer from such facts, according to Professor Prinzhorn, that because some victims of dementia praecox paint like artists of the new schools, therefore these latter are also victims of that or some other form of lunacy. In all ages the insane have produced well or badly the symbolic forms of art which find their way into exhibitions. Tho the art of the insane has not always resembled the art of the period in which they chanced to live, in our own day this resemblance is striking. The lunatic in art spins his conception from within himself. He makes pictures which are the emanations of his own disordered fancy. The sane artists gets his impressions from the external world. He tries to disclose hidden qualities in that outer world so apparent to his vision as an external reality. He would impart an impression of beauty or bring forth an idea of it not obvious to the inartistic eye. The same artist would also be inspired and spontaneous while disclosing the unseen realities of the world around us.

Why should the work of the madman in art be at the present time so like that of the sane, the masterpieces of the maniac at times indistinguishable from those of the normal? The only answer can be that the hidden aspects of the world in which we now live are as distorted and as weird as they seem to the lunatic to be. The lunatic in art is reflecting in his work what he sees. The sane artist does nothing

else. Both visions have this weird resemblance. The world, a great poet has said, is a mad world and just now the evidence agrees that it is madder for the time being than it ever was in all its long and tragical history. The new art is but a reflection of the subconsciousness of the age, a subconsciousness in which forms of grief, impressions of anguish, memories of disillusion, struggle for expression and find their

safest exposition in masterpieces indistinguishable from those of maniacs. A few of these manifest that haunting touch of beauty which genius can always impart to its slightest effort, but of the great majority it can be said that the psychologist of sensibility will see that they are kept under lock and key when a generation of truer taste realizes their importance as objects of scientific contemplation merely.

THE "SHIBBOLETHS" OF TUBERCULOSIS

MANY statements accepted by the medical profession concerning pulmonary tuberculosis are either erroneous or misleading, affirms that expert on the subject, Doctor Marcus Paterson. These traditions are conveyed, it seems, rather by word of mouth than by books. Many of these statements Doctor Paterson has heard repeated over and over again by members of his own profession. There ought to be a complete reconstruction of medical education concerning most of these misconceptions, such as that persons who have had tuberculosis should not marry, that the provision of sputum flasks for persons with tubercle bacilli in their sputum will largely prevent tuberculosis, that tuberculosis is hereditary.* The statement that tuberculosis is a disease which one human being can communicate to another has deeply taken root. The fact is that a person suffering from tuberculosis need not be a source of infection to anyone if simple precautions are taken.

One of the most misleading ideas is that the presence of tubercle bacilli in the sputum is in itself evidence of the activity of the disease. Dr. Paterson tells of a young medical man, engaged in his routine work as house physician, who felt in his usual health, but had a little sputum and out of mere curiosity stained and examined it. To his great surprise it contained tubercle bacilli. He was, naturally, much upset and consulted the physician of his wards,

The result was that he was sent for two months to a "home for tuberculous," kept in bed and fed on milk, eggs, butter, etc. Being generally overfed, he commenced to feel ill; so he was sent to Brompton Hospital Sanitarium, where Dr. Paterson made his acquaintance. There he went through all the grades successfully, and was discharged as "arrested, with tubercle bacilli still present." He has since then, 1908, remained in perfect health, so far as tuberculosis is concerned, but he still finds tubercle bacilli when he has any sputum.

Doctor Paterson has known numbers of children born of tuberculous carriers—and such children were, as far as he could see, free from tuberculosis. The children of these parents were far above the average in healthy appearance, due to the hygienic condition of their parents, which they had been taught to maintain.

"On the other hand, a patient may have definite tuberculosis and may be extremely ill, and yet have no sputum, or, if he has any, repeated microscopic examinations give negative evidence. Therefore the presence of tubercle bacilli in sputum does not indicate active disease, nor does their presence permit of a non-tuberculous diagnosis. Persons can be carriers without being sufferers from the malady. That is, they may be infected and yet never suffer any ill effects from the disease."

Dealing with many other "shibboleths" held by the medical profession, Doctor Paterson includes among the most dangerous of them notions that

* The Shibboleths of Tuberculosis. By Marcus Paterson. M.D. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

pine-trees are necessary in the treatment, that great altitudes are necessary, that a man suffering from tuberculosis should

change his occupation, that a special diet is necessary, that aspirin is useful, and that cod-liver oil is necessary.

THE MOST ANOMALOUS AFFLICTION KNOWN

A STAMMERER'S speech is impeded in private conversation and may be fluent in public discourse. A stammerer's remark is completely blocked by a word he struggles to say, but when an auditor asks what word troubles him the stammerer may say it fluently. He will voluntarily repeat with ease a word he has just uttered, but when requested to repeat it he may become dumb. This is but a partial list of the peculiarities of the stammerer, exemplified in typical cases, according to Ernest Tomkins, M.E., writing in the *Scientific American Monthly*. Probably the chief anomaly here is that the difficulty is both real and imaginary.

It has long been recognized that a stammerer's defect (or impediment rather) appears or disappears accordingly as he has an auditor or not. That an imagined auditor has the same effect as a real auditor has been brought to scientific attention comparatively recently. Doctor Scripture, the expert on stammering and lisping, gives an account of the reactions of the stammerer at the telephone:

"A switch in the line is manipulated by the doctor in the view of the stammerer so that the latter is led to believe that he is connected with an auditor or not, and his stammering occurs or vanishes according to that belief and not according to the actual connection. This phenomenon of the effect on the disorder of imagined presence or absence of an auditor is of frequent occurrence and the circumstances are of great variety. A stammerer who had resolved to rid himself of his impediment by copious reading aloud used to shut himself in his room and read Dickens by the hour. His brothers and sisters, partly in a spirit of fun and partly to hear the story, would quietly open the door a trifle and listen to the reading. One day the listeners made a noise which revealed their presence, whereupon the impediment imme-

diately reappeared and the reading ceased. Thereafter, when the reader imagined that the listeners were at the keyhole, he would be unable to continue until he had opened the door and assured himself that no one was there. A stammerer was riding on the railway with a congenial companion, and, believing that the noise shut out all other listeners, was discoursing volubly and with considerable fluency until he caught the eye of another traveler who appeared to be watching his lips. Imagining that this stranger was watching his lips for occasional spasm, the stammerer experienced so much difficulty that he had to remain practically silent for the rest of the ride."

Stammering, in the light of these and other anomalies, is defined by Ernest Tomkins as conscious interference with automatic speech prompted by a mistaken idea of disability and originally induced by a temporary speech interruption. Such is the "speech interruption" theory. When the stammerer believes that his impediment is heard or observed by an unsympathetic person—more accurately, by a person whose reaction will be embarrassing to the stammerer—he makes a conscious effort to avoid the impediment and by this conscious effort he blocks his normal speech and creates the impediment. Stammering, therefore, is the most anomalous affliction known. Those who advance a tangible defect to explain it are negated by the imaginary element and those who advance pure imagination do not account for the struggle. The well-known expert, Doctor Rudolf Denhardt, demonstrated the imaginary nature of the difficulty and that demonstration is an admirable piece of work. When he tried to account for the struggle, he denied this admirable demonstration by alleging the disorder to be a psychosis, a mental disorder. Most investigators since Denhardt have not recognized the imaginary element.

HAVE THE DEAD A NEW WAY OF COMMUNICATING WITH US?

THE so-called "book tests," now attracting great attention in England, seem to be part of a scheme devised by those communicating with us "from the other side" to get messages through in a way that cannot be attributed to conscious activity on the part of the medium or to telepathy or mind reading. This is undoubtedly the appearance, and this is what Sir Oliver Lodge considers the truth.

He explains in the Glenconner report of all this* that F. W. H. Myers, who died twenty years ago, was well aware of our difficulty in accepting spirit communion as an authentic explanation of the lucidity of an entranced medium. Sir Oliver Lodge and his friends gradually found that as a supplement to the more ordinary communications, certain special devices are being employed. Most of them were "apparently initiated by Myers." His object was to reduce the number of alternative explanations, and especially to eliminate telepathy as a necessary element in interpreting the facts.

The first success was met with in the system of Cross-Correspondence; that is, the obtaining of similar or corresponding messages, almost simultaneously, through three or four different amateur mediums or automatic writers, some of whom lived in different countries and were unacquainted with each other. The ladies figuring in this report wrote quite independently and spontaneously, and often did not understand the meaning of what they were writing. Their writing told them to send intelligible script up to the Central Office of the Society for Psychical Research in London, presumably for further study. An investigator who collated the manuscripts found that the disjointed sentences, the apparently stray literary quotations, "exhibited unmistakable coherence and correspondence one with another,"

and were capable of significant and characteristic interpretation.

That is the system of Cross-Correspondence.

The next method adopted by the group of communicators representing the society for psychical research "on the other side," was the sending of more or less obscure literary allusions and the invention of classical problems of such intricacy and essential scholarship that they were beyond the scope of the transmitting medium and were often unintelligible at first to the people receiving and studying them. Sometimes, indeed, they were recondite enough to puzzle living classical scholars until some hint or clue was afforded by the ostensible framer of the problem, when the significance of the whole leaped to light.

A third method has now made its appearance and has been employed at intervals during and since the war, consisting in the development of what are called, as already stated, "book tests." The evident object of this third method is to send messages in such a form that they shall be unintelligible not only to the medium and to the person receiving them but to everybody, until the clue is followed up and the message decoded, when the meaning ought to be unmistakable.

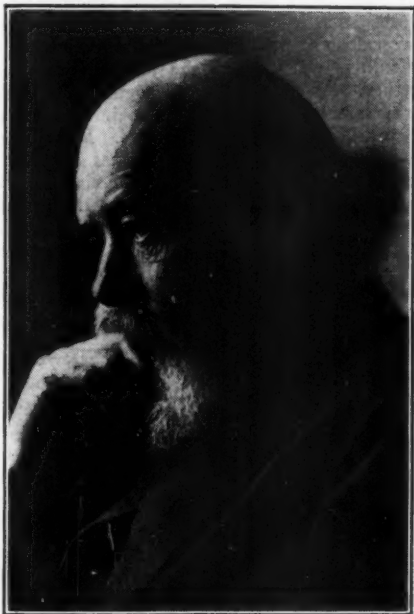
"The method consists in specifying the number of a page in a book, itself indicated only by its numbered place on a given shelf in a bookcase whose position is described, in a house to which the medium need have had no access, tho a house presumably, or usually, well known to the ostensible communicator. The idea is that a sentence shall subsequently be found on that page by any one who follows the instructions and identifies the book, which sentence shall sufficiently convey an intended message, or shall show a similarity in thought to what has otherwise been said, or shall be appropriate to the actual circumstances or past connection of communicator and intended recipient."

* *The Earthen Vessel. A Volume Dealing with Spirit-Communication Received in the Form of Book Tests by Pamela Glenconner. With a preface by Sir Oliver Lodge.*

Chance-coincidence suggests itself as the first obvious explanation; but the number of such tests already received is said by this time to be great enough to make that explanation extremely difficult.

Were he pressed to say what explanation, if any, begins to commend itself to himself, Sir Oliver Lodge says he would have to confess himself in a difficulty. It seems to him probable that to explain all these things we shall have to admit access to a set of facts or "mental phenomena" hitherto ignored by science. It may even be found that a few of the things now and on the whole wisely relegated to the ash pit of superstition will have to be disinterred and reconsidered.

As an illustration of the method, one of these book tests may be given. Edward Wyndham Tennant, known as "Bim" in the tests, and George Heremon Wyndham are concerned in this particular example of them. They communicate from



THE FRIEND OF GOOD SPIRITS

Sir Oliver Lodge is convinced that the inhabitants of this world who have passed on to the next are striving to communicate their impressions through a device of a novel kind, involving the consultation of volumes in private libraries—as if the last line Jimerick competition were inaugurated under ghostly auspices.

the "other side." The test itself was given through the mediumship of Mrs. Leonard, controlled by "Feda," in the drawing-room at Walsford Manor, Salisbury, England. Pamela Glenconner was taking notes. Others were present besides those named. We find "Feda" quoted as saying that "Bim" has brought George again. ("Feda" was a remote ancestress of Mrs. Leonard, the medium.) "Feda" goes on to say that George is glad his former messages reached his mother. "Bim" and George between them have got a book test for her now. "Have you got a book that he was connected with? Dark green color close to the book. Look on page 27 if you can find this book, he says, and on the left side of the page there is a message from him. Or something you could take as a message from him." These directions were sent to George's family. His father had lately come to live at "Clouds," the home of the Percy Wyndhams, and had placed the books he brought with him in shelves in the drawing-room.

He first sought among the books that had belonged to George, but found they consisted only of a few old lesson books, containing nothing applicable. He then looked among the other books for one bound in green. The first volume he took down was "The Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald" (by Thomas Moore, edited by Martin MacDermott, 1897).

The writer was George's great-great-grandfather. On page 27 the words opening a paragraph are as follows: "*What would I not give to be with you to comfort you, dearest Mother.*"

Mrs. Leonard, the medium controlled by "Feda," has never visited at "Clouds," nor has she been there.

These revelations have occasioned an immense amount of comment in the scientific press and the comment is skeptical. We have the eminent rationalist, Joseph McCabe, saying that the evidence in this case is still to be subjected to tests that would establish its validity. Many objectors note that the columns of the *London Times*, taken at random, would substantiate any theory of spirit communication with accidental repetitions of words.

WHY THE INSECT HAS MORE LIMBS THAN MAN

MAN occupies the topmost place in the scale of vertebrates, for, breaking the bonds of instinct, he insures thereby the complete expansion of his intellect. Insects, especially bees, wasps and the other so-called "hymenoptera," hold the same dominating position in the scale of "articulates," where they are the highest achievement of instinctive life.

These two groups, according to the distinguished French entomologist, Professor E. L. Bouvier, represent the actual extremes of the two paths followed by psychic evolution in the animal kingdom. The articulates are going forward towards instinct. The vertebrates are going ahead in the direction of intelligence. These two courses are quite opposite. Why have they diverged?

At the beginning of their evolution, we are told, during that far-distant epoch when they were differentiating along four main lines—vertebrates, articulates, molluscs and echinoderms—animals were threatened by a great danger, which in the opinion of high authorities almost checked the progress of animal life. Its nature is indicated by a peculiarity with which we can not help being struck when we glance at the paleozoic fauna. The molluscs at that time were more universally provided with shells than those of to-day. The oldest fishes had a bony covering of extreme hardness.

The animal which is shut up in a fortress or in a coat of mail is condemned to an existence of half-sleep. It is in this torpor that the echinoderms and even the molluscs are condemned to live to-day. The arthropods and the vertebrates escaped from it. On this happy circumstance depends the present development of the highest forms of life. In two directions, according to Bergson, do we see the impulse of active life regaining the upper hand. The fishes exchange their armor for scales. Long before them the insects had made their appearance, having also rid themselves of the armor that once

protected their ancestors. In both groups the inefficiency of the protective envelop was compensated for by a nimbleness that enabled them to escape their enemies and also to take the offensive and to select the time and the place for the encounter.*

As a matter of fact, coleoptera, crabs, scorpions and thousand-legs of our times are covered to-day, as in times of yore, with an external skeleton of chitin, but to escape imprisonment within their protective envelop, to acquire the flexibility and mobility necessary to their evolution, they underwent certain superficial modifications. These consisted in the division of the armor into several pieces by means of articular lines, thus allowing the pieces to move one upon the other. This is the very way in which they became *Articulates*, at once acquiring agility without losing their protective cover. Naturally such joints were formed wherever the several segments, arranged in a row and constituting the body of the animal, came together. As a result, these segments acquire a certain independence and their uniformity is to a certain extent preserved. Indeed, we see that many *Articulates* possess a pair of appendages on each segment (*Myriapods* and the majority of *Crustaceans*) and the insects most remote in this regard from the primitive types are still provided with seven pairs of appendages (one pair of antennæ, three pairs of buccal appendages and three pairs of legs).

What a difference from the vertebrates, whose skeleton becomes an internal framework, allowing the organism to attain greater dimensions. The segments are able to fuse to a greater degree and to lose more or less their independence—all of which results in the reduction of the number of limbs to two pairs.

The various appendages of articulates are natural implements which differ from each other in structure as well as in function. Their specialization may be carried so far as to have each part of a single organ perform a separate function. This is clearly seen in the bee, in which the first tarsal joint of the hind legs is trans-

* Report of the Smithsonian Institution. Washington: Government Printing Office.

formed into a brush, the tibia into a pollen basket, while the two joints, by the contact of their edges, act as pincers which take up the flakes of wax secreted under the abdomen. The appendages of arthropods are as a rule unchangeable in the individual and are narrowly adapted to certain purposes. They are the tools for instinctive work and in this they differ from the less specialized but more gener-

ally useful limbs which serve as implements to the vertebrates—at least to the higher vertebrates, especially man. The insect has so many limbs, such a multiplicity of appendages, because its tasks are performed instinctively and it is doomed to the use of organic instruments. Their chief mental task is to engrave upon the memory and to repeat mechanically operations for which the limbs are adapted.

LIFE AN ELECTRICAL AND NOT A CHEMICAL FACT

CELL division in both animal and vegetable is electrical in character, declares the noted pathologist and physiologist, Doctor Arthur E. Baines. What is it, he asks, that enables the newly-born babe to begin a life that is independent of the mother? It is the act of breathing. Only at birth is circulation completed through the lungs. Before they were required to take in oxygen, to sustain life and render the young body independent of the mother, there was no need for blood to circulate through the lungs. That would have meant separate life before birth and would be as unusual if not as unnatural as the germination of a seed while still attached to the parent plant.* In the act of breathing, oxygen is brought into association with hæmoglobin and the force which actuates the human organism is generated. And this, says Dr. Baines, gives fresh food for thought: "The atmosphere is admittedly positive, as the earth is negative. By what is the air positively charged? We must, I think, assume, in the absence of any other explanation, that it is by energy from some supermundane source. And if it is so charged do we—and I include the plant—inspire oxygen and nitrogen—plus some other gases—only, or is that oxygen and nitrogen mixture charged with the same form of energy? Is it air, or vitalized air? I do not see how it can be otherwise than vitalized, if vitality and energy are in any way related. Nor is

that all. Are we not to take into consideration, if not into account, the possible evolution from light-frequencies?"

From these considerations Doctor Baines is led to the experiments of that distinguished surgeon, Doctor Alexis Carrel—experiments which have been responsible for the theory that life is merely a product of chemical reaction. Doctor Carrel extirpated from his experimental animals (a chicken, a dog, a cat or a frog) pieces of tissue. He selected small samples of the most important bodily organs—pieces of skin, of liver, of heart, of kidney, of spleen, of thyroid gland, of bone and cartilage. Placing these specimens upon a microscopic slide, he poured upon each a drop or two of blood plasma. The glass slides containing the specimens were then placed in an incubator, heated up to body temperature—and the specimens grew. The experiments themselves are full of interest, reflect great credit upon the brilliant scientist who made them and constitute a valuable addition to our knowledge. Nevertheless, says Doctor Baines, there is nothing in them to justify the conclusion that life is merely a product of chemical reaction.

"In the first place, every animal and vegetable cell is a self-contained piece of electrical apparatus, the chemical processes of which are dependent upon its response to body energy, *vis nervosa*, neuro-electricity—call it what you will.

"Secondly, everything that is moist possesses capacity and also true electrostatic capacity, tho in the latter case power to re-

* "Germination in Its Electrical Aspect." By A. E. Baines. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

tain charge is directly with its absolute insulation. By capacity I mean the ability to absorb electrical charge from some outside source of energy, and in this case the outside source is the atmosphere. There is no reason that I can see why, given a measure of natural energy, excized cells should *not* grow.

"Even without the energy of which I have made mention, growth should continue at body temperature in the presence of blood plasma because iron is contained in the nucleo-proteins of plant and animal cells and in the proteins of blood plasma. Iron is fifth in the list of electro-positives and oxy-

gen the most active of electro-negatives. The two, in combination with the salts of plasma as an exciting solution, are capable of generating electricity, or some force akin to it, and so supplying the *vis nervosa*.

"We cannot call this a chemical phenomenon.

"If it is an indication of *life*, then it is the *vis nervosa* that gives it. It is rather a manifestation of electrical energy than of chemical reaction, and I am quite sure that if the iron content of the cells and of the plasma could be removed or, preferably, experiments tried in *vacuo*, no growth could possibly take place."

THE MOST WONDERFUL OF ALL MOTHS

IN the hawkmoth we have an example of the persistence with which an insect can elude the most searching investigation of the entomologist. This moth remains the supreme mystery. The secret of its flight is well guarded by nature, and the function of more than one of its appendages has yet to be explained. More than any other insect that could be named, the hawkmoth illustrates the saying that there is in the insect a quality which suggests that it is of some world other than the earth. Altho from the time of Linnaeus butterflies have been looked upon as the most highly organized group of Lepidoptera, or scale-winged insects, the hawkmoths or Sphingidæ would seem to have advanced to a degree of specialized perfection greater than that of butterflies. In flight the hawkmoths approach the ideal insect. While their wings are not unduly large compared with the exceptionally great bulk of body, their shape is that which permits a maximum power with the least effort. They are, in fact, according to a paper in the *Nineteenth Century* by Professor Herbert Mace, peculiarly like the birds from which their name is derived. Their rushing flight and general command of the air are comparable only with those of bees, which probably can achieve more remarkable flying feats than any other living thing.

In addition to this development of wing there are in these moths their great size and beauty of coloring to consider. They remain nevertheless little known to the general observer and few even among those practiced entomologists who are acquainted with their ways and seek them diligently have much opportunity of seeing them on the wing. The principal reason for this is that with few exceptions these insects fly at twilight or at night. Their speed makes it impossible to distinguish them on the wing, except very generally, from other flying creatures at dusk. The hawkmoth is from every point of view baffling to the observer:

"It does not approach with much flapping of wings or proud sailing flight like that of a butterfly. There is a slight, scarcely marked rustling due to the rapid vibrations of the wings, and the moth appears before one, poised in front of a flower apparently motionless, for, except for a slight blur of outline, the extended wings seem widespread, as if set out for the cabinet. Little movement is required to alarm the shy creature, so that one must remain perfectly still if the proceedings are to be followed. Swaying from side to side, and shifting easily from one blossom to another, the moth at last selects a flower and uncurls, with great deliberation, its spiral tongue, which then appears like a long tapering needle thrust into the heart of the flower. It remains until

the nectar is absorbed when it is withdrawn, sometimes being split asunder for cleaning purposes before being once more curled into its tight coil ready for use at the next visit."

The Greeks had an idea that anyone suffering from headache will be cured by biting off the head of the hummingbird hawkmoth. This variety of the hawkmoth is abundant in Central America, and the hummingbird hawkmoths are found in the haunts of their namesakes. The naturalist Bates several times shot one of the moths in mistake for a hummingbird. The residents in those regions believe this moth to be really identical with the hummingbird—one being metamorphosed into the other. The resemblance is striking enough. Wing-power is exceptionally well developed in this group. The rapidity with which they appear in front of a flower, hover and then disappear is amazing.

The most remarkable of the hawkmoths is the Death's Head, so named on account of the curious skull-like mark on the thorax, which gives the insect an almost uncanny appearance when at rest with folded wings or displayed in the cabinet. This moth is the largest found in Britain, often exceeding five inches across the wings, while the body is very massive, and the legs so powerful that the moth can take a firm grip of one's fingers if held in the hand. It has a peculiarity, almost unique among moths, of uttering a mouselike squeak when disturbed, and this circumstance, with the skull-like mark, causes many countryfolk to look upon the creature with considerable awe. The squeak, however, is not vocal, but is caused by the friction of its rolled-up proboscis, which the moth probably moves in its alarm.

THE LONGING OF SCIENTISTS TO REMAIN USELESS

THE prejudice against useful science among distinguished experts in all fields is not only bewildering to the general public but positively harmful to pure science, asserts *Science Progress* (London). In the well-endowed laboratories there is sometimes an attitude to the utilitarian which is indistinguishable from contempt. The idea behind this is simply stated: science should not be made useful in the commercial sense or practical in the worldly sense. That would be to degrade science.

People are thus "still clacking about pure science" as if it were distinct from "such a mean, sordid and inferior article as the rest of science"—which, adds the organ of British expert opinion, "we presume they will call impure science." Nearly all the scientific work that has ever been done in the world, and certainly almost all the really successful part of it, was carried out, it says, for the express purpose of obtaining useful information:

"Those who talk loftily about pure science would have us believe that it is something

which is quite separate from all practical objects; and everyone has heard of a meeting of 'men of science' who drank the toast of Pure Science with the acclamation, 'May it never be of any use to anyone.' Probably the gentlemen who drank this toast were so enthusiastic because they themselves had never done any work which was of any use to anyone; but it does not follow that those who toil for the service of their fellows would be equally pleased. When we examine the history of science we find that most of it was undertaken for purely practical purposes. Astronomy was created largely in the interests of navigation; Geometry, largely in the interests of architecture and agriculture; Chemistry, for the purpose of alchemy and then of innumerable manufactures; Physics, in the interests of machinery and invention; Geology, in the interests of prospecting for valuable metals, coal and other kinds of deposits; Botany, for the discovery of drugs; Zoology, for the light which it throws on the anatomy, physiology, pathology and growth of the human body; and Medicine, entirely for the purpose of preventing and curing disease and maintaining the body in a perfect state of health."

As all these sciences have grown, there have come moments to each when the true discoverer has wished to detach his feet from the solid earth of utility and to soar—or to sink—into more ethereal space. Nevertheless, it is seldom that a real man of science actually starts by drawing a distinction between pure and useful science. He is not usually guided by any such considerations, either on the one side or the other. He pushes in wherever he can see an opportunity for useful investigation, whether success is likely to be immediately useful to the world or not.

No man who has ever done successful research work imagines that he can do it by attacking any one of all the immense number of problems before him. Only impractical persons have such ideas. The intelligence of the successful investigator is proved by his choice of the subject to be investigated. Nature is like an infinitely huge mountain showing immense precipices directly opposed to us, precipices which none but fools would attempt to climb. Every here and there will be detected some crumbling of the rocks, some landslip, some little ravine, some more gentle slope where the feet may hold. There it is that the man of sense

tries to ascend, undaunted by failure, confident that patience will be rewarded:

"He tries, and he may be foiled; but if he succeeds, he makes an advance. Nature is infinite. We can rise only step by step. The people who talk about pure science think that they can jump vast distances—with the result that they generally remain where they are. We can say that the true investigator takes the most promising opportunity offered to him, irrespective of the question whether his success will lead to immediately useful results or not; but he always knows this—that, whatever new result he may obtain, it is almost certain to be a key which will open new treasures of nature for the benefit of men in general. For example, when Faraday investigated electricity, do we think that he had no vision within him as to the large practical results which might follow his work? He did not talk of these practical results at the moment because before his work was done he could not specify them; but he knew that knowledge brings power, and that power enhances prosperity. Another example is that of Darwin. He saw his opportunity in our ignorance of the reason why different species of living things exist; and he studied the matter and gave us the Theory of Evolution. True, this was a piece of pure science; but it was not a piece of useless science. It added to the dignity and the honor of human intelligence. It was therefore useful."

BEHAVIOR OF A ROENTGEN MEAL IN THE HUMAN STOMACH

EXAMINATION of the condition of the stomach through the medium of the Roentgen meal varies, but the so-called double meal is generally used. At the laboratory the patient is given four ounces of well-cooked wheat breakfast food in which has been stirred two ounces of barium sulphate. Milk may be added—not cream—and a little sugar. The patient is asked to abstain from other food or drink except water until the examination is completed. He returns six hours later and is taken to the screen room. Then, according to the information given in *The Medical Record* (New York) by Doctor Charles Frank Morsman, the following process is observed:

The patient is first asked to step in front of the upright Roentgenoscope and the lungs and heart are examined and any abnormality noted. He is then handed a glass of four hundred cubic centimeters capacity containing buttermilk in which is a heaping tablespoonful of barium sulphate, thoroughly mixed. He is asked to take a swallow of the mixture, and the bolus is watched as it descends the esophagus and enters the stomach. It will be seen to hesitate at the aortic arch, and just before it enters the stomach at the cardia, and it requires from two to ten seconds to travel the length of the esophagus. This first swallow is for the purpose of enabling the examiner to rule out cardiospasm, cancer, diverticula and unusual contractures of the esophagus. Now the remainder of the mixture is swallowed and is

watched as it enters the stomach and settles down into the lower pole; then a second glass of the mixture is given and after a short time, about five to ten minutes usually, peristalsis will set up and the position and the motility are observed and an attempt is made to observe the duodenal cap. At least three plates are now made of the stomach and as a routine one plate of the gastro-intestinal tract is made at the end of five hours and at the end of twenty-four hours, and sometimes at the end of forty-eight and seventy-two hours.

This covers the examination of the esophagus, stomach and intestines. Examination of the renal system and of the

gall bladder are necessary in order to rule out diseases of those organs which may at times give rise to symptoms of stomach disease. The great majority of the patients who come for an examination of the stomach do not have any lesion there, but show disease of one of the other organs, most often of the gall bladder or the appendix. It is often necessary to allow forty-eight hours for the Roentgen examination, because of "stomach" symptoms, and it is often necessary to allow another twenty-four hours, especially if the results of the early examination point towards the appendix being at fault.

THE FOUR STAGES OF LIVING POISON

EFFECTS of a poison like arsenic or strychnine are limited by the size of the dose. If a fatal dose be given to a rat, we are not surprised to discover that the flesh of the dead rat is poisonous. If the dead animal were cut into small pieces, it would be surprising to find that each little bit was poisonous enough to kill another rat.

Nevertheless, it has been noticed almost for centuries, according to the scientific correspondent of the London *Times*, that some kind of multiplication in the bulk of the poison occurred in the case of many contagious diseases. The conception of a living "contagium" that could grow and multiply came into existence long before, in the middle of the last century, the anthrax bacillus—now known to be the exciting cause of splenic fever—was first seen in the blood of a sick animal.

From that observation, a great body of knowledge has grown up on the characters, life histories and classification of micro-organisms. It depends on very difficult technical methods and is obscured from all but experts by a swiftly changing terminology. But the broad outlines are simple. The first stage, associated with the method of making "pure" cultures, led to our knowledge of bacteria and the identification of the specific causes of such diseases as tuberculosis, cholera, typhoid fever,

tetanus, diphtheria, and plague. Bacteria are minute plants without the green coloring matter by which most vegetables capture energy from sunlight. The different kinds have distinctive visible characters, such as size and shape. Their changes may be so rapid and complete that it is impossible to pursue them with the microscope from one phase to another. Moreover, in all suitable haunts, whether these be the bodies of animals or artificial culture media, there are almost always many different kinds present.

When the first efforts were made to grow bacteria in liquid solutions, every drop swarmed with many different kinds. A medium was devised that would remain a solid jelly at the right temperature for growth. A drop of the fluid containing bacteria was shaken up with this while it was liquid; the medium was then poured out on a plate, where it set into a layer of jelly within which the scattered microbes were held fast. When growth took place, the plate became dotted with separate colonies, each the growth of a single bacterium or spore. If purity were not obtained by one culture, the process was repeated, using infection from the colony which seemed most pure. This method, with subsequent improvements, made it possible to trace the visible characters of each species through their many phases

and to explore their physiological and pathological properties.

The next stage is associated with the discovery of insects as carriers of disease. It led to exact knowledge of the causes of such diseases as malaria and sleeping sickness. In these cases the guilty microbes are animals, and multiply in the blood of their vertebrate host. A biting insect—mosquito, fly or tick—in pursuit of its own food, accidentally absorbs and carries the microbes from one animal to another. It took long to ascertain this casual connection with certainty, and progress was further delayed by the natural misconception that the biting fly carried the infection mechanically, in the fashion that a dirty needle would carry it in surgery. What really happens in insect cases is that the microbe goes through a necessary stage of its life cycle in the body of the insect, each kind of parasite being able to fill its destiny only if it be absorbed by the right species of insect. It is in the light of this knowledge that progress is being made.

The third stage is associated with the use of the dark-field or ultra-microscope. It has led to knowledge of the exciting causes of syphilis, yaws, and probably yellow fever. The microbes concerned are the mobile organisms known technically as spirochætes. They are minute and

very transparent and elude observation by ordinary microscopical methods.

In the ordinary microscope, light is reflected by a mirror towards the eye through the substance being examined. In the ultra-microscope the object is placed on a dark stage and a very strong beam of light is sent horizontally through it. By this device the minute, twisting spirals of the cause of syphilis become conspicuous, shining objects.

The last group, of which more is suspected than is really known just yet, has the special character of being able to pass through a filter. If a solution containing active microbes is passed through a Pasteur filter, the organisms themselves are kept back. The poisons formed by them are not retained, but are active in proportion to their volume, like any other chemical substances. It has been found that in certain cases, including even a malady so common as foot-and-mouth disease, the filtered virus retains not only its infectious character but its power of multiplication. Thus has arisen the conception of filter-passing microbes, and some observers even believe that they are visible with the ultra-microscope. New methods will have to be worked out for the study of their properties, and it is believed that the unknown agents of measles, scarlet fever and rabies will be found among them.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A PLANETARY ELECTRON ESCAPES

THE atom is in a certain sense an extremely small solar system in which the place of the sun is taken by the nucleus of the atom. This nucleus carries a positive charge of electricity and contains practically all the mass of the atom. In the minute solar system thus beheld, the planets are negative electrons. The chemical elements are named according to the number of planets in such a solar system, that is, according to the number of these planetary electrons. Thus, any electrically neutral atom in which there is only 1 planetary electron is called a hydrogen atom. If there are 6

such electrons, it is called a carbon atom; if 8, an oxygen atom; if 26, an atom of iron; if 82, an atom of lead; if 88, an atom of radium, and if 92, an atom of uranium.

No atomic solar system thus far considered has more than 92 planets. Hence, says Professor William D. Harkins, whose lecture before the Institute of Medicine* we quote, there are only 92 chemical elements, of which 86 are known. It is possible, he adds, that future discoveries will reveal atoms with more than 92 electrons.

* Proceedings of the Institute of Medicine. Chicago: 1921.

All the great differences between oxygen and nitrogen, as they react in the animal body, are due to the presence of 6 planetary electrons in each atom of the former, and 7 in each of the latter; and the great difference between hydrogen, which is present in all organic substances, and helium, which does not unite chemically with anything else, is due to the presence of 1 negative planetary electron in each atom of hydrogen, and of 2 in each atom of helium. It is found that those planetary electrons which are nearest the outside of the atom have much more to do with its chemical and physical properties than those which are closer to the nucleus. Thus these properties seem to depend largely on how well the outer part of the atom is filled with electrons. It may be considered that the planetary electrons in an atom are arranged around the nucleus in a series of concentric spherical shells, as has been done by Lewis and Langmuir. In the first shell next outside the nucleus there are 2 planetary electrons; in the second, 8; in the third, 8; in the fourth, 18; in the fifth, 18; and in the sixth, 32.

When only two shells of planetary electrons are present, the atom may be said to be complete if it contains eight electrons in the outer shell, as is the case with neon; that is, the outer shell is completely full of negative electrons. Such a full shell is extremely stable and will neither take up nor give off any electrons, so that the atom is incapable of undergoing chemical changes. If there are only seven negative electrons in the outer shell of the electrically neutral atom, this shell tends to take up an extra negative electron in order to complete the shell and give it eight electrons. This taking up of an extra negative electron gives the atom a single negative charge in excess and we say that the atom has been converted into a negative ion with one charge.

Atoms of fluorine and chlorine contain 7 planetary electrons in their outer shell, and both substances readily give negative ions. If, however, as is the case with a sodium atom (with 11 planetary electrons in all), there is only one negative electron in the outer shell, this is held loosely and tends to escape from the neutral atom,

leaving a positively charged ion which has 8 planetary electrons in its outer shell. Thus, what we call negative elements are those which contain atoms in which the outer shell of electrons is nearly full, and therefore tends to complete itself; and what we call positive elements are those in which the outer shell contains so few electrons that it tends to lose the few it has.

Nothing has been said thus far as to how the planetary electrons are held around the nucleus. It is considered that the planets are held in their positions in the solar system by what is termed the gravitational attraction between the planets and the sun. In the atom the electrons seem to be held in place largely by electrical attraction between the negatively charged planetary electrons and the positively charged nucleus. In any neutral atom the number of planetary electrons is equal to the charge on the nucleus. Thus the positive charge on the nucleus of a chlorine atom is seventeen and the chlorine atom has seventeen planetary negative electrons outside the nucleus.

It is easy to cause the planetary electrons in an atom to escape, as, for example, by simply allowing ultra-violet light to fall on the surface of a body; but the nucleus of the atom is exceedingly stable and can be broken up only by the use of energy in a high concentration. We all know that in experiments on an ordinary scale positively charged particles, if brought close together, exhibit a repulsion. It therefore seems somewhat peculiar to find that the positively charged nucleus, the parts of which, from this standpoint, should repel each other, has actually such an extremely high order of stability.

There is considerable evidence that the nuclei of all atoms heavier than that of hydrogen are built up from positive electrons which are the nuclei of hydrogen atoms, and that these positive electrons are bound together by negative electrons which may be called "binding electrons." These binding electrons should not be confused with the planetary electrons in the outer part of the atom, a confusion easy to occasion.

THE ART OF SHORTHAND IN THE DAYS OF ANCIENT ROME

THE use of stenography has become so widespread that we can hardly imagine the affairs of the modern world conducted without it. But who knows that shorthand had its place in the ancient world, and played an important part in the preservation of thought? John Robert Gregg, originator of the Gregg system of shorthand, is authority for the statement that shorthand was widely used in the time of the Cæsars. References to shorthand may be found in the works of Cicero, Horace, Livy, Martial, Pliny, Tacitus and Suetonius. Julius Cæsar was a writer of shorthand, and the poet Ovid, in speaking of this, makes the comment: "By these marks secrets were borne over land and sea." There is evidence to show that the Sermon on the Mount was reported in shorthand by Luke. There is

little doubt that St. Paul dictated to stenographers his epistles to the Colossians. "Doubtless," Mr. Gregg says, "some method of abbreviating words was used by the Hebrews, and also by the Persians, several hundred years before Christ, tho there is no evidence that shorthand characters or other special symbols were employed."

The first mention of an abbreviated system, it seems, is in connection with the Roman poet, Quintus Ennius, 200 B.C., who used a scheme of eleven hundred signs that he devised for the purpose of writing more swiftly than was possible by the ordinary alphabet. The first definite and indisputable evidence of the use of shorthand is recorded by Plutarch, who states that Cicero's famous oration on the Catilinian conspiracy in the Roman

Senate in 63 B.C. was reported in shorthand.

The system of shorthand used was invented by Tiro, a freedman of Cicero. It is said that in reporting the Roman Senate Tiro stationed about forty shorthand-writers in different parts of the Curia. "When one remembers," Mr. Gregg declares, writing in the *Century*, "that the shorthand-writers of those days were without paper, pen, pencil or ink, and possessed only a crude method of shorthand-writing, it is almost incredible that they could report anything. The writing was done on tablets that were covered with a layer of wax. The edges of the wax



Photograph by Keystone

A NEW STATUE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

This statue of Franklin by Paul Bartlett was cast in Baltimore and carried on a truck, flower-bedecked and guarded by Boy Scouts, to its permanent resting-place in Waterbury, Connecticut. It shows Franklin as he used to sit under the trees in front of his house in Philadelphia. A kite rests beside him, and he holds his Almanac.

LITERATURE SUFFERING FROM AN ATTACK OF BAD NERVES

A PROTEST against the "ingrowing self-consciousness" of post-war literature is uttered by Wilson Follett in *Harper's Magazine*. "For a nervous age," he says, "neurotic art. There is the history of the present in a nutshell." It is Mr. Follett's contention that society is now afflicted with a case of bad nerves. As a consequence of the war, the expectations and illusions of various sorts dashed by the peace, the breakdown of political and social philosophies, the economic impasse, the material horrors still

being faced by despairing millions, the unsettled condition of everything now, and the blank uncertainty of the future, the world at large, as Mr. Follett puts it, is "in a frightful nervous panic." Writers and artists, just because their nervous organizations are of the most sensitive kind, have been among the first to reflect this social disorder; and the end is not yet.

This neurotic movement, according to Mr. Follett, began in painting and sculpture; spread into music; captured and now threatens to dominate poetry; has definitely invaded parts of the theater, notably the ballet; and is in process of invading the novel. It is characterized by morbid self-absorption. "We are now," Mr. Follett declares, "as absorbed in the vibrations of our own nerve cells as the Elizabethans were in exploration and discovery of the New World. The thrill which the early voyagers got out of their search for the Northwest Passage we are trying to get out of psycho-analysis."

In analyzing the basis of the "new" esthetics, Mr. Follett offers definitions by two of its prominent exponents. Here is how E. E. Cummings, an imagist poet and critic of art, defends the primitive style which usually goes with post-impressionist sculpture:

"To analyze child art in a sentence is to say that houses, trees, smoke, people, etc., are depicted not as nouns, but as verbs. . . . Consequently, to appreciate child art we are compelled to undress one by one the soggy nouns whose agglomeration constitutes the mechanism of Normality, and finally to liberate the actual crisp organic squirm—the is."



THE SPIRIT OF THE THEATER AS BEARDSLEY CONCEIVED IT

This study was made as a frontispiece to the "Plays" of the ill-starred English poet, John Davidson.

Evelyn Scott expresses a

similar meaning with more conventional felicity:

"From the center of an emotional conviction we may express that conviction in its own terms, terms of the senses, of the subconsciousness which the senses feed. Then our thoughts, liquid with emotion, unfurl mysteriously from the depths like aquatic plants seeking the light. When we speak in this manner we become poets, whether the medium of our utterance be the pen, the chisel, or the brush."

"There you have it," Mr. Follett exclaims. The futurist, of whatever school, exploiting whatever technic or lack of technic, is always concerned to undress soggy nouns and prove that they were verbs all the time; is always ready to go counter to the mechanism of normality; is always allowing part of himself to unfurl from the depths like aquatic plants. There is also the danger of identifying literature with rhetorical shorthand:

"The fashionable style of this decade runs to verbless sentences and inarticulate gaspings after the inexpressible, with files of dots to label its innuendoes, tangential meanings and overtones—the things which can be felt but not said. The dotted style, as I take the liberty of naming it, is based on the idea that an elision is as good as a meaning any day, if not rather better. If you can't utter it, or haven't the patience, hint that it is unutterable. If you can't draw,



A MASTER OF BLACK AND WHITE

The appearance of Aubrey Beardsley in 1893 is characterized by Holbrook Jackson as "the most extraordinary event in English art since the appearance of William Blake a little more than a hundred years earlier."

put on a blob of paint, smear it round with your thumb, and call it a perfectly subjective and naive expression of your inner consciousness."

AUBREY BEARDSLEY'S FANTASTIC AND FASCINATING ORIGINALITY

IT is twenty-three years since Aubrey Vincent Beardsley died at Mentone, on the Riviera. He was famous then, and since his death his fame has been steadily growing. In a book, "The Eighteen-Nineties," published in 1913, Holbrook Jackson spoke of the appearance of Beardsley as "the most extraordinary event in English art since the appearance of William Blake a little more than a hundred years earlier." Robert Ross, in a worshipful tribute,* has expressed his

conviction that Beardsley's mature work is "unsurpassed by any artist in any age or country." A new book, "The Men of the Nineties" (Putnam's), by Bernard Muddiman, takes Beardsley as the central figure of the literary and artistic movement of that period, and then deals with the two most vital manifestoes of the movement and their respective literary editors, *The Yellow Book* and Henry Harland, *The Savoy* and Arthur Symonds. Aubrey Beardsley's drawings are well known in Italy, Austria and Germany. His "Letters" to Leonard Smithers, publisher of *The Savoy*, have appeared in Leipzig

* AUBREY BEARDSLEY: A MONOGRAPH. By Robert Ross. With a List of Drawings by Aymer Vallance. John Lane.



BEARDSLEY'S POWER AT ITS ZENITH

The illustrations that Beardsley made for Oscar Wilde's "Salome" are generally conceded to have been his masterpieces.

and tell a moving story of his tragic struggle with poverty and death. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, then Beardsley is indeed flattered. A New York publisher has lately issued "Fifty Drawings," purporting to be by Aubrey Beardsley. They are branded as forgeries by Beardsley experts. Some of Beardsley's genuine work may be seen in London art galleries. Most of it is in private collections. What is practically the only complete Beardsley collection in existence was bought in London a few months ago by Charles Sessler, of Philadelphia, and is now in this country.

Beardsley, like Keats, was consumptive

and died at the age of twenty-six. His fame, as Oliver Brenning has pointed out in *Vanity Fair* (New York), was as hotly contested as was Whistler's. That is the story, only too often, of creative genius. Keats and Wagner, Poe and Whitman, were all damned before they were properly praised. Beardsley's marvelous sense of decoration, his balancing of white against black, his exquisite "line," so sure, so firm and so wonderfully beautiful and full of grace, proclaim him, in Mr. Brenning's view, the world's master of black and white.

Beardsley's early life was spent in Brighton, England. He played as a child at concerts in company with his sister, who later went on the stage. He also appeared in amateur theatricals, and wrote a farce. Some of his earliest designs and drawings were made for programs. In 1888

he entered an architect's office in London. A year later he was sitting on a stool in the office of the Guardian Life and Fire Insurance.

The real life that Beardsley was leading at this time may be gleaned from A. E. Gallatin's "Catalog of Aubrey Beardsley's Drawings," published in 1903. There are seven pages of juvenilia. "Most of his very early work," as "Q. R." (C. Lewis Hind) notes in a recent article in the *Christian Science Monitor*, "is immature, but his mind was working fiercely and fastidiously." Mr. Hind, it seems, was the first editor to introduce Beardsley's work to the British reading public. This intro-

duction was made through the pages of the *Pall Mall Budget*, which had just been bought by William Waldorf Astor. In 1893, when John Lane started *The Studio*, Beardsley was given a larger opportunity. The first number of *The Studio* contained a number of examples of Beardsley's art with an appreciation by Joseph Pennell. The result is described as swift, dazzling and complete. The young artist obtained an important commission from the London publisher, J. M. Dent, to illustrate Malory's medieval romance, the "Morte d'Arthur." He "grew into a cult," Mr. Hind tells us, "and the 'Beardsley Drawing' became a synonym for something that the Philistine loathed."

The impression that Beardsley left on Mr. Hind at a first meeting is recorded as follows:

"In the late autumn of 1892 I was spending the afternoon with my friends, Alice and Wilfrid Meynell, at their house in Palace Court, where many artists and writers were wont to forgather. Aymer Vallance was there that day; he came late, he approached me and said, 'I want you to look at some drawings.' Then he took Aubrey Beardsley, who was with him, by the arm, introduced us, and Aubrey proceeded gravely, and without haste, to untie the ribbons of the portfolio (it was his way to carry that portfolio with him) and to present it open to me. I was impressed by his manner. He showed no vanity, no anxiety: his action was one of complete assurance, as if he were certain of his high attainments, and that there could be no doubt about my corroboration.

I turned over the drawings, and then looked up at him—amazed. I examined the drawings once more, hardly believing my eyes, then I looked at him again—with astonishment.

"He showed no perturbation: he had no doubt about his genius; he waited for my admiration, but his eyes were watchful. I saw a tall youth of blond complexion with a prominent nose, firmly drawn, projecting from his thin, hatchet face; hair lightish cut in a fringe like Phil May's, and falling evenly over his forehead. I have never seen such strong, capable hands with long fingers full of latent power. He carried himself well: his figure was erect and taut, yet supple.



A BEARDSLEY ARABESQUE

"There are differences of kind in esthetic beauty," says Robert Ross, "and for Beardsley it was the marriage of arabesque to figures and objects comely or fantastic, or in themselves ugly. . . . To future draftsmen he will have something of the value of an old master."

The decision and precision of his drawing harmonized with the decision and precision of his manner. In each there was mastery."

The sources of Beardsley's inspiration and the nature of his genius are discussed, with authority, by Robert Ross in his monograph on the artist. He recalls that Beardsley was accused of imitating artists some of whose work he had never seen and of whose names he was ignorant at the time the alleged plagiarism was perpetrated—Félicien Rops, for instance. Beardsley, Mr. Ross assures us, contrived a style long before he came across any modern French illustration. He was

innocent of either Salon, the Rosicrucians, and the Royal Academy alike; but his own influence on the Continent of Europe was considerable. That he borrowed freely and from every imaginable master, old and new, may be conceded. The word "eclectic" is certainly applicable to him. But "what he took," Mr. Ross declares, "he endowed with a fantastic and fascinating originality; to some image or accessory, familiar to anyone who has studied the old masters, he added the touch of modernity which brings them nearer to us, and reached refinements never thought of by the old masters."

His first enthusiasm, we learn, was for the work of the Italian primitives. Even at a later time, when he devoted himself to eighteenth-century models and ideals, his love of Andrea Mantegna never deserted him. A Botticelli phase followed. Rossetti and Burne-Jones, chiefly through photographers and prints, succeeded in their turn, the influence of Burne-Jones lasting longer than any other.

There was something frankly artificial in Beardsley's genius. For nature as it should be, in the works of Corot and Turner; for nature made easy, in modern English landscape; for nature as popularly viewed through the camera, he had no feeling. He was indifferent to picturesque peasants. Tho a devout Roman Catholic, the ringing of the Angelus did not lure him to present fields in an evening haze. "Beardsley's landscape," Mr. Ross says, "is formal, primitive, conventional; a breath of air hardly shakes the delicate leaves of the straight poplars and willows that grow by his serpentine streams." Mr. Ross continues:

"There is some truth in the half-playful, half-unfriendly criticism that his pictures were a form of romantic map-making. Future ex-



BEARDSLEY CARICATURED BY MAX BEERBOHM
The thin hatchet face and the long fingers of Beardsley are here combined in unforgettable fashion by one of the most gifted of his contemporaries.

perts, however, may be trusted to deal with absence of chiaroscuro, values, tones and the rest. In only one of his drawings, conceived, curiously enough, in the manner of Burne-Jones (an unlikely model), is there anything approaching what is usually termed atmosphere. Eliminating, therefore, all that must not be expected from his art—mere illustration, realism, symbolism and naturalism—in what, may be asked, does his supreme achievement consist? He has decorated white sheets of paper as they have never been decorated before; whether hung on the wall, reproduced in a book or concealed in a museum, they remain among the most precious and exquisite works in the art of the nineteenth century, resembling the designs of William Blake only in that they must be hated, misunderstood and neglected ere they are recognized as works of a master. With more simple materials than those employed by the fathers of black and white art, Beardsley has left memorials no less wonderful than those of the Greek vase-painters, so highly prized by artists and archeologists alike, but no less difficult for the uninitiated to appreciate and understand."

Mr. Ross regards Beardsley's illustrations for Wilde's "Salome" and Pope's "Rape of the Lock" as the finest flower of his genius. They are grotesques, in the true sense of the word. Beardsley, we are reminded, emphasized the grotesque to an extent that precluded any popularity among people who care only for the trivial and "pretty." In him "it was allied to a mordant humor, a certain fescennine abstraction which sometimes offends." This, however, does not excuse, in Mr. Ross's opinion, the use of the word "eccentric." All great art, he argues, is eccentric to the conservative multitude. "The decoration on the Parthenon was so eccentric that Phidias was put in prison. The works of Whistler and Burne-Jones, once



A BEARDSLEY TAILPIECE

"Finis" is written on the black casket, but Beardsley's grotesque and original art was never more alive than at the present time.

derided as eccentric, are now accepted as the commencement of great traditions."

To compare Beardsley with any of his contemporaries, Mr. Ross concludes, would be unjust to them and to him. He belonged to no school; he proclaimed no theory; he left no counsel of perfection to those who came after him.

"His is not the originality of Corot and Whistler, with a new interpretation of nature, another scheme of art and decoration, but rather the scholarly originality of the Caracci—a scholarship grounded on a thousand traditions and yet striking an entirely new note in art. In his imagination, his choice of motive, his love for inanimate nature, his sentiment for accessory—rejected by many modern artists, still so necessary to the modern temper—his curious type, which quite overshadowed that of the pre-Raphaelites, the singular technical qualities at his command, Beardsley has no predecessors, no rivals.

"Who has ever managed to suggest such color in masses of black deftly composed? Reference to the text is unnecessary to learn that the hair of Herodias was purple. His style was mobile, dominating over, or subordinating to, the subject, as his genius dictated."

LYTTON STRACHEY'S MASTERLY STUDY OF QUEEN VICTORIA

BRILLIANCE of style, wit, cynicism, and an impression of complete detachment from the ordinary emotions of mankind marked the "Eminent Victorians" of Lytton Strachey, published three years ago. These qualities appear only in part in his new biography, "Queen Victoria," which has been running serially in the *New Republic* and is published in America by Harcourt, Brace & Company. Brilliance and wit there are in abundance, but the cynicism and detachment have somewhat faded. It would seem as if Mr. Strachey, whatever his initial prejudices, had been conquered by the Queen. He pays her, at any rate, a splendid tribute; he speaks of her as "the quintessential pivot" around which the whole magnificent machine of the British Empire moved; and he ends by saying: "Her triumph was the summary, the crown, of a greater triumph—the culminating prosperity of a nation. The solid splendor of the decade between Victoria's two jubilees can hardly be paralleled in the annals of England."

As Mr. Strachey interprets the temperament of Queen Victoria, it was naturally and deeply conservative. But it was susceptible. She was a woman, and she came deeply under the influence of three powerful men. These men shaped and colored her entire life. The first was Lord Melbourne, the English Premier, who initiated her into her duties as sovereign. He was something of a cynic and something of a charmer, and his relation to the young Queen is thus described:

"Cherished by the favor of a sovereign and warmed by the adoration of a girl, the autumn rose, in those autumn months of 1839, came to a wondrous blooming. The petals expanded, beautifully, for the last time. For the last time in this unlooked-for, this incongruous, this almost incredible intercourse, the old epicure tasted the exquisiteness of romance. To watch, to teach, to restrain, to encourage the royal young creature beside him—that was much; to feel with such a constant intimacy the impact of her quick

affection, her radiant vitality—that was more; most of all, perhaps, was it good to linger vaguely in humorous contemplation, in idle apostrophe, to talk disconnectedly, to make a little joke about an apple or a furbelow, to dream. The springs of his sensibility, hidden deep within him, were overflowing. Often, as he bent over her hand and kissed it, he found himself in tears."

Then follows this charming account of the coming of the Prince Consort:

"Albert arrived; and the whole structure of her existence crumbled into nothingness like a house of cards. He was beautiful—she gasped—she knew no more. Then, in a flash, a thousand mysteries were revealed to her; the past, the present rushed upon her with a new significance; the delusions of years were abolished, and an extraordinary, an irresistible certitude leapt into being in the light of those blue eyes, the smile of that lovely mouth.

"The succeeding hours passed in a rapture. She was able to observe a few more details—the 'exquisite nose,' the 'delicate moustachios and slight, but very slight, whiskers,' the 'beautiful figure, broad in the shoulders and a fine waist.' She rode with him, danced with him, talked with him, and it was all perfection. She had no shadow of a doubt. He had come on a Thursday evening, and on the following Sunday morning she told Lord Melbourne that she had 'a good deal changed her opinion as to marrying.' Next morning she told him that she had made up her mind to marry Albert. . . . Somehow or other she felt a little nervous with her old friend. At last, summoning up her courage, she said, 'I have got well through this with Albert.' 'Oh! you have,' said Lord M."

The public, we are told, looked on with approval. The middle classes, in particular, were pleased. "They liked a love-match," Mr. Strachey says; "they liked a household which combined the advantages of royalty and virtue, and in which they seemed to see reflected, as in some resplendent looking-glass, the ideal image of the very lives they led themselves." Their own existence seemed to acquire an added excellence, an added succulence, from the early hours, the regularity, the plain tuck-

ers, the round games, the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding of Osborne.

"It was indeed a model Court. Not only were its central personages the patterns of propriety, but no breath of scandal, no shadow of indecorum, might approach its utmost boundaries. For Victoria, with all the zeal of a convert, upheld now the standard of moral purity with an inflexibility surpassing, if that were possible, Albert's own. She blushed to think how she had once believed—how she had once actually told him—that one might be too strict and particular in such matters, and that one ought to be indulgent towards other people's dreadful sins. But she was no longer Lord M.'s pupil: she was Albert's wife. She was more—the embodiment, the living apex of a new era in the generations of mankind. The last vestige of the eighteenth century had disappeared; cynicism and subtlety were shriveled into powder; and duty, industry, morality and domesticity triumphed over them. Even the very chairs and tables had assumed, with a singular responsiveness, the forms of prim solidity. The Victorian Age was in full swing."

The Albert of the early romance is soon submerged in the later man—a recluse, a thoro German, an idealist who genuinely desired to help his adopted country. He kept in the background, and did what he could to invest Victoria with glory. He studied science and sanitation; tried to promote industry; thought out schemes for national education; planned museums; and all the time was longing for peace and quiet in the country. Mr. Strachey tells us:

"His work, for which at last he came to crave with an almost morbid appetite, was a solace and not a cure; the dragon of his dissatisfaction devoured with dark relish that ever-growing tribute of laborious days and nights; but it was hungry still. The causes of his melancholy were hidden, mysterious, unanalyzable perhaps—too deeply rooted in the innermost recesses of his temperament for the eye of reason to apprehend. There were contradictions in his nature which, to some of those who knew him best, made him seem an inexplicable enigma; he was severe and gentle; he was modest and scornful; he longed for affection and he was cold. He was lonely, not merely with the loneliness of exile, but with the loneliness of conscious and

unrecognized superiority. He had the pride, at once resigned and overweening, of a doctrinaire. . . . There was something he wanted and that he could never get. What was it? Some absolute, some ineffable sympathy? Some extraordinary, some sublime success? Possibly it was a mixture of both. To dominate and to be understood!"

The third man who powerfully influenced Victoria was Disraeli, a Prime Minister, as Melbourne had been, who dearly loved to romanticize his relation to the Queen. As Mr. Strachey sees him:

"He surveyed what was before him with the eye of a past-master, and he was not for a moment at a loss. He realized everything—the interacting complexities of circumstance and character, the pride of place mingled so inextricably with personal arrogance, the superabundant emotionalism, the ingenuousness of outlook, the solid, the laborious respectability, shot through so incongruously by temperamental cravings for the colored and the strange, the singular intellectual limitations, and the mysteriously essential feminine element impregnating every particle of the whole. . . . The strain of charlatanism, which had unconsciously captivated her in Napoleon III., exercised the same enchanting effect in the case of Disraeli. Like a dram-drinker whose ordinary life is passed in dull sobriety, her unsophisticated intelligence gulped down his rocco allurements with peculiar zest. She became intoxicated, entranced."

It was the combination of personality and position that, in Mr. Strachey's view, made Victoria fascinating. He illustrates this saying in the following pen-picture: "The little old lady, with her white hair and her plain mourning clothes, in her wheeled chair or her donkey-carriage—one saw her so; and then—close behind—with their immediate suggestion of singularity, of mystery, and of power—the Indian servants." He adds:

"By the end of her reign the power of the sovereign had apparently diminished, the prestige of the sovereign had enormously grown. . . . The outlines of her nature were firmly drawn, and, even through the mists which envelop royalty, clearly visible. In the popular imagination her familiar figure filled, with satisfying ease, a distinct and memorable place. It was, besides, the kind of figure which naturally called forth the admir-



A GREAT LOVER

Honoré de Balzac, depicted here by Aubrey Beardsley, is reinterpreted, with rare devotion, in a new book by an American woman.

ing sympathy of the great majority of the nation. Goodness they prized above every other human quality; and Victoria, who, at the age of twelve had said she would be good, had kept her word. Duty, conscience, morality—yes! in the light of those high beacons the Queen had always lived. She had passed her days in work and not in pleasure—in public responsibilities and family cares. The standard of solid virtue which had been set up so long ago amid the domestic happiness of Osborne had never been lowered for an instant. . . . Such qualities were obvious and important; but in the impact of a personality it is something deeper, something fundamental and common to all its qualities, that really tells. In Victoria, it is easy to discern the nature of this underlying element: it was a peculiar sincerity—she moved through life with the imposing certitude of one to whom concealment was impossible—either toward her surroundings or toward herself. There she was, all of her—the Queen of England, complete and obvious; the world might take her or leave her; she had nothing more to show, or to explain, or to modify; and with her peerless carriage, she swept along her path."

All of which evokes the enthusiastic appreciation of London critics. This book,

says a writer in the *New Statesman*, is "a masterpiece which will influence the art of biography"; and J. C. Squire, in the *Observer*, compares Mr. Strachey's work with the best short stories of Maupassant and Tchekov. The *London Times Literary Supplement* likes "Queen Victoria" better than "Eminent Victorians." It gives its reasons in the following paragraph:

"Repetition cloy, and tho he might have tried to bring off the effects of his first book again, he has preferred to do something less showy, but better worth doing. He has abandoned satire for interpretation. If the truth be told, we suspect, he had not much choice; he was disarmed. 'I love the Queen,' said Disraeli; '—perhaps the only person in the world left to me that I do love.' Mr. Strachey, perhaps, would not put it quite in that way, but he has found Victoria the woman more captivating with all her flaws than any statue of faultless marble. The result is a book which we place high above 'Eminent Victorians.' Daintily proportioned, yet firm in texture and wisdom, one artistic whole down to the unerringly chosen photographs, *simplex munditiis* in style and color and epigram, it shows no signs of having been composed beneath the shadow of the Albert Memorial; it has more of the sunshine and blitheness of Kensington Gardens."

One critic, however, strikes a different note. Mr. Shan Bullock, London correspondent of the *Chicago Evening Post*, is disappointed in the book because, as he feels, it lacks courage. He says:

"Before royalty Strachey stands upright but impressed, critical but a courtier, a democrat, yet of the race that demanded Cromwell even in his death. One feels, as one turns the pages, that if only Victoria had no crown and sceptre, no divine right, no awfulness, and if only Strachey were free to say exactly what he knows and thinks—what a book it would be! He implies, hints, turns his epigrams, marshals his fine, clean sentences, but never does he snatch Victoria from the throne and set her among the rest of us in the street, as he set Florence Nightingale, Gordon, Cardinal Manning. Yet you know very well, you can see, that in his honest heart Strachey is just longing to be able, without treason as a true blue Briton, to speak truth.

"Now and then he attempts it. . . . You really know Victoria better and love her bet-

ter when you have finished his book. But it is not what I expected, what I want, what Strachey wanted to write and could write. If he lives to be sixty, and meanwhile our body politic evolves toward seemingly inevitable democratic conditions of state and gov-

ernment, then, perhaps, in less of what we call 'queen's weather,' he may rewrite his study of a personage whose reign, both in respect of its accomplishment and of her accomplishing, is one of the most remarkable in English history."

THE TRUE STORY OF BALZAC AND MADAME HANSKA

"MANY people write their romances, others live them; Honoré de Balzac did both." Thus Juanita H. Floyd, the American author of a new book entitled "Women in the Life of Balzac" (Holt), sums up the career of the greatest of French novelists. Her book is interesting from every point of view and not least because of the fact that it tells the story of Balzac's love affair with the Madame Hanska who later became Madame de Balzac in such a way as to win the commendation of Madame de Balzac's niece, Princess Catherine Radziwill, now resident in New York. "A most valuable, I was going to say the most valuable, contribution to the history of Balzac," is what Princess Radziwill calls Miss Floyd's work. "Those for whom he was something more than a great writer and scholar," she continues in an Introduction to the book, "can never feel sufficiently grateful to her for having given it to the world, and helped to dissipate, thanks to its wonderful arguments, so many false legends and wild stories which were believed until now, and indeed are still believed by an ignorant crowd of so-called admirers of his, who, nine times out of ten, are only detractors of his colossal genius."

It was in 1832 that Madame Evelina Hanska, a young Polish Countess, wrote an anonymous letter to Balzac in which she thanked him for his writings and tried to persuade him to look on life from a more spiritual point of view. She signed herself "L'Etrangère" and asked that he acknowledge her letter in a Parisian journal. He did as she asked, and a correspondence began in which he learned that she was a married woman. Her husband was a rich old man, an invalid.

They lived a lonely life on their estate at Wierzchownia, in the Ukraine.

Madame Hanska appeared at a psychological moment in Balzac's life. He had just put behind him his old love, Madame de Berny. He had quarreled with the aristocratic Madame de Castries. He soon conceived a strong affection for the new, unknown correspondent. This affection ripened into love at their first meeting at Neuchâtel, Switzerland. He was introduced to her husband, who appears not only to have tolerated but to have welcomed his society. Even when love-letters fell into his hands and Balzac pretended that they were written in jest, the husband seems to have accepted the explanation.



THE OBJECT OF BALZAC'S SUPREME AFFECTION

Madame Hanska is shown here in a miniature made in her youth. She was loved by Balzac for eighteen years, and she made him wait for nine years before she would marry him.

Returning to Paris after this first meeting, Balzac wrote to Madame Hanska: "You are in all my thoughts, in all the lines that I shall trace, in all the moments of my life, in all my being." Every evening he wrote for her a short account of his day, and once in eight days he dispatched it to her. The heroine of "The Lily of the Valley" (which he considered his masterpiece) was a woman of her type. "Albert Savarus" turned out to be the thinly veiled story of their friendship. He dedicated novels to her. We owe to her influence the fanciful Swedenborgian romance, "Seraphita," and the delicately finished, clever story, "Modeste Mignon."

The charge has been repeatedly made that Balzac, who came from a middle-class family, was inspired in this and in others of his love affairs by a snobbish regard for nobility; and the present work substantiates the charge. He dearly loved a title and he could make a fool of himself in his efforts to convince his friends of the aristocratic *milieu* in which he moved. When Madame Hanska's husband died in 1841 and he looked forward to marriage with her, he invented a tale of the Czar's opposition to the marriage, in order to add to his own importance and to that of his future wife, and he had to be restrained by Madame Hanska from writing absurd letters to her titled relatives. It is also a fact that Balzac was a royalist and a Roman Catholic in sympathy, while Madame Hanska inclined to liberal views.

Nine years passed between the death of Madame Hanska's husband and her marriage with Balzac. Why did she keep him so long in suspense? Miss Juanita Floyd, speaking of the period he spent at Wierzchownia in 1849, gives the following answer:

"The situation of the author of the 'Comédie humaine' was at this time most pitiable. Broken in health and living in a climate to which his constitution refused to be acclimated, weighted down by a load of debt which he was unable to liquidate in his state of health (his work having amounted to very little during his stay in Russia), consumed with a burning passion for the woman who had become the overpowering figure in the latter half of his literary career, possessing

a pride that was making him sacrifice his very life rather than give up his long-sought treasure, the diamond of Poland, his very soul became so imbued with this devouring passion that the poor *moujik* was scarcely master of himself.

"His family were suffering various misfortunes, and these, together with his deplorable condition, caused Madame Hanska to contemplate giving up an alliance with a man whose family was so unfortunate and whose social standing was so far beneath hers. She preferred to remain in Russia where she was rich and moved in a high aristocratic circle, rather than to give up her property and assume the life of anxiety and trials which awaited her as Madame Honoré de Balzac."

Is it a fact, then, that Madame Hanska did not love Balzac, and that their brief married life was unhappy? Miss Floyd has not been able to find authoritative proof that Balzac's married life was either happy or unhappy, but is fain to say, with a writer in the *Westminster Review*: "He died happy, for he died in the full realization of a pure love which had upheld him through some of the bitterest trials that ever fall to the lot of man." Princess Radziwill takes the same view. "During the few months they lived together," she says, "they had known and enjoyed complete and absolute happiness, and Madame de Balzac's heart was forever broken when she closed with pious hands the eyes of the man who had occupied an immense place in her heart as well as in her life. Many years later, talking with me about those last sad hours when she watched with such tender devotion by his bedside, she told me with accents that are still ringing in my ears with their wail of agony: '*J'ai vécu un enfer de souffrance ce jour-là.*' (I lived through a hell of suffering on that day.)" The Princess tells us further:

"Her first care, after she had become for the second time a widow, was to pay Balzac's debts, which she proceeded to do with that thoroughness which she always brought to bear in everything she undertook. She remained upon the most affectionate terms with his family, and it was due to her that Balzac's mother was able to spend her last years in comfort. These facts speak for themselves."

WOULD WIDER CIRCULATION OF GOLD REDUCE THE COST OF LIVING?

IS there a propaganda on foot among bankers throughout the country to keep gold out of circulation, and were a very large quantity of gold in general use would it bring down the cost of living? Would prices recede more rapidly? Would money be lost? Who would get hurt? Discussing these questions in *The Nation*, John Kane Mills reminds us that any fundamental change in existing conditions is bound to hurt either the capitalist, the producer or the ultimate consumer tho, "in benefiting two of the three factors, it need not be to the extent of so injuring the third as to bring the whole fabric down."

Ridiculous as it may seem, it is doubtful, observes this economist, whether one man in ten knows the difference between the various kinds of money that he uses in his daily transactions. Consider the huge issues of paper money which have taken the place of the old-time gold and silver certificates. They are of two kinds: the Federal Reserve bank-note and the Federal Reserve note. The bank-note is issued by any of the Federal Reserve banks. It is secured by United States certificates of indebtedness or United States one-year gold notes. They are not good for payment of interest to the Government nor for duties on imports. The note, however, and it is the Federal Reserve note that is most under criticism, is based on an entirely different principle. X produces some goods and sells them to Y. X wishes to be paid so he induces Y to sign an acceptance which he takes to his banker Z. Z instead of advancing the bank's funds against these goods, takes the acceptance to the Federal Reserve bank where he cashes it, receiving in exchange Federal Reserve notes. When the acceptance becomes due, Y pays the acceptance, which money is in turn passed on to Z and thus to the Federal Reserve bank, which then releases the acceptance and destroys the Federal Reserve notes which it had issued against it. The commercial transaction between X and Y has been financed by the public's money and not by the bank's money. Z

the banker has lent the money to X at a high rate of interest, or where this exceeds the legal rate, at the legal rate plus a commission and has borrowed it from the Federal Reserve bank, i. e., the public, at a low rate. The banker has made money, X the producer has been promptly paid for his production, and Y the middleman has had the business financed for sixty days during which time he can seek his market and sell at a favorable price. The only people who suffer are the ultimate consumers who have provided the money and now have to pay for their generosity through increased prices.

The Federal Reserve Act, we are reminded, was designed not to make banking accommodation more plentiful but to be an anchor to windward in time of stress. When business confidence is shaken the natural instinct is to hoard metallic currency and this has been the cause of all past panics. To provide a currency at these times and to obviate the necessity of makeshifts, it was proposed and enacted that the Federal Reserve bank be authorized to issue notes based on actual commodity transactions. It was expected that in addition to being secured by commodities these notes would also have a backing of 100 per cent. of gold, but as an added measure of flexibility in times of stress the bank was authorized to allow its gold reserve against these notes to sink if necessary as low as 40 per cent., and in times of extreme emergency the Governors of the Federal Reserve System were allowed to dispense with the gold reserve altogether.

As a result, comments the writer in *The Nation*, the number of Federal Reserve notes in circulation has steadily increased until their gold cover is dangerously near the authorized legal limit. Instead of being reserved for an emergency currency only to be used in time of stress, the resources and facilities of the Federal Reserve banks have been used in ordinary commercial transactions. Behind Federal Reserve notes in excess of three billions of

dollars is less than two billions of gold. Consequently it takes three of these paper dollars to buy two dollars worth of goods and yet, we are told, it is next to impossible to exchange Reserve notes for gold at the banks. To one depositor who insisted on doing so a metropolitan banker is quoted as saying: "If you persist in demanding gold I will have to ask you to take away your account. It is not patriotic to withdraw gold from the banks." What

would happen, queries *The Nation* writer, if labor throughout the country were to demand its wages in gold? It seems obvious to him that if the gold were taken out of the banks, the reserve ratio of gold to notes would fall, resulting either in a cancellation of millions of notes or in reserves falling below the legal limit. This, would hardly be permitted to occur. Public opinion would rebel and all confidence in our currency might be shattered.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN SHIP EARNINGS CONTRASTED

EXTENDED analysis of the earnings of the American mercantile marine engaged in foreign trade is made, in a Federal Reserve Bulletin, by Henry W. Van Pelt of the Division of Analysis and Research as a preliminary to the compilation of a trade balance sheet of the United States, which will include invisible revenues from shipping, insurance and other services from our excess of exports. As a conclusion of the analysis the following is given as our shipping balance during the last fiscal year:

Freights receivable	\$261,400,000
Freights payable	77,800,000
<hr/>	
Shipping balance	\$183,600,000

This balance represents only the gross earnings of the 9,924,000 gross tons registered in our foreign trade, minus the freights we pay on goods imported in foreign bottoms. The method followed was to find the percentage on the \$11,900,000,000 of water-borne commerce in 1920, which would be added to the price of exported goods sold in foreign markets and to the price of imported goods sold here, representing the ocean freight charge. Having found this, the resultant estimate of the freight revenue was divided between American shipping and foreign shipping according to the proportion of our trade carried by each.

Owing to the fact that our exports, on which the freights are paid by foreign

buyers, were so much in excess of our imports, the freights paid to this country were in excess of those paid by us, altho about 15 per cent. more of our water-borne trade was carried in foreign vessels than in vessels under the American flag.

As the New York *Herald* points out, there is no way of proving exactly what the earnings of our merchant fleet amount to, but the foregoing figures are not regarded as an overestimate. If they are approximately correct, then the merchant fleet failed by more than a hundred million dollars to pay for its keep last year. According to the figures given in the analysis the time charter rates averaged from 45 shillings, or about \$9, a dead-weight ton in January to 11 shillings, or about \$2.50, in December, the average for the year being probably around \$4 a dead-weight ton a month. At this average figure the charter value of the 9,924,000 gross tons in the foreign trade would have been at least \$480,000,000. Even allowing a 25 per cent. profit on this charter value, the operating expenses would total \$360,000,000, which is more than the total freights given in the Federal Reserve Bulletin.

These earnings of \$261,400,000 are criticized by the *Herald* as extremely small in comparison with what the British Board of Trade estimates as the gross income from the British merchant marine for the same period. In a balance sheet compiled by the British Board of Trade the total earnings of British ships were figured at £440,000,000, or about \$1,600,000,000. The

British merchant marine is twice the size of our own. Earnings of American tonnage in the foreign trade, computed on the same basis, would be \$800,000,000. If, as the *Herald* says, one-fourth of this went to offset our freight payments to

foreign ships, as allowed in the Reserve Bulletin analysis, the balance would still remain at \$600,000,000. There is matter for thought in this great discrepancy, admitting that the Federal Reserve estimate of our shipping income is correct.

GOING UP INSTEAD OF DOWN FOR OIL

A GREAT deal has been heard of drilling wells for oil. Such terms as shallow drilling, deep drilling, drilling proven fields and "wild-catting" are familiar; but out in the Rocky Mountains prospectors are beginning to climb into the skies for oil. Rising high into the air among the canyons of Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and Nevada are great cliffs of oil shale which the oil-seekers are planning to scale and tap.

Shale deposits, says A. E. Anderson, in the *Du Pont Magazine*, often two or three hundred feet thick and covering several hundred square miles, belong to what is known geologically as the Green River formation. Geologists tell us that the oil shale was formed in the bottom of what was originally an immense body of still water. The remains of luxuriant tropical vegetation and of prolific animal life were deposited in the bottom of this inland sea. The weight of later deposits of sand, limestone and other clays pressed these deposits into a solid mass in layers from the thickness of a piece of paper up to several feet, producing the laminations characteristic of shale. Subsequently erosions cut canyons through this formation into the rock below, leaving the towering oil shale cliffs that rise a thousand or two thousand feet above the bed of the valleys.

The inflammable character of this shale was discovered by a prospector who built an immense rock fireplace from the material. On lighting a few sticks of wood, he found that the shale caught fire and was entirely consumed, melting down into a heap of smouldering, sticky substance. Very little attention was paid to the composition of this rock, we read, until people

began to worry about the growing consumption of oil exceeding the supply.

Last year the Government, realizing the value of this shale-bearing land, withdrew it from entry under the Mineral Act and placed it under the Oil Land Leasing Bill. This prevents further filing of claims in areas not already filed upon except on the royalty basis. There seems to be no limit to these shale deposits, and computation of the amount of oil contained in them staggers the imagination. The yield which can be produced varies from twenty gallons to as much as one hundred gallons a ton.

Before these supplies can be realized on an extensive scale, we are told, it will be necessary to quarry the rock from the top of the mountains and slide it down into the valley below, where the oil can be retorted from the shale and refined. Several large corporations are now working out economical methods of operation for their oil-shale properties; but the best means of getting down the shale, distilling and refining the oil have not yet been definitely determined. Underground mining, such as is used in getting out coal, or "caving" and "glory-hole" mining, may prove the best system, but it seems probable that methods of stripping, similar to those used in the large open-pit copper and iron mining operations, will be the most successful. Large well-drills that bore holes six inches in diameter and fifty to a hundred feet deep may be used for drilling holes into which large charges of explosives can be placed. After sufficient blasting has been done to give space on the cliffs, immense steam shovels must in some manner be hoisted to the top of

the mountain and set up in place to remove this rock to tramways, chutes or to some other contrivance for sliding the shale down the mountain under human control. Processes must also be perfected for securing the oil from the shale on a large scale, and, later, special refineries designed to produce this type of oil.

The crude oil extracted from the shale contains about 20 per cent. gasoline and 40 per cent. kerosene, the remainder being composed of lubricating oil, paraffin waxes, tar and other by-products that have a market. The kerosene can be "cracked" to produce a total of 40 per cent. gasoline or more.

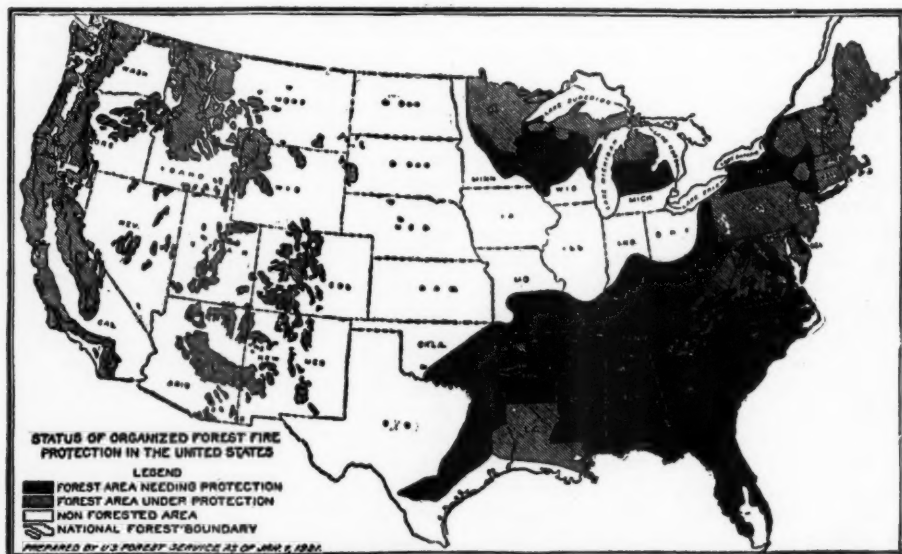
CONGRESS TAKES STEPS TO CHECK \$17,000,000 ANNUAL FIRE LOSSES

ONE of the most important measures pending in Congress is the Snell bill which aims to provide a comprehensive program to enable the Federal Government, the States and private timberland owners to cooperate in protecting and developing American forests. The discovery during the war of the tremendously important part that native timber plays in the defensive plans of any nation has impressed legislators both in this country and Great Britain.

A recent issue of the National Board of Fire Underwriters' publication was entirely devoted to an illustrated discussion of the necessity of standing behind some program that will reduce the enormous

forest-fire losses of the country. Under the pending Federal measure control of fires is given fundamental attention. Unless it is possible to control fires it is useless, of course, to undertake reforestation on a national scale. Col. Greeley, chief of the Federal Forest Service, states that when fire control is established the whole forest problem will be three-quarters solved.

The fire underwriters bring out the fact that during the past five years the country at large has lost an average of more than \$17,000,000 a year through forest fires and that something over 12,000,000 acres a year are burned over. A map showing the great forest areas exposed to



PRESENT STATUS OF FOREST PROTECTION IN THE UNITED STATES

the unrestricted ravages of fires has been prepared by the Forest Service and is being distributed broadcast by the fire underwriters. The areas of protected and unprotected regions shown on this map, which we reproduce, are relative in that some States credited with furnishing protection in an organized way are by no means doing so. Some of them are financially incapable of doing more at present, others are only doing a fractional part of what they should and could do.

An important feature of the Snell bill is to provide financial aid or to apply pressure in all cases where the national interest requires such action. In the West, which is the only immediate future hope of the country for a timber supply in any important degree, there are something like 150,000,000 acres of national forest. Within those public forests there were upward of 6,000 fires last year, but the organized forest forces were able to control 80 per cent. of these before they had burned

over ten acres each, they managed to keep the actual immediate losses down to about \$400,000. When public sentiment has become strong enough to demand action of a compelling nature Congress and the State governments will take the matter up vigorously.

The *Boston Transcript* questions whether the Snell bill is comprehensive enough, in its present form, to bring about a reorganization of the forest industry. It should be more drastic in the terms which apply to private owners and their responsibilities. Close students of the situation, canvassed by the *Transcript*, express the belief that the nation should "pledge itself to expend a sum vastly greater than that called for in the bill. The country need not at the moment concern itself with these incidentals. The need of the hour is to recognize the necessity for some immediate constructive action, and to bend the national energies to the devising of a practicable program."

109,999 WAR-TIME INVENTIONS THAT FAILED

A MERICAN inventiveness and many thousands of American inventors have been subjected to a comprehensive analysis and appraisal as the result of a call issued during the war to inventors to turn their talents toward winning the war. The Government made great provision to utilize the abilities of the vast number of Americans who habitually apply their wits to mechanical devisings. Especially the Naval Consulting Board was formed to receive, examine and experiment upon all inventions that might be submitted. The board, headed by Thomas A. Edison, included an imposing body of experts, and their findings are made public in a volume issued by the Government Printing Office.

The first item that catches the eye shows that great disappointment came to those who anticipated vast war contributions from native American inventiveness. One hundred and ten thousand inventions were submitted to the board. Of these, 109,890

were found worthless on first examination. One hundred and ten were sent to committees for further examination. Of these, only one was put into operation—the *Rugles Orientator*, a mechanism for testing aviation candidates' ability to sustain the dizzying motions of flying. The Inventions Section of the general staff of the army received 25,000 ideas and suggestions from the public, of which but twenty-five escaped rejection at sight.

What was the trouble? The report specifies many things, telling a great deal about that interesting and often pathetic person, the amateur citizen inventor. Prosper Buranelli, analyzing the report for the *World Magazine*, is struck by the great lack of knowledge on the part of inventors as to devices already existing that served the same purpose as that proposed by the inventor. Most of the inventors who devised naval improvements knew nothing of the behavior of a boat at sea and were ignorant of the action of

salt water as a corroding agency. Most of the proposed inventions in regard to airplanes were for attachments and improvements. Three-fourths of the inventors were not familiar with the principles of aero-dynamics and, we read, not over two per cent. had had any experience in flying.

Among the typical cases cited in the *World Magazine* digest is that of a man who invented a trap for torpedoes. Any torpedo getting into it would be rendered harmless by the finely working mechanism.

"But," said the examiner, "what are you going to bait it with? How are you going to get torpedoes into it? You will have to induce the Germans to aim the torpedoes directly at your trap, else it will scarcely catch one in a hundred years." Inventors suggested the same ideas over and over again. In many cases they had been anticipated by existing inventions.

"A man would send in such a technical thing as a helicoptre, and with a pencil sketch, but without relative dimensions of different parts, weights, etc. Any technical schoolboy knows that success or failure of such a device depends on these factors. Inventors did not seem to realize how large a balloon was required to lift a given load. The inventor would picture a small balloon holding up an airplane with broken wings. He did not realize that if the balloon were large enough to sustain any considerable weight it would be impracticable, in conjunction with an airplane. Inventors suggested airplane propellers which they claimed would have three or four times the efficiency of propellers now in use, but they did not know the present relatively high efficiency of propellers.

"Hundreds of suggestions were sent in with regard to nets and plates for protection of ships. As a rule, the inventor did not know

anything about the skin resistance of a plate in its passage through the water, or the resistance offered by a net and the decrease in the maneuverability of a ship brought about by its use. Many sought to stop torpedoes by various means, without knowing that many torpedoes are designed to explode when stopped or deflected from their course. Other inventors, without knowing the limitations of the action of a magnet upon steel or iron, suggested the use of magnets at such distances as to make them impracticable.

"A large number of inventions were not in accordance with the laws of nature as known. The examiners were obliged to assume the truth of certain known laws, such as gravity, etc., and judged inventions accordingly. But always with the opportunity for the inventor to demonstrate that he had overcome these laws. Many perpetual motion cranks sent in ideas to the board, and these men were asked to present working models. It goes without saying that none did present a working model, but they were always convinced that just some little thing kept their device from being a success. For instance, the board sent a man ninety miles to investigate a counter-weight fly-wheel. When the inventor gave a slight push it made almost a complete revolution, say within five degrees of completion. All he wanted was someone else to put it over the five degrees."

The result of the analysis indicates that by mental process alone, without experimentation on the part of the inventor and without familiarity with the subject matter of the art, very little need be expected in the way of valuable inventions. Only those men on the frontiers of the various arts concerned in naval warfare are, the report concludes, at all likely to discover anything that is new or that can be adopted by the Navy Department.

A GREAT ADVENTURE IN PLATINUM

COLOMBIA, which swelters under the equator, in South America, is beginning to supplant the Ural region of Russia as a producer of platinum, the area of the deposits lying west of the central ridge of the Andes, in the drainage basin of the Atrato and San Juan rivers and south to the Mira river. It

covers over 5,000 square miles. The South American Gold and Platinum Company, representing properties owned by the Lewishohn interests of New York, by Johnson, Matthey & Co., assayers to the British Government, and by the Consolidated Gold Fields Company of London, has dredging rights for the entire length of

the San Juan river, more than 200 miles from ocean to headwaters, and has under development 50 miles of river-bed, together with 10,000 acres of banks.

The platinum, writes Elizabeth M. Heath, in the *New York Times*, is mostly in the form of powder or small grains, rarely in nuggets. The frequent tropical storms that tear at the mountain sides and flood the narrow valleys bring constant accessions of the metal from its undiscovered sources in the Andes. The heavy grains gradually work their way down through the mud and sand until they rest on rock bottom, so that the richest supplies of the metal are found under twenty or thirty feet of mud, a fact which has preserved them from the surface mining of the natives. The accumulations of thousands of years are reached by the great dredges of the American company, which scoop up not only the soft river bottom, but six or eight inches of the bed-rock as well.

Two thousand or more years ago, the aboriginal Indians of South America delighted in platinum ornaments. Remnants of nose-rings and many perforated spangles made of thin layers of the metal, hammered on to a thin layer of gold, have been discovered in the prehistoric graves of Ecuador, in the Province of Esmeraldas, and in the Island of Tola. In the same region, some seventeen hundred years later, Europeans first took note of the metal and gave it the present name, suggested by its likeness to silver and the shape of flat grains or flakes in which it was found.

It is said that the Choco Indians have taken more than \$600,000,000 in gold from the rivers since the Spaniards first came, and that until a hundred years ago they threw the platinum back. When the new metal finally achieved a market price sufficient to tempt them, the natives of Quibdo, capital of the Choco district, remembered that for years they had been throwing platinum "waste," separated from gold in the refining process, into the streets or through the cracks of the buildings. The 1,500 odd inhabitants set to and panned the town, with good results. It is said that one man tore down his store

to mine beneath it, and later rebuilt it at a profit of \$4,000.

The American-British company is said, in the *Times*, to have been dredging three years and to have recovered 19,471 ounces of platinum and 3,073 ounces of gold. A second and third dredge, with respective annual capacities of 1,000,000 and 1,500,000 yards, are beginning to operate, and we read that a short time ago deposits yielding \$8 a yard, instead of the average \$1, were uncovered. Indians from far and wide assembled on the river banks and, as the great scoop bit into the river bed, hundreds of naked divers flashed after it, intent on collecting as much "pay dirt" as they could before it rose above the waters.

The value of platinum is based upon its indestructibility, for which reason all that has ever been mined remains available for use. The fund now extant is estimated at 4,000,000 troy ounces, of which a fourth are in the United States. The melting point of platinum is 1,775 Centigrade. Mixed with 10 to 20 per cent. iridium, it is the hardest metal known. Pure platinum is so ductile that it can be drawn into a wire that is virtually invisible.

As a catalyzer, platinum is invaluable to chemistry. Its great value during the war was chiefly due to its use in making high explosives. Only by its use as a catalyzer can fixed nitrogen be derived from the air. Because it is impervious to all acids except aqua regia, it is extensively used for chemical apparatus. Dentists use a great deal of it. Platinum pins are employed in making false teeth, because the metal will not melt in the high degree of heat developed to fuse the porcelain. Its resiliency makes it useful in straightening teeth. It is used to tip instruments, and in dentists' electric furnaces.

Platinum is essential in electric devices wherever hardness and excellent conducting powers are needed at a point where great heat is developed. Surgeons use it to replace sections of bone and to brace shattered joints. It is said that hundreds of lives were saved by it in the great war. Its uses are innumerable.

GREAT NEED IN JAPAN OF LABOR- SAVING MACHINERY

ACCUSTOMED as we are to admire the work accomplished by Japanese artist-artizans and to comment favorably on the rapid advances made in that country in the adoption of modern machinery and manufacturing methods, it is something of a revelation to read, in the *Exporters and Importers Journal* (New York), that nine-tenths of the Nipponese still cling with Oriental tenacity to the methods and appliances used from time immemorial, and even the ordinary operations of the farm and the household are conducted, for the most part, with crude implements that call for an amount of manual labor altogether disproportionate to the result attained, according to modern American ideas. Some progress has been made of late in the introduction of American tools and labor-saving devices in Japanese workshops, but the aggregate results, we are told, are very small.

Take the "village blacksmith," as shown in one of the accompanying illustrations, with his few simple little tools and ancient appliances, squatted at his forge. He may and probably does turn out very creditable work, but at what expenditure of time and labor? In another illustration a dyer is shown at work, his "plant" being located either out of doors or with a simple shed roof for shelter. How, with these appliances, he produces the wonderful color effects displayed by Japanese fabrics is almost a mystery, but here again prodigal

expenditure of labor, a patient industriousness that has passed down from generation to generation until it has become a feature of the population, and great manual dexterity are to be credited with what these workers are able to accomplish. Imagine the American dyer setting his dyer yarn on a sloping draining-board to relieve it of the superfluous dye fluid, an operation that may probably take hours or even longer: the American workman throws his dyed skeins into a rapidly revolving centrifugal and the surplus moisture is whirled out of them in a few seconds. For dyes the Japanese dyer had long been dependent on foreign sources, Germany having supplied the bulk of the imports of this nature up to the beginning of the war. Now Japan, like the United States, is making her own dyes with excellent success, but the old methods of dyeing and the old apparatus, a few tubs, some sunk in the ground to make them easier of access and provide for their more convenient heating, draining boards and a few stirring sticks, constitute the devices at his command. If with these he can produce the satisfactory work that has won him fame, what might he not accomplish with the aid of some of the simplest appliances used in up-to-date American dye-works?

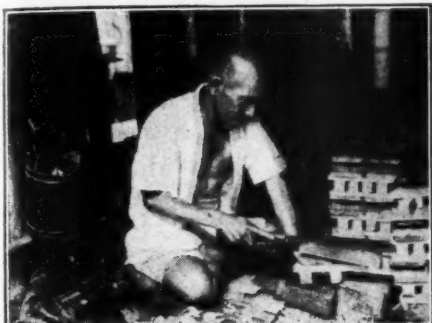
Consider the Japanese farmer polishing rice, a primitive operation effected by the friction of the kernels against one another in a tub or barrel that is rocked or rotated



VILLAGE SMITHY OF JAPAN

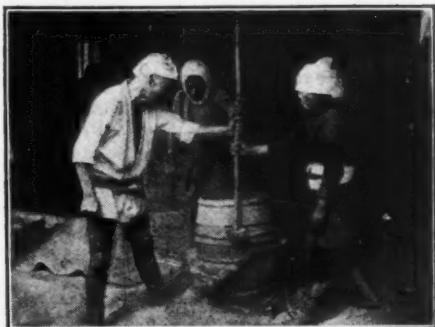


THE DYER OF OLD JAPAN



MAKING "GETOS" OR WOODEN SHOES

by hand power. As the *Exporters and Importers Journal* comments, one of the simple little mills designed for this purpose and made by American manufacturers would accomplish, in a few minutes, what it probably takes these patient workers hours to effect, and with one operation in place of the three the picture shows. In making "getos," or wooden shoes, a shaper such as may be found in every modern American wood-working shop would turn them out by the dozen, where the Japanese artizan would be making a single shoe.



JAPANESE FARMER POLISHING RICE

Japan, however, is far from standing still industrially, as is evident from the fact that our exports of machinery to Japan during the year 1919 amounted in value to \$21,443,441, of which \$1,473,277 represented machinery for use in the pulp and paper industries, \$3,623,674 textile machinery and \$1,815,063 sewing machines. The condition of Japan's ship-building, textile manufacturing, tobacco manufacturing and other important industries is the best indication of the mechanical and industrial progress of the nation.

EUROPE HAS ALL KINDS OF MONEY —IN PAPER

INTERNATIONAL exchange in recent months has been performing sleight-of-hand tricks, due to the markets of the world being flooded with paper money in such volume that currency values have lost all stability. Since the outbreak of the war the presses of several European countries, particularly Germany, Austria, Russia and Turkey, have been turning out paper money with little regard for gold or any metal whatever as a basis. Coins having largely disappeared from circulation, other tokens have taken their place regardless of their intrinsic value.

In the *New York Tribune* we read that from 1914 to 1920 there was a 600 per cent. increase in the paper currency of the world, while the gold reserve behind it increased only 40 per cent. The four Central Powers—Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey—show an ad-

vance of billions. Nor is central Europe alone in its excessive paper-money issues. In one year since the signing of the armistice France has increased its paper money by some five billion francs. Every city, town and village in France that has a bank has received permission from the Government to issue paper money. Five and twenty-franc denominations have been most frequent, but fifty centimes, or half-franc notes, also have been issued, and some banks have gone so far as to issue five and ten-centime notes.

All these notes, including those of the smallest denomination, are beautifully engraved. A fifty-centime note of one department carries engraved statues of Joffre and Charles Martel, the two men who had kept the Hun at bay. The one-franc note of the Bank of Rochelle bears a picture of the Bastille. When it became

apparent that Verdun was to be one of the turning points of the war, engravings of the rock of Verdun became popular. Most of these notes have been issued for one or two years, like our short-term certificates, but, unlike our certificates, they are subject to repeated renewal. As a natural consequence of the increase in paper currency there is a notable dearth of coins in France.

Germany, we read, has had so many different issues of paper money since 1914 that the American Numismatic Society has thrown up the sponge and lost count, hopeless for the present at least of listing every issue. Every kingdom, duchy or other division of the empire has had its own issues. Also numerous municipal banks have issued notes of their own in all sorts of denominations.

The smallest paper currency in the world—the pfennig—has been issued from German presses. The note is $2\frac{1}{2}$ by $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches in size and is now in general circulation throughout Germany. The straits to which Germany has been reduced is indicated by the issuance of porcelain coins during the war, the only substitute for metal coins resorted to by any Government in Europe. They are in 20 pfennig, 50 pfennig, 1 mark and 2-mark denominations. The reason for this issue is that the mark has depreciated to such an extent that it would hardly pay to coin even copper or iron. Porcelain municipal coins, particularly for use on cars, or "trans currency," are now in use in Hamburg and other cities. The coins at least have the virtue of being sanitary and easily laundered.

In Russia ruble values are so low at present that the Bolshevik government now issues 10,000-ruble notes. These notes are already considered small change and are carried around in sheets by shoppers,



THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY

—Thomas in Detroit News

which is not surprising, as the price in Petrograd for two pounds of tea is 1,000 rubles and the price of one pound of butter is 3,500 rubles. Lenin, it is said, plans to manufacture so much paper money that its value will be destroyed altogether. "Hundreds of thousands of ruble notes are issued daily by our treasury," he is reported as saying. "This is done not in order to fill the coffers of the state with practically worthless paper, but with the deliberate intention of destroying the value of money as a means of payment. There is no justification for the existence of money in a Bolshevik state, where the necessities of life shall be paid for by work alone." Rubles are so cheap now that they are sold only in five-ruble denominations for five cents a piece, or a penny a ruble—one-fiftieth of their previous value. In fact, it is said that an ordinary price for a common box of sulphur matches in Petrograd is five hundred rubles at their present valuation.

Unless something is done in the near future to inject some sort of appreciable value into the buying power of paper money issued by the Bolshevik government, the forecast is made that the present so-called government cannot survive an-

other Russian winter. Paper rubles at this writing are about as valueless as was Confederate money during the last stages of the Civil War when houses were actually papered with it in the South, it being cheaper than wall paper.

BLIND MEN ARE SUCCESSFUL POULTRY FARMERS

WHAT is a "blink"? Visit the Red Cross Institute for the Blind, at Evergreen, Maryland, where some eighty or ninety ex-soldiers are receiving training in various vocations. The term "blink" is one which these boys have given themselves in place of "blind man," and it carries no odium. Among other things that the former doughboys are mastering is poultry raising and, we read in *The Country Gentleman*, the Evergreen experiment has proved that a blind man can successfully "oversee" the raising of from 500 to 1,000 chickens. In fact, we are told, a blind man has a distinct advantage over a sighted person in raising chickens—his sense of touch. This sense, abnormally developed, serves a very useful purpose in culling a flock, as the points that indicate the good and poor birds are most easily told by handling them.

Jack Rapp, a student superintendent in the poultry department of the school, has this sense of touch pretty well developed. Not only can he tell, after a few months' training, the good from the poor birds, but he can tell accurately one or two of his especial "pets" by the sense of touch. Ralston R. Hannas, the *Country Gentleman* writer, was in the pen with him while he was trap-nesting and noticed a particularly good-looking pullet by the mash hopper. Asked about her, Rapp ventured that she might be No. 38. He felt her before reading the raised number and remarked: "No; 38 is a better bird than that"—and "he was right."

We are assured that trap-nesting by the blind is not at all impracticable. The regular style of leg-band is used, the numbers being in Braille type. Through the efforts of the poultry department at

Evergreen a certain leg-band firm now makes these Braille leg-bands.

When a bird lays and is removed from the nest, one of two methods may be used in recording the egg. The number may be written down on what is called a slate and transferred to the hen's individual record at night. This slate is a pocket instrument used by the blind in making notations. Or a board with 100 pegs—if there are 100 birds in the pen—with a tag for each peg, each tag to correspond with the number on each bird, may be used. When a bird lays, the tag corresponding to her number may be removed from the pegged board and dropped in a small box.

As to a blind man running an incubator, altho he may need assistance at the start in regulating the machine, he can tell easily whether the temperature is high or low by touching the thermostat lid which fits over the lamp box. If it bounds back sharply on the lamp box, the temperature is low; if it barely touches the lamp box on the rebound, the temperature is high; if it bounds back on the lamp box easily, but not sharply, the temperature is about right; also, if the thermostat lid, when at rest, is about one-quarter of an inch off the lamp box, the temperature is about right. But this, as well as the brooding, is something which requires to some extent the help of a sighted person. Diagnosing of poultry diseases is a phase of poultry raising which requires the assistance of a sighted person. However, sick birds can be detected and, while the exact disease cannot always be ascertained, enough can be found out from the nature of the trouble to let the man know that the bird ought to be removed.

A blind man will not do as well as a sighted person, of course. But, we are assured, he can do the bulk of the work on a poultry farm. The aim of the institute is to teach a man not only what

he can do himself, but also what should be done even by a sighted person, so that what he can't do he can tell the person helping him to do. The Evergreen experiment is a pronounced success.

WHY RAILROADS SHOULD PAY ADEQUATE SALARIES

A PROPOS of a bill pending in Congress to limit the salaries of railway officials to \$15,000 a year, and providing penalties if more is paid, Daniel Willard, of the Baltimore and Ohio, is puzzled to know why a railroad official holds the only office with which it seems to be discreditable to succeed, as measured in terms of salary. As he emphasizes, in a statement to the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, salaries up to a million dollars a year are being paid to men engaged in the coal, steel, sugar, leather and other industries, with newspaper approbation, and yet "it would seem that every capable railroad president ought to be ashamed of his salary and reduce it."

As a result of this attitude of criticism, we are told, the railroads have lost and are steadily losing their most-capable and experienced and brightest executives. President Willard cites, among many typical instances, the case of a young man who grew up in the railway service and who was receiving \$35,000 a year when we entered the war. When the Director General took the railroads over he reduced his salary—and "of course this young man remained until the war was over and did his part. But after the war was over he received an offer of twice that amount to go with an outside business. There was nothing to keep him in the railroad service when a higher value was placed upon his services outside."

Questioning the wisdom of forcing men of great capacity out of the transportation service, the head of the B. & O. draws attention to another and more serious effect: Formerly it was customary for hundreds of bright young college boys to enter the railroad service each year. They were anxious then to enter the service.

But what is the situation to-day? Applications of that kind have almost entirely ceased. They do not come in any numbers any more and Willard does not advise them to enter the service. In fact, "I had thought that my own son might enter the railroad service, but before he finished his college course, even tho he had theretofore intended entering the railroad service, he changed his mind and decided to enter some other line of business. And why? (1) Because the future status of railroading seemed uncertain; and (2) because I did not care to encourage him to enter a business where to succeed will be a reproach, as the public mind looks at the matter at this time. I felt that he had better opportunities elsewhere."

Under the terms of general legislation and as a reflection of public opinion, not only is it proposed to limit salaries of railway executives, but, this one complains in conclusion, it has actually come about that a railway officer, if he meets the public standard as to how he shall conduct himself, cannot have an investment in anything he knows anything about, because he is doing business with pretty nearly everything he has knowledge of, and if he complies with the law and public opinion he is cut off from opportunities of profitable investment. The Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce is warned that whatever salaries may be fixed they will measure the general abilities of the men who accept them, because "you cannot expect to get ability in the business world without paying for it."

More than a third of the people of the United States live in cities of more than 25,000 population.

The average deposit in savings banks in the United States is \$571.90, and the average per inhabitant \$61.85.

GENERATING ELECTRICITY FROM THE WIND

THE problem of generating electricity from the air in violent motion has recently been solved, after two years of experimenting, by engineers of the Perkins Corporation in conjunction with the Westinghouse Electric Company. They have produced an outfit that generates electricity from winds blowing from seven to thirty miles an hour, stores it up for use when needed, and works day and night without attention. A heavy fifty-foot steel tower, topped by a large wind-wheel, a generator, a switchboard, and a battery, are included in the equipment.

The first perfected outfit has been erected in Indiana, where careful records have been kept from the day of its installation. Every known instrument for recording results in terms of wind velocity and amount of current generated have been in constant use. An anemometer placed on top of the big wind-wheel has automatically recorded the velocity of the wind during every minute of the day. A registering ammeter on the switchboard inside has told just how much current was being generated in the same period of time. These records furnish data as to the amount of electric current generated under different wind conditions. Kept for a number of months and carefully checked with Government wind data, they indicate that it is possible to produce and store enough current to cover average farm needs.

There is nothing at all complicated about the apparatus or its installation, and its operation is said to be practically identical with that of the best gasoline-driven farm light and power plants, the main difference being that it requires no gasoline or other fuel. The wind does all the work, taking the place of the gasoline engine and furnishing the power and light without any expense for fuel. The operation is practically automatic, and there is no engine starting or similar details. The outfit may be installed on a knoll, a high spot of ground or wherever wind conditions are most favorable.

This method of generating electricity is expected to bring in a new era to the farm power and light field, putting electric light within the reach of many who live where no electric lighting plant exists. There are many thousands of small towns and villages which are in the same position as farming districts in this particular. If electricity can be extracted from the wind by an outfit which practically runs itself, requiring oiling only once a year, and which can be erected at any distance from the house or other building where the current is to be actually utilized, then electric lights, irons, vacuum cleaners and washing-machines, not to mention cream separators and other typically farming machinery, will be available for a great number of people who now yearn for them in vain.

When the system of generating electricity from the air is perfected, a new era in agriculture will be in order.

WHAT THE WORLD OWES US

The world's debt to the United States is reported to be estimated by Secretary of the Treasury Mellon as follows:

Approximately \$10,000,000,000 advanced as war loans; this is due to the United States, chiefly advanced as war loans.

Three billion dollars due to the government for surplus war materials sold abroad.

Three billion dollars due to American exporters and manufacturers for goods delivered abroad.

Two billion dollars due to American investors in bonds for foreign governments and in stock of foreign corporations.

This amount is increasing daily, it is said, at the rate of about \$10,000,000 in interest. Prompt payment of interest would give the United States government and citizens approximately \$1,000,000,000 a year, or an amount equal to one-quarter of the total estimated expenditures of the government for three years.

Approximately one-third of the entire gold supply of the world is in the United States, according to the latest report of the Treasury. Gold within the boundaries of the United States is said to total \$3,001,000,000.



THE drive for the poets is on. The drive habit was formed during the war. Inspired by the great success of the Liberty Loan drives, the habit gained such momentum that we have gone on driving for every needy cause that has been big enough to be seen—starving women and children in Europe and China, church and college drives, Christian Association, Salvation Army and Boy and Girl Scout drives, the ego drive. They have been chronological and by gradual stages of progression have come to the makers of song who are ambitious to have a House of the Poets in New York that shall correspond to what is known as the House of Song in London. As N. P. Dawson reports, in the *New York Globe*, one object of the proposed institution will be to demand that the newspapers give, if need be, less space to sports and scandals and print a column of poetry every day at a fair rate of payment to contributors. The magazines, likewise, will be asked not to use poetry primarily to fill out a page and ruthlessly trim it, as Procrustes the victims for his bed; nor yet use a poem for purely ornamental purposes, as reading matter for a drawing or border design. Magazines, we are told, will be asked to raise their rates for poetry, so that no poet in future can preserve as a curiosity the \$1 *The Bookman* is accredited as once having paid for a sonnet. The sum necessary to insure the success of the movement is said to be \$100,000, and we are assured that the House of the Poets (its name is subject to change) is not to compete with any established poetry society or organization. On the contrary. It proposes to cooperate with one and all of them, and the movement is said to be receiving endorsements from widely separated parts of the country.

Contemporaneously with this project is

to be noted a number of new publications devoted seriously, if not exclusively, to poetry. Recently we have had occasion to compliment one of them, *The Measure*, of New York; and now come the *Lyric West*, of Los Angeles; *The Lyric*, of Norfolk, Virginia; and *The Double-Dealer*, the latter being especially attractive in format and content, from New Orleans. Its initial contributors of original matter bear such names as Lascadio Hearn, Ernest Dowson, Padriac Colum, Vincent Starrett, Jeanette Marks, John McClure and Benjamin De Casseres. In the May number of *The Double-Dealer* we find these interesting verses, not previously published in this country and not included in the collected works of their author, a noted English poet of the late Victorian period:

THE PASSING OF TENNYSON

BY ERNEST DOWSON

AS his own Arthur fared across the mere,
With the grave Queen, past knowledge
of the throng,
Serene and calm, rebuking grief and tear,
Departs this prince of song.

Whom the gods love, Death does not cleave
nor smite,
But like an angel, with soft trailing wing,
He gathers them upon the hush of night,
With voice and beckoning.

The moonlight falling on that august head,
Smoothed out the mark of time's defiling
hand,
And hushed the voice of mourning round his
bed—
"He goes to his own land."

Beyond the ramparts of the world, where
stray,
The laureled few o'er field Elysian,
He joins his elders of the lyre and bay,
Led by the Mantuan.

We mourn him not, but sigh with Bedivere,
Not perished be the sword he bore so long,
Excalibur, whom none is left to wear—
His magic brand of song.

Also from *The Double-Dealer* we quote
this protest such as poets immemorially
have leveled at philosophers:

TO MAD PHILOSOPHERS

BY JOHN MCCLURE

*"All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream."*

BUT is a dream less real to ye
(Dream also) than reality?
Is death a sweeter thing because
You call it phantom? Since when was
The dreamer and the dream distinct?
They are inextricably link'd.
You come back climbing circle-wise
The ancient spiral of your lies.
Reality a dream, you say?
The dream, then, is reality—
And Grief and Pain and Death and Hell
Not wholly, then, fantastical.
Perhaps beyond the noumenon,
Beyond the dreamer, may be One
Who could dispel them with a breath.
*To you—dream image—they are death.
Dreams, to another dream, may be
Even realer than reality.*

The latest issue in the Yale Series of
younger poets is a volume, entitled "Hor-
izons" (Yale Press, New Haven), by Viola
C. White, from which we select two short
poems, the first of which has a glitter of
agate quality, and the second of which has
a precise quality of detail characteristic
of Dutch art, but softened by a tenderness
of mood which casts a shadow over the
scene without impairing its clear contours:

ADVICE

BY VIOLA C. WHITE

HOLD thy life a winged seed
Blowing o'er the good earth's mead.
Toss it and thou list, nor rue it.
Wilt thou not? Then time will do it.

Hold thy name a cockle boat
That the seaward rivers float.
Let the river waves leap through it,
Wilt thou not? Then time will do it.

Hold thy love but as a light
Flying through a windy night.
Let the sporting winds pursue it.
Wilt thou not? Then time will do it.

DUTCH SLUMBER SONG

BY VIOLA C. WHITE

THE little fields are very green,
And kine the little fields do keep.
Through many channels laid between
Waters creep.

A stork goes stepping unto nest,
Goes stepping solemn like a king;
And red the west, and in the west
White gulls wing.

Boats are floating all the night
Down the level water's black,
Boats that left by candle-light
Have all come back.

They have cut the hay and bound it.
Poled along, the barge lags by.
Lazy duckweed winds around it
Lingeringly.

Fishers squatting in a row
Now have told their latest tale.
Now the flapping mills swing slow,
And winds fail.

Good night, little fields so green,
Kine that little fields do keep,
Little country, brave and clean,
Half asleep.

Nelson Antrim Crawford is the author
of the poem which this year won the \$100
poetry prize of the Kansas Authors' Club.
Entitled "The Carrying of the Ghost," it
is a free-verse composition descriptive of
an Indian "ghost-fire" ritual which takes
place as a memorial to a brave a month
after his death. Unfortunately its length
prohibits our quoting it, but we reprint,
from the *Kansas City Star*, the following
poem which was awarded the second prize:

THE HILLS

BY ESTHER CLARK HILL

THE prairie land is a lovely land, fair it
lies and broad;
With its miles of sheer and shimmering
wheat, a-sway on the level sod.
But I come from the hills, and I miss the
hills, that lift their heads to God.

A prairie sky is a wond'rous thing, rose-
stained and turquoise-blue,
When the last gray hour of the night is
spent, and the day is born anew.
But my heart has leaped to the rugged hills,
when the silver dawn stepped through.

A prairie sky is a wond'rous thing, rose-
stained and turquoise-blue,
The fireflies rise from the tall, damp grass
as the last of the day goes by.
Through holy nights we have watched the
hills—the desert stars and I.

The prairie land is a friendly land, where
gay, wild sunflowers nod
Their dusty heads to each stiff-necked spray
of wayside goldenrod.
But I loved the hills, the stern, dark hills,
that spoke to me of God.

In *Vanity Fair* these verses, in "Americanese," appear as part of a group of poems by Mr. Weaver that are very much above the level of contemporary magazine verse. We particularly like the poetic thought that is felicitously expressed in the seventh stanza:

LEGEND

BY JOHN V. A. WEAVER

I WONDER where it could of went to . . .
I know I seen it just as plain:
A beautiful, big fairy city
Shinin' through the rain.

Rain, it was, not snow—in winter!
Special-order April weather
Ticklin' at our two faces
Pressed up close together.

Not a single soul was near us
Standin' out there on the bow;
When we passed another ferry
He says, sudden, "Now!"

Then I looked where he was pointin' . . .
I seen a magic city rise . . .
Gleamin' windows, like when fields is
Full o' fireflies.

Towers and palaces up in the clouds, like . . .
Real as real, but nice and blurred.
"Oh . . ." I starts in—but he whispers
"Hush! Don't say a word!"

"Don't look long, and don't ast questions;
Elset you make the fairies sore . . .
They won't let you even see it
Never any more.

"Don't you try to ever go there . . .
It's to dream of, not to find.
Lovely things like that is always
Mostly in your mind."

Somethin' made me say, "It's Jersey!"
Somethin' mean . . . He hollers, "Hell!
Now you done it, sure as shootin' . . .
Now you bust the spell!"

Sure enough, the towers and castles
Went like lightnin' outa sight. . . .
Nothin' there but filthy Jersey
On a drizzly night.

F. P. A. is a humorist, whether he be
conducting a newspaper "colyum" or toss-
ing off a verse for *The Bookman*. As an
instance:

TO A LADY TROUBLED BY IN- SOMNIA

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

LET the waves of slumber billow
Gently, softly o'er thy pillow;
Let the darkness wrap thee round
Till in slumber thou art drowned;
Let my tenderest lullabies
Guard the closing of thine eyes;
If *these* fail to make thee weary,
Then I cannot help thee, dearie.

Mr. Menken, poetry editor of the *Smart Set*, is accused of being no judge of poetry.
We wonder how this got past him:

SLUMBER SONG

BY AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

WHEN blue dust thickens in the air
And all the strands of wind
Are braided like unruly hair,
After the sun goes blind,

And I have signed on slumber ships,
Then am I skipper of the skies,
Strange lyrics written on my lips,
Strange sonnets in my eyes.

Then am I singing, it would seem,
To fairy fiddle and bassoon
Till daylight has dissolved the dream
As morning does the moon.

Oh, sweet and sad and quaintly dear
Are secrets that I never tell,
Which stay to haunt my waking ear,
Each like a tiny bell!

And when the blue dust is no more,
And when my loved ones, kind and gay,
Arise and listen at my door
They always steal away,

And leave me to my raptured hours,
Who smile so strangely as I rest,
Pale with the drug of poppy flowers
Still heavy on my breast.

If death be sleep, I wonder why
They gave it not the softer name—
Ah, me, but it were dear to die
If dying were the same!

Recently in Central Park, New York city, President Harding unveiled a statue of Simon Bolivar, supplementary to which a Nicaraguan poet has written these commemorative verses which occur in the *N. Y. Evening Post*:

RECESSIONAL

BY SALOMÓN DE LA SELVA

OH, rest thee from the sculptured pose,
And let thy charger graze at will;
Bedewed with tears is thy heart's rose
And tears thy long-fixed glances fill!

I know what grief is in thy heart;
I hear thy world-unheeded cry:
Bolivar, deathless as thou art,
Be flesh again and dare to die!

Thy land is rank with pestilence
That tyrants breed; thy people groan
Beneath the tyrant's insolence,
And thou art only bronze and stone!

Oh, I will give thee my young flesh;
Better than bronze it suiteth thee:
And I shall wage thy wars afresh
If but thy spirit breathe on me!

There is some food for thought in these
lines which appear in the *Smart Set*:

A MOTTO

BY ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

IF God had willed that man be found
All day upon his knees,
He would have made this earth of ours
Less beautiful to please;

That is with many colored flowers
Enameled curiously,
And round it, like a faithful hound,
The watchful, growing sea.

The gypsy call, so far as we can hear,
has not been sounded very insistently by
the poets of late, but here is one, from
Holland's Magazine, which makes up in

singing quality for what we have been
missing in quantity:

GYPSY BORN

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

THO your feet are not bare, and your
cheeks not brown,
You're only a gypsy born in town!
And this is the way I can tell, my dear,
You've a gypsy eye and a gypsy ear.
When the gray road calls, we are dumb. You
hear.
When the spring came by, we were blind.
You knew.
And the way I know, I'm a gypsy too.

The people we love are not our kin
And this isn't *our* town we're living in.
Our town is the road and our house is the
sky,
And we must go back to them, you and I.

Then take my hand. Let us go again
Far from the noise and fret of men;
Let us listen to rocks and talk to trees,
And wear and say and do what we please.
For a call has come no others hear
But it tugs at your heart and rings in my
ear,
For we're both of us gypsy born, my dear!

Most of us would like to live a story-
book life, and here is a poet who, in *The
Nation*, convinces us that a ballad world
is a pretty good place in which to pitch
a tent:

I SHOULD LIKE TO LIVE IN A
BALLAD WORLD

BY EDA LOU WALTON

I SHOULD like to live as a ballad maid
Who loves, is loved, and dies,
Or bears four sons as a matron staid
To her lord's amazed eyes.

Birth, and youth, and womanhood,
Ripe lips and golden hair,
Death and a lover understood,
And a black silk shroud to wear;

And all the long years left untold
The long hours left unsaid,
While swift, rare moments of life unfold
Bronze and silver and red.

I should like to live in a ballad world
While vivid lips of song
My leaping, lingering tale unfurled
Of a fate six stanzas long.



THE drive for the poets is on. The drive habit was formed during the war. Inspired by the great success of the Liberty Loan drives, the habit gained such momentum that we have gone on driving for every needy cause that has been big enough to be seen—starving women and children in Europe and China, church and college drives, Christian Association, Salvation Army and Boy and Girl Scout drives, the ego drive. They have been chronological and by gradual stages of progression have come to the makers of song who are ambitious to have a House of the Poets in New York that shall correspond to what is known as the House of Song in London. As N. P. Dawson reports, in the *New York Globe*, one object of the proposed institution will be to demand that the newspapers give, if need be, less space to sports and scandals and print a column of poetry every day at a fair rate of payment to contributors. The magazines, likewise, will be asked not to use poetry primarily to fill out a page and ruthlessly trim it, as Procrustes the victims for his bed; nor yet use a poem for purely ornamental purposes, as reading matter for a drawing or border design. Magazines, we are told, will be asked to raise their rates for poetry, so that no poet in future can preserve as a curiosity the \$1 *The Bookman* is accredited as once having paid for a sonnet. The sum necessary to insure the success of the movement is said to be \$100,000, and we are assured that the House of the Poets (its name is subject to change) is not to compete with any established poetry society or organization. On the contrary. It proposes to cooperate with one and all of them, and the movement is said to be receiving endorsements from widely separated parts of the country.

Contemporaneously with this project is

to be noted a number of new publications devoted seriously, if not exclusively, to poetry. Recently we have had occasion to compliment one of them, *The Measure*, of New York; and now come the *Lyric West*, of Los Angeles; *The Lyric*, of Norfolk, Virginia; and *The Double-Dealer*, the latter being especially attractive in format and content, from New Orleans. Its initial contributors of original matter bear such names as Lafcadio Hearn, Ernest Dowson, Padriac Colum, Vincent Starrett, Jeanette Marks, John McClure and Benjamin De Casseres. In the May number of *The Double-Dealer* we find these interesting verses, not previously published in this country and not included in the collected works of their author, a noted English poet of the late Victorian period:

THE PASSING OF TENNYSON

BY ERNEST DOWSON

AS his own Arthur fared across the mere,
With the grave Queen, past knowledge
of the throng,
Serene and calm, rebuking grief and tear,
Departs this prince of song.

Whom the gods love, Death does not cleave
nor smite,

But like an angel, with soft trailing wing,
He gathers them upon the hush of night,
With voice and beckoning.

The moonlight falling on that august head,
Smoothed out the mark of time's defiling
hand,

And hushed the voice of mourning round his
bed—

"He goes to his own land."

Beyond the ramparts of the world, where
stray,

The laureled few o'er field Elysian,
He joins his elders of the lyre and bay,
Led by the Mantuan.

We mourn him not, but sigh with Bedivere,
Not perished be the sword he bore so long,
Excalibur, whom none is left to wear—
His magic brand of song.

Also from *The Double-Dealer* we quote
this protest such as poets immemorally
have leveled at philosophers:

TO MAD PHILOSOPHERS

By JOHN MCCLURE

*"All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream."*

BUT is a dream less real to ye
(Dream also) than reality?
Is death a sweeter thing because
You call it phantom? Since when was
The dreamer and the dream distinct?
They are inextricably link'd.
You come back climbing circle-wise
The ancient spiral of your lies.
Reality a dream, you say?
The dream, then, is reality—
And Grief and Pain and Death and Hell
Not wholly, then, fantastical.
Perhaps beyond the noumenon,
Beyond the dreamer, may be One
Who could dispel them with a breath.
*To you—dream image—they are death.
Dreams, to another dream, may be
Even realer than reality.*

The latest issue in the Yale Series of
younger poets is a volume, entitled "Horizons"
(Yale Press, New Haven), by Viola
C. White, from which we select two short
poems, the first of which has a glitter of
agate quality, and the second of which has
a precise quality of detail characteristic
of Dutch art, but softened by a tenderness
of mood which casts a shadow over the
scene without impairing its clear contours:

ADVICE

By VIOLA C. WHITE

HOLD thy life a winged seed
Blowing o'er the good earth's mead.
Toss it and thou list, nor rue it.
Wilt thou not? Then time will do it.

Hold thy name a cockle boat
That the seaward rivers float.
Let the river waves leap through it,
Wilt thou not? Then time will do it.

Hold thy love but as a light
Flying through a windy night.
Let the sporting winds pursue it.
Wilt thou not? Then time will do it.

DUTCH SLUMBER SONG

By VIOLA C. WHITE

THE little fields are very green,
And kine the little fields do keep.
Through many channels laid between
Waters creep.

A stork goes stepping unto nest,
Goes stepping solemn like a king;
And red the west, and in the west
White gulls wing.

Boats are floating all the night
Down the level water's black,
Boats that left by candle-light
Have all come back.

They have cut the hay and bound it.
Poled along, the barge lags by.
Lazy duckweed winds around it
Lingeringly.

Fishers squatting in a row
Now have told their latest tale.
Now the flapping mills swing slow,
And winds fail.

Good night, little fields so green,
Kine that little fields do keep,
Little country, brave and clean,
Half asleep.

Nelson Antrim Crawford is the author
of the poem which this year won the \$100
poetry prize of the Kansas Authors' Club.
Entitled "The Carrying of the Ghost," it
is a free-verse composition descriptive of
an Indian "ghost-fire" ritual which takes
place as a memorial to a brave a month
after his death. Unfortunately its length
prohibits our quoting it, but we reprint,
from the *Kansas City Star*, the following
poem which was awarded the second prize:

THE HILLS

By ESTHER CLARK HILL

THE prairie land is a lovely land, fair it
lies and broad;
With its miles of sheer and shimmering
wheat, a-sway on the level sod.
But I come from the hills, and I miss the
hills, that lift their heads to God.

A prairie sky is a wond'rous thing, rose-
stained and turquoise-blue,
When the last gray hour of the night is
spent, and the day is born anew.
But my heart has leaped to the rugged hills,
when the silver dawn stepped through.

A prairie sky is a wond'rous thing, rose-stained and turquoise-blue,
The fireflies rise from the tall, damp grass
as the last of the day goes by.
Through holy nights we have watched the hills—the desert stars and I.

The prairie land is a friendly land, where gay, wild sunflowers nod
Their dusty heads to each stiff-necked spray of wayside goldenrod.
But I loved the hills, the stern, dark hills, that spoke to me of God.

In *Vanity Fair* these verses, in "Americanese," appear as part of a group of poems by Mr. Weaver that are very much above the level of contemporary magazine verse. We particularly like the poetic thought that is felicitously expressed in the seventh stanza:

LEGEND

BY JOHN V. A. WEAVER

I WONDER where it could of went to . . .
I know I seen it just as plain:
A beautiful, big fairy city
Shinin' through the rain.

Rain, it was, not snow—in winter!
Special-order April weather
Ticklin' at our two faces
Pressed up close together.

Not a single soul was near us
Standin' out there on the bow;
When we passed another ferry
He says, sudden, "Now!"

Then I looked where he was pointin' . . .
I seen a magic city rise . . .
Gleamin' windows, like when fields is
Full o' fireflies.

Towers and palaces up in the clouds, like . . .
Real as real, but nice and blurred.
"Oh . . ." I starts in—but he whispers
"Hush! Don't say a word!"

"Don't look long, and don't ast questions;
Elset you make the fairies sore . . .
They won't let you even see it
Never any more.

"Don't you try to ever go there . . .
It's to dream of, not to find.
Lovely things like that is always
Mostly in your mind."

Somethin' made me say, "It's Jersey!"
Somethin' mean . . . He hollers, "Hell!
Now you done it, sure as shootin' . . .
Now you bust the spell!"

Sure enough, the towers and castles
Went like lightnin' outa sight . . .
Nothin' there but filthy Jersey
On a drizzly night.

F. P. A. is a humorist, whether he be conducting a newspaper "colyum" or tossing off a verse for *The Bookman*. As an instance:

TO A LADY TROUBLED BY INSOMNIA

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

LET the waves of slumber billow
Gently, softly o'er thy pillow;
Let the darkness wrap thee round
Till in slumber thou art drowned;
Let my tenderest lullabies
Guard the closing of thine eyes;
If these fail to make thee weary,
Then I cannot help thee, dearie.

Mr. Menken, poetry editor of the *Smart Set*, is accused of being no judge of poetry. We wonder how this got past him:

SLUMBER SONG

BY AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

WHEN blue dust thickens in the air
And all the strands of wind
Are braided like unruly hair,
After the sun goes blind,

And I have signed on slumber ships,
Then am I skipper of the skies,
Strange lyrics written on my lips,
Strange sonnets in my eyes.

Then am I singing, it would seem,
To fairy fiddle and bassoon
Till daylight has dissolved the dream
As morning does the moon.

Oh, sweet and sad and quaintly dear
Are secrets that I never tell,
Which stay to haunt my waking ear,
Each like a tiny bell!

And when the blue dust is no more,
And when my loved ones, kind and gay,
Arise and listen at my door
They always steal away,

And leave me to my raptured hours,
Who smile so strangely as I rest,
Pale with the drug of poppy flowers
Still heavy on my breast.

If death be sleep, I wonder why
They gave it not the softer name—
Ah, me, but it were dear to die
If dying were the same!

Recently in Central Park, New York city, President Harding unveiled a statue of Simon Bolivar, supplementary to which a Nicaraguan poet has written these commemorative verses which occur in the *N. Y. Evening Post*:

RECESSIONAL

BY SALOMÓN DE LA SELVA

OH, rest thee from the sculptured pose,
And let thy charger graze at will;
Bedewed with tears is thy heart's rose
And tears thy long-fixed glances fill!

I know what grief is in thy heart;
I hear thy world-unheeded cry:
Bolivar, deathless as thou art,
Be flesh again and dare to die!

Thy land is rank with pestilence
That tyrants breed; thy people groan
Beneath the tyrant's insolence,
And thou art only bronze and stone!

Oh, I will give thee my young flesh;
Better than bronze it suiteth thee:
And I shall wage thy wars afresh
If but thy spirit breathe on me!

There is some food for thought in these
lines which appear in the *Smart Set*:

A MOTTO

BY ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

IF God had willed that man be found
All day upon his knees,
He would have made this earth of ours
Less beautiful to please;

That is with many colored flowers
Enameled curiously,
And round it, like a faithful hound,
The watchful, growling sea.

The gypsy call, so far as we can hear,
has not been sounded very insistently by
the poets of late, but here is one, from
Holland's Magazine, which makes up in

singing quality for what we have been
missing in quantity:

GYPSY BORN

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

THO your feet are not bare, and your
cheeks not brown,
You're only a gypsy born in town!
And this is the way I can tell, my dear,
You've a gypsy eye and a gypsy ear.
When the gray road calls, we are dumb. You
hear.
When the spring came by, we were blind.
You knew.
And the way I know, I'm a gypsy too.

The people we love are not our kin
And this isn't *our* town we're living in.
Our town is the road and our house is the
sky,
And we must go back to them, you and I.

Then take my hand. Let us go again
Far from the noise and fret of men;
Let us listen to rocks and talk to trees,
And wear and say and do what we please.
For a call has come no others hear
But it tugs at your heart and rings in my
ear,
For we're both of us gypsy born, my dear!

Most of us would like to live a story-
book life, and here is a poet who, in *The
Nation*, convinces us that a ballad world
is a pretty good place in which to pitch
a tent:

I SHOULD LIKE TO LIVE IN A
BALLAD WORLD

BY EDA LOU WALTON

I SHOULD like to live as a ballad maid
Who loves, is loved, and dies,
Or bears four sons as a matron staid
To her lord's amazed eyes.

Birth, and youth, and womanhood,
Ripe lips and golden hair,
Death and a lover understood,
And a black silk shroud to wear;

And all the long years left untold
The long hours left unsaid,
While swift, rare moments of life unfold
Bronze and silver and red:

I should like to live in a ballad world
While vivid lips of song
My leaping, lingering tale unfurled
Of a fate six stanzas long.

There is something fascinating, as well as fatuous to be found in these verses from *The New Republic*:

THE TORTOISE IN ETERNITY

By ELINOR WYLIE

WITHIN my house of patterned horn
I sleep in such a bed
As men may keep before they're born
And after they are dead.

Sticks and stones may break their bones,
And words may make them bleed:
There is not one of them who owns
An armor to his need.

Tougher than hide or lozenged bark,
Snow-storm and thunder-proof,
And quick with sun and thick with dark
Is this my darling roof.

Their troubled dreams of death and birth
Pulse mother-o'-pearl to black:
I bear the rain-bow bubble Earth
Square on my scornful back.

Vanity Fair has a favorite poet and it would be hard to quarrel with any publication for giving space to a lyric such as this:

THE HUNGRY HEART

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

MY heart, being hungry, feeds on food
The fat of heart despise.
Beauty where beauty never stood,
And sweet where no sweet lies
I gather to my querulous need,
Having a growing heart to feed.

It may be, when my heart is dull,
Having attained its girth,
I shall not find so beautiful
The meager shapes of earth,
Nor linger in the rain to mark
The smell of tansy through the dark.

Artists should take notice of and art journals copy this bit of poetic wisdom which is imparted via *The Nation*:

THE INFORMING SPIRIT

By CARLYLE FERREN MACINTYRE

GALATEA gently slumbers
In a womb of marble stone.
Cold, austere, the shell encumbers
Prisoned loveliness unknown.

Quick, Pygmalion, with tender
Chisel strike this beauty free;
Softly, lest you mar the slender
Lily of eternity.

Poetry, of Chicago, congratulates itself on publishing these verses which are handled with a freshness and sincerity that its editor, Miss Harriet Monroe, observes, are rarely encountered in a religious poem. The author is a native of Melbourne, Australia:

A PRAYER

By JESSIE MACDONALD

LOVE us, Lord, but not too much.
Come thou near, yet not too near.
All thy laughing splendor spoils
What we daily see and fear,
What we bear, and do, and touch.
Love us still, but not too much.

Come thou near, Lord, not too near:
Let us breathe thee through our lips.
Even now I saw thy hue
In the maple's yellow tips,
When a leaf, so gay, so dear,
Fell—but come thou not more near.

Let us breathe thee through our lips!
Do thou enter in our eyes!
Touch us that we not forget:
Make us simple, still, and wise.
Circling us, thy finger slips—
Let us breathe thee through our tips.

An old yearning finds fresh expression in these singing lines from the *Kansas City Star*:

QUESTION

By EDITH MCKAY

GRIEF seems an old thing,
Dull, gray, and all—
Shabby, with frayed ends
Like an old shawl.

Joy, like a bright scarf,
All eyes to please,
Gleaming with star-dust
Blows in the breeze.

Oh, to have worn Joy
Till I had sung!
Why must that old shawl
Wrap up the young?



BOOKS IN BRIEF



What Really Happened at Paris, by American Delegates, edited by Col. Edward Mandell House and Charles Seymour, Professor of History at Yale University (Scribner), consists in the main of lectures delivered in the Academy of Music in Philadelphia under the auspices of the *Public Ledger*. Among the delegates represented are Herbert Hoover, Samuel Gompers, Sidney Edward Mezes, Thomas W. Lamont, General Tasker Bliss and Admiral Mayo. Colonel House, besides acting as editor, contributes an introduction and a chapter, "The Versailles Peace in Retrospect," which is disappointingly non-committal. He and President Wilson are said to have parted company at Paris, but he throws no light on the alleged rupture. He calls the failure at Paris to carry through "open covenants openly arrived at" a great mistake, without holding Wilson responsible. He leaves the impression that Wilson's insistence on intertwining the League of Nations Covenant and the Versailles Treaty was unfortunate, yet condemns the American Senators for rejecting the Treaty, "the only instrument which has been devised to save us from the destruction of another world war," and regrets that they did not choose another occasion to battle with the Executive for "what they declared to be their rights." We gather that Colonel House is not reconciled to a peace with victory, even while he admits the necessities of the situation. "Theoretically," to quote his exact words, "'peace without victory' was within the realm of reason, but practically it was not. Civilization must advance further before such a peace is possible."

Out of My Life, by Marshal von Hindenburg (Harper), is a memorable revelation of the psychology of a soldier. For Hindenburg war is a religion. Within his limitations he is courageous, honest, pious, faithful. He simply cannot conceive of a world without kaisers and without wars. He became a soldier, he tells us, "as a matter of course." His father was also

a soldier. He received his first wound and his first decoration at the battle of Königgrätz, when he was 18 years old. Of the feelings of the Germans as, in 1870, they looked down on the conquered city of Paris, he tells us: "I am sure that when the Crusaders gazed for the first time on Jerusalem their feelings were the same as ours when we saw Paris lying at our feet." Of his own feelings when he was recalled from retirement at the outbreak of the Great War, he says: "I was not afraid of war. I am not afraid of it now!" What, Mrs. N. P. Dawson asks in the *New York Globe*, are you going to do about a man like that? "Hindenburg the man," she continues, "seems to be the best of his kind, but the kind is wrong and does not belong to an adult civilization."

The Kaiser vs. Bismarck (Harper) consists of the third volume of Bismarck's Memoirs and covers the period from the Kaiser's accession to the throne to his famous "dropping the pilot" in 1890. Its portrait of the former Kaiser is anything but flattering, and its significance may be judged from the fact that he did everything in his power to suppress it. When William came to the throne he was twenty-nine. Bismarck was not only old, he was a very great man. He had pursued policies which led toward peace after the Franco-German War, which kept the Vatican stifled as a political power, which tried to prevent Socialism from becoming a political power in Germany, and which so counterbalanced the powers that it was almost impossible for war to break out. The young Kaiser accepted these policies in principle but would not endure a guiding rein. "Without wishing to moralize unduly," Prof. Charles Downer Hazen comments in an introduction to the book, "one may distil from a contemplation of these two careers the reflection, by no means new but always timely, that the possession of power is apt to poison its possessor."

Cecil Rhodes, by Basil Williams (Holt), tells the fascinating life-story of one of the greatest of modern Englishmen. In

appearance Rhodes is said to have resembled a British navy crossed with a Roman Emperor. He was early enthralled by the idea that Great Britain was to be to the modern world something of what Rome had been to the ancient world. He felt that without money he could not accomplish anything, and the first success he achieved was that in the Kimberley diamond fields in Africa. He passed on to a political career; became Prime Minister of the Cape, and brought immense African territories under the British flag. He dreamed of Anglo-Saxon world-domination, in which the United States should join, and he established Rhodes scholarships in Oxford University in furtherance of this dream. His one great mistake was his part in the Jameson filibustering raid which helped to precipitate the South African War. He died in 1902 with the oft-quoted words on his lips: "So little done; so much to do."

Balkanized Europe, by Paul Scott Mowrer (Dutton), is a book that Americans need and ought to study at the present time. Mr. Mowrer has been for years a European correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*; he may claim to speak as something of an expert. It is his contention that the two great principles carried by President Wilson to Europe—the principle of self-determination and the principle of internationalism—are working out in antagonistic fashion. The sense of nationality in Europe has been increased, rather than diminished, by the war. Mr. Mowrer finds the peoples of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria and Greece alive with local prejudices and eager to extend their boundaries. To these states the League of Nations is little more than a pale abstraction. Within or without the League, Mr. Mowrer predicts, they will divide into rival national groups menacing the peace of the world. This conclusion is disillusionizing, but it is well to realize, as William L. McPherson points out in the *New York Tribune*, that the Versailles Treaty did not write finis on an era of nationalistic ambition and struggle. It may have merely recast the old factors for a new struggle.

The Crisis in Russia, by Arthur Ransome (Huebsch), has none of its author's earlier optimism as expressed in "Russia in 1919." He is still a defender of Bolshevism, but his defense, the *London Times* predicts, will make no converts. The book as a whole is tenta-

tive in its conclusions, spectral in its effects. Mr. Ransome does not let himself go; his attitude is deprecatory and he is tepid both in denunciation and praise. He intimates that five men, of the nineteen members of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, practically control Russia to-day. The wreck of the economic system lies, above all, in the domain of transport. The peasant "has no matches, no salt, no clothes, no books, no tools."

Alice Adams, by Booth Tarkington (Doubleday, Page), is the third of a trilogy of novels dealing with life in the Middle West. The two that preceded it were "The Turmoil" and "The Magnificent Ambersons." In this new story we see a family partly submerged and struggling vainly to reach a higher position. There is something in its heroine that is both pathetic and futile. The girl's effort to "get there," the series of mortifications to which she is subjected as a "wall-flower" at a ball, her simulation of a prosperity that she has never known, are vividly portrayed. "She is such a study as Jane Austen would have made," says Henry Seidel Canby in the *N. Y. Evening Post*, "except that Tarkington is less satiric than ruthless Jane." A reviewer in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* comments "Truly a remarkable picture of American life as enacted on a narrow stage that recalls Balzac's immortal 'Scènes de la Vie de Province.'"

Dust, by Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Halde-man-Julius (Brentano's), is a tale of a Kansas farm. The authors are associated with the Socialist weekly, the *Appeal to Reason*, but the one thing that is absent from the book is the propagandist note. From its first to its last page "Dust" is a work of art, suggestive of Russian rather than of American models. That human life in the last resort is dust—the dust of man's striving, the dust of his illusions, made now to appear golden in the light of hope, leaden in the darkness of despair, and ultimately mingling with the dust that is scattered over the end—is the message of the story as Isaac Goldberg reads it. "Unlike so many of the season's books," Mr. Goldberg writes in the *Boston Transcript*, "it displays a fond care of style and structure, an appreciation of the poetic element that enters into even the dullest life, an unflinching readiness to confront life where poetry has been brushed aside by something more stern and less compromising."



Christopher Columbus, New Style

THE first instalments of "An Outline of American History," suggested by H. G. Wells' recent volumes of similar title and written in the styles of various American authors, have appeared in the *Bookman* (New York) and strike a new note in contemporary humor. The author of the series, Donald Ogden Stewart, is assisted by Herb Roth in an attempt to convey to a new generation of Americans some aspects of history that may have escaped them. Chapter I is entitled "Cristofer Colombo: A Comedy of Discovery in the Manner of James Branch Cabell," and tells of the explorer's efforts to conquer the skepticism of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabel, and to win their support of his voyage of discovery in search of a new world.

The "very unnamable sorcerer Thyrston" figures in the story as an instructor of Columbus. It is by his help that Columbus is able to perform the famous egg trick before Ferdinand and his court. Here is Mr. Stewart's version of the story:

"And when an unmentionable egg and a doubtful silk hat had been produced in a manner which it is not convenient to mention, Colombo rolled up both his sleeves and spoke the magic speech as he had learned it on a certain Thursday from the sorcerer Thyrston.

"'Ladies and gentlemen,' said Colombo, 'I have here a common household egg which I shall now ask the ushers to pass among you so you may see for yourself that there are no wires or strings attached. While this is being done, ladies and gentlemen, I wish that three of you would step up on the stage. Any three—don't be bashful, girls—I won't hurt you. Won't that couple over there kindly oblige me—that married

couple—no, folks, I guess they aren't married either—they look too happy.'

"Very painful it was to Colombo to hear these horrible jokes coming from his mouth, but Thyrston had quoted the authority of all successful sorcerers and not for anything would Colombo have had his trick a failure.

"'Now, ladies and gentlemen,' said Colombo, 'I am going to ask this lady and these two gentlemen if they will be so good as to see if they can take this little egg and make it stand on end without any support.'

"And very droll it was to see the unsuccessful attempts which the three made. Finally Colombo said:

"'Now, ladies and gentlemen, I want you to watch me closely. I put the silk hat on my head—thus. And I take the egg in my right hand—thus. Now, if this young lady will be kind enough to hold my left hand—I hope that her best fellow



COLOMBO PERFORMS THE MARVELOUS EGG TRICK
A "doubtful silk hat" and an "unmentionable egg" are stage properties in this new portrayal of a historic moment by Herb Roth.



COLOMBO GIVES THE QUEEN A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

Isabel found it hard to learn from her husband, Ferdinand, but is quite ready to believe that the world is round if Colombo says so.

doesn't mind letting such a pretty girl hold my hand—it's lucky my wife can't see me, tho—a friend said to me the other day, "Who was that lady I seen you

came at last to the chamber of the Queen. And as he knelt before her it seemed to Colombo that never before had he seen such unforgettable beauty as shone in the

eyes of Queen Isabel. Yes, truly, this was the loveliest girl that Colombo had ever imagined.

"Now do you rise," said she, "and you and I shall have a nice chat alone here together, and you can tell me all about geography of which I am, oh, frightfully ignorant. In truth," said she, "I have tried to get Ferdinand to instruct me, but I fear," said Queen Isabel, "that Ferdinand does not understand me."

"So Colombo instructed Queen Isabel in the fundamentals of geography. And after a while he spoke.

"Now many people," said Colombo, "believe that the earth is flat, but," said Colombo, "such is not at all the case."

"And after an interval Colombo said, 'There, my dear, do you not see how ridiculous it is to suppose that the earth is anything but round?'

"Why, surely, sire," said Queen Isabel, "you make it appear very round. And I wonder that I had not thought of that before. And I think," said Queen Isabel, "that geography is a most fascinating subject, and oh, messire Colombo," said the Queen, "you must come and instruct me often."

"Thus it was that Colombo became Royal Geographer."



COLOMBO IS SHOCKED BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAIN STREET"

The dauntless explorer had looked forward to America as to a land of unimagined beauty. When he learns (from a perusal of "Main Street") what the New World is to become, his face turns gray.

THE OLD SCHOOL

(Continued from page 54)

in cordiality. According to her account Daniel had become the laundry king at whose slightest beck New York was washed or unwashed.

"I'm glad he's doin' well," admitted Hannah.

"We're moving into an apartment in Park Avenue near a Hundred and Fourth," announced her that had been Aggie Stacey. "Daniel wanted something real tasty on the West Side—but the West Side's so tacky, don't you think?"

"The' do be slums on both sides o' th' Park," suggested Hannah, who was changing little Rosa's socks at that moment.

Shortly after that Aggie seemed to sense the chill, for she thought it was getting late and she would have to be pushing on. Hannah's politeness went so far as to show her caller to the nursery door. In the comparative privacy of the hall Mrs. Daniel McGinn paused and whispered.

"And how does the dear children like the idea of a new mother, and all that?"

"A new what?" asked Hannah, closing the door lest Rosa should overhear this bit of news.

"Don't you never hear *anything*, Hannah Sheehan?"

"Nawthin' that's ill, Aggie Stacey."

"Everybody's talking about it. Tim Riley, what was a sergeant in the War, came back wounded last week and he says it's all over Paris—"

"I could learn it quicker be th' Sunda' papers," Hannah interrupted irritably. "What is it that's all over Paris, now?"

"Colonel Corbin's doings with Mrs. Alexander Valery. There was the fine article about it in *Town Gossip* this week. And her only divorced a year! It'll be a fine step-up for Mister Corbin, what with Mrs. Valery's grand house at Bar Harbor and all. As Tim says, it's the heroes that gits all the best pickin's these days. Mister Corbin's marryin' rich. But I wonder what the children'll think when that divorsay takes the place of—"

"Good day to you," said Hannah, and went back into the nursery, where she closed the door softly between herself and a bird of ill omen.

SHE disbelieved the news at first because she knew Aggie Stacey for a gossip and a liar. But the more she thought of it the more likely sounded the tale. After all, why

not? Good men are marrying animals. If it isn't one, then it will be another. There wasn't a better man alive, thought Hannah, than Daniel McGinn. And yet he had weakened after years of waiting and married a woman who, in Hannah's estimation, was worlds beneath him.

And Mr. Corbin—she could never get used to him with a military title—was a good man, too. He must have been the flower of manhood else Rosa Carrol would never once have looked upon him. Noble and handsome as he appeared that last day she had seen him in his new uniform, she was sure that all the women in France must have followed him out of the tail o' their eyes. And he had been a lonely man these many years.

Hannah was about reconciled to the idea by the time he came back from France, a little thinner and grayer than he had been, but a fine figure of a soldierly man. He frolicked with the children and was happy as a schoolboy; but he was a different person from the Corbin she had known and served so long. He seemed younger and brighter, despite the pepper-and-salt in his close-cropped hair. What secret inspiration was always with him, urging him to dream and to smile and to do all sorts of foolish, generous things?

He took Tony about with him a great deal in his motor-car. It was after one of those prolonged excursions that the boy came back all beaming. "I've been to see my mother," declared Tony. "She isn't my new mother yet, but, say, she's a peach, all right!"

Hannah liked Tony a shade less than she did Rosa. He was handsome and merry like his father, and as he grew he lost all resemblance to Rosa Carrol. It was the little girl who was like the mother, contrary to the general rule of heredity.

Colonel Corbin brought Mrs. Valery to see the children one afternoon a little later. She was a slender, pretty creature with soft brown eyes and hair that was almost gold. Among the general run of women she was remarkably good-looking, Hannah decided—but how could she be compared with the rose-clad angel who sometimes appeared, all radiant with celestial bloom, out of the starry spaces of the night?

Mrs. Valery laughed a pleasant laugh at the idea of great big children like Tony and Rosa playing in a nursery. Tony seemed to have lost his heart to his new mother, but the

younger child backed away and refused to return the lady's winning smile. Colonel Corbin, all unconscious of everything but the woman he was going to marry, beamed over the scene. It struck cold in Hannah's heart to see with what slavish adoration his eyes followed her who was to be foster-mother to Rosa's children.

"You've managed them splendidly, I'm sure," smiled Mrs. Valery.

"Thank you, Mum," said Hannah grimly.

"And Rosa, aren't you going to give me a wee little kiss before I go?" she implored of the child who had backed half across the room and sulked against the curtains.

Rosa looked once at her father, then came forward to give a kiss which was as wee and as little as her mouth could make it.

THAT is about all there is worth telling in the life history of Hannah Sheehan. True, there is a chapter of commonplace.

The Corbin-Valery wedding was in June. During the honeymoon the children were sent to stay in a rented house at Narragansett. Colonel and Mrs. Corbin joined their family in the Fall, just long enough to close the house and move back to New York.

"Tony, dear," said the bride on the morning after their arrival at the resort. "Poor darling, you've lived so long at loose ends—it's wonderful you've done so well."

Colonel Corbin, now a free man out of uniform, came all the way round the breakfast table to take her in his arms and assure her that there would be no loose ends any more. When he had gone back to his place and resumed his coffee she went on:

"It's remarkable that the children haven't grown to be perfect savages. But Tony, dear, they're a little—a little rough, don't you think? Don't look hurt, you sweet old bear! They're precious darlings. It's only their education I'm thinking of."

"I know, Mimsie. I've been rotten careless about that," he admitted like a man under a spell.

"It's just finish they need," she went on, having gained the first point. "They can't grow up like weeds. Something ought to be done about it. To see Tony and Rosa entirely dominated by that queer Irishwoman. She seems very eccentric. And, my dear, she's given them the most atrocious accent. Now with a good governess I think we can do wonders with them in a year. But that Irishwoman—really, Tony, she won't do!"

Poor Tony mumbled something about long and faithful service. But again her eyes got him under the spell and he blurted:

"Mimsie, what's your program?"

"That's simple enough," she smiled.

"You mean fire Hannah?"

"Why not? Servants aren't employed for life any more, are they?"

"No," growled the Colonel. "Of course they can be paid off—"

"Tony!" cried his wife, bursting into another of her pretty laughs, "if I didn't know your war record I'd believe you were a coward. Don't you give it another thought, old dear. I'll attend to it—it's in my department, anyway."

Colonel Corbin, according to instructions, didn't give it another thought. After breakfast he kissed his bride several times and went to play golf.

When Mrs. Corbin came upstairs with a check book in her hand and a smile on her lips Hannah felt no surprise because she knew what was to befall her. Mrs. Corbin began in the kindest possible way by discussing the children and their needs. She took pains to point out that after a certain time the young citizen must have instruction of a special sort. After exhausting this subject she came to the matter of Hannah Sheehan. Hannah had been very faithful, she was sure, but it was hardly fair for any employer to ask her to do so much.

"You're a trained baby-nurse, my husband tells me, and you must be anxious to be with young babies again—to follow your profession," the new wife summed up her argument with suave diplomacy.

Hannah stood through all this, her lips locked, her face ashen. There was no resentment in the sharp, black eyes. Only the look of a wounded thing.

"Whin d'ye want me to go, Mrs. Corbin?" she asked after a pause.

"Suit your own convenience, Hannah," was Mrs. Corbin's kindly decree.

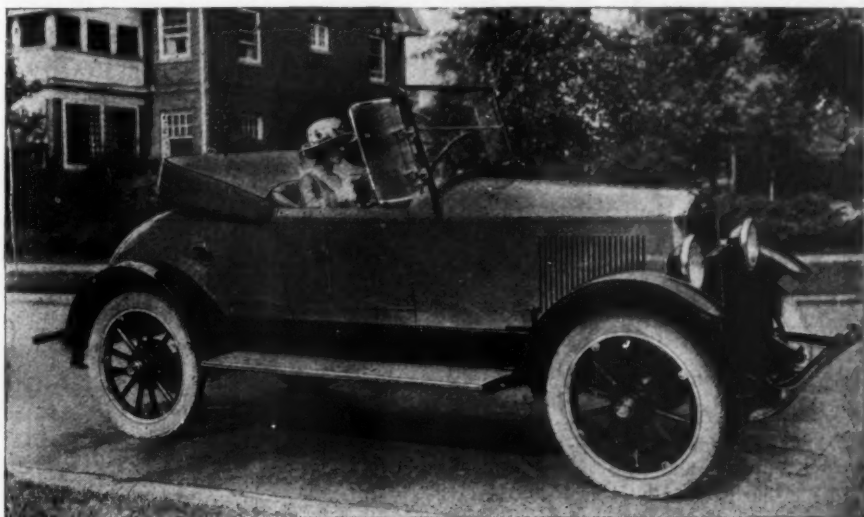
"I'll be off this afternoon, thank ye, Mrs. Corbin."

"So soon? Well, if you prefer it that way—" there was a touch of annoyance in her tone, but she relented to say, "I can easily arrange with a governess I have in mind. Have you any idea how much we owe you?"

How much they owed her!

Hannah's knotty hand trembled a little as she fumbled in a bureau-drawer and brought out the foolish little note-book in which she kept her eccentric accounts. She wasted no words in naming the sum, and produced a bottle of thin ink and a scratchy pen with which the check was to be signed. Mrs. Corbin, after scrawling the date in her fashion—

(Continued on page 132)



We wonder if you know
how good the Briscoe
automobile is?

Our dealers will be
glad to demonstrate
at your convenience

At the factory - - \$1085

BRISCOE MOTOR CORPORATION
Jackson, Michigan

CANADIAN BRISCOE MOTOR COMPANY, Limited
Brockville, Ontario

(Concluded from page 130)

able hand, paused and looked up at the haggard woman standing by her chair.

"I want you to understand, Hannah, that we're ever so grateful to you. If you feel that you want a—a rest—don't hesitate to say so. I can arrange it, if you wish, to put you on a pension—"

"What would you be givin' me a pension for?"

Hannah bit her lip, but the words were already out.

But Mrs. Corbin's diplomacy again saved the situation. She was one of the women who do not believe in having scenes with servants.

THE station wagon backed up to the service gate that afternoon and Hannah Sheehan came out, an old woman in respectable clothes with a ridiculous assortment of wicker suitcases and paper boxes. She was just stepping into the vehicle when a small voice called to her from behind a gatepost. It was little Rosa, who had disobeyed orders and followed her out.

"Hannah!"

The old woman came running out to take

the child in her arms and press her savagely to her breast.

"I want to go with you!" wailed the little girl. "I don't like her! I don't want you away from me in the night!"

"Listen, dear," whispered Hannah. "If ye'll go back an' be qui't now, I'll come see ye pretty soon an' bring a fine prisint wid me."

"What'll you bring me, Hannah?" asked Rosa, inveigled out of her tears.

"An' what shall it be, then?"

"Something pretty," begged the child. Her glance seemed far away at the instant when she asked.

"Something with pink on it, Hannah."

Hannah was smothering the little body in her arms when the driver called to her to hurry or she'd miss the train.

"The old bird's a little dotty, I think," said the man that night when he related the adventure to the head chauffeur. "She was cryin' and talkin' about heaven all the way down to the train. She left two bandboxes and a paper bag on the platform. How do they git that way?"

He held up a fragment which had fallen out of one of the abandoned paper boxes. It was a crumpled tatter of lace and rose-tinted ribbon.

A STUDY OF BRITISH NATIONALISM

(Continued from page 33b)

(Panama) the "door of the seas and the key of the universe" and endeavored to found his ill-fated colony there. Lord Mount Stephen, Sir John A. Macdonald and Lord Strathcona were each imbued with that far vision of their race when they fathered the mighty project of building the C. P. R., thus cementing the Canadian Dominion into a nation and uniting the Empire itself.

Indeed the Scotsman's native shrewdness was in evidence ages ago when he first dreamed of possessing London. The Battle of Flodden taught him that London could not be taken by storm and thenceforth he bided his time. The Treaty of Union of 1707—a project which emanated from Scotland—made London neutral territory for all Britons.

The first attempt to establish a union of the two countries was made in 1559 when the Scottish Congregation formally

proposed the union of England and Scotland under the title of Great Britain. James VI. on his accession to the English throne assumed the title of King of Great Britain regardless of the opposition of the English Parliament, and had a Union Jack designed which he ordered to be flown from the mainmasts of all vessels whether English or Scottish. During the time of Cromwell the first actual union of the two countries took place and upon the restoration of the monarchy and the reestablishment of Scottish national independence the Scotsman again found himself a foreigner in England against whom irksome laws prevailed to exclude him from trading with the English colonies in America and the East Indies. In the year 1689 overtures for a union were made by the Scots which met with a rebuff from the English Government and there ensued

(Concluded on page 134)



Away From City Cares

MOST everyone has wished for a cottage. A summer home perhaps, where the family could live in the open. The booklet "Away From City Cares" tells you how Togan Summer Homes can be had complete, quickly and economically.

TOGAN-STILES

1630 Eastern Ave.

Grand Rapids, Michigan



The Warren On the Ocean Spring Lake, N.J.

NEWLY constructed.
Accommodations for
over 300 guests. Carefully
selected clientele.

Surrounded by green
lawns and gardens at the
edge of the sea.

New York Office:
THE SPUR, 425 Fifth Avenue.

Write for booklet.

W. B. STUBBS, Proprietor

(Concluded from page 132)

a growing discontent with an awakening sense of their retarded national prosperity on the part of the Scots. The regal union satisfied the English in so far as it safeguarded the peace of the island and prevented the renewal of any alliance between Scotland and France.

Scotland, on the other hand, suffered from the disadvantage of having an absentee ruler in whose august personage a goodly portion of the government reposed. James VI. has shown sufficient interest in his northern kingdom to apply himself to the task of establishing a legislative union, failing which he had satisfied his own inordinate vanity by assuming the title of King of Great Britain. Charles I., tho little interested in Scotland, fled thither for protection and his royal person was yielded up to the English upon the solemn promise that not a hair of his head would be injured. The execution of Charles and the Act of Settlement in 1701, conferring the crown on Anne and deciding that it should pass from her to Sophia of Hanover, was done without the cooperation of the Scottish Parliament. This high-handed manner of dealing with sovereigns who were reigning monarchs of the northern kingdom as well as the southern resulted in the Act of Security passed by the Scottish Parliament, whereby it was declared that Anne's successor should be of the royal line of Scotland and of the Protestant religion, but should not be the same person as the monarch of England unless certain guarantees were offered by the English.

Habitually we speak of the trouble in Ireland as "an English domestic problem," and likewise refer to the "British and the Irish," thus intimating that the English are a nation and the British are a race. But no one having any acquaintance with the various peoples of Great Britain, either at home or on their own island or out on the prairies of Canada where Cornish and Cumberland Englishmen and Gaelic-speaking Highlander meet for the first time, could credit them with any pretension to being a race even in the sense that the American people are a race. Up to a generation or two ago the High-

lander was more distinctly a Celt than the Irishman, the chief difference being that the former was a Presbyterian, and it requires no stretch of imagination to realize that in the course of a century or two Roman Catholicism and Presbyterianism would create a chasm even between peoples with the same racial origin.

Perhaps the best explanation of what constitutes British nationality would be to say that it presents a Trinitarian doctrine as compared with the simple Unitarianism of American nationality. Compared with Americanism, demanding, as it does, the suppression of racial affiliations and conformity to a single national ideal, British nationalism deals very kindly with racial prejudice, permitting it to be handed down from generation to generation and exacting little or no tribute in the way of patriotic demonstration. Indeed, while patriotism is a carefully cultivated growth in the United States it is a purely natural and oftentimes neglected one under the British flag. Thus by a curious paradox the Irishman demands under the Stars and Stripes a privilege that is peculiarly British—that of remaining Irish. It is the one thing British he apparently believes in—this recognition of subnationality and supernationality.

But how many people discussing the Irish question take such things into account? And how many remember that no honest consideration can be given to it without recognizing the fact that the Scotch and the Irish are opposing factors in the Empire while the British are the more plastic element of the three?

Scotland's opposition to the power of Rome was national long before it was religious. In the war of independence, Robert the Bruce was excommunicated and the whole Scottish nation with him for defying the authority of Rome.

One might summarize the histories of Scotland and Ireland by comparing the two countries to Martha and Mary. The former has been setting her house in order while her gentle sister communed with her soul—and Mary in this instance has certainly preserved her soul, even if all else went by the board. And if Mary is commended—what then?

EUROPE BY CUNARD- ANCHOR

**FASTEST PASSENGER AND
FREIGHT STEAMERS**

offering the best of accommodations, including drawing rooms — lounges — veranda cafés — swimming baths — gymnasias.

ONE MILLION TONS

of shipping will be under the Company's control on completion of the thirteen

**LARGE AND LUXURIOUS
STEAMERS**

now building

For Schedules and all information, apply

**CUNARD - ANCHOR
STEAM SHIP LINES**

25 Broadway New York

Branches and Agencies
throughout U.S.A. and Canada



"FIVE HUNDRED OPPORTUNITIES FOR PROFIT AND DISTINCTION"

By Henry Woodhouse

may lead you to success. It also tells of Inventions, Discoveries and Activities That Created Billion Dollar Industries and defines Billion Dollar Industries To Be. Mr. Woodhouse unaided achieved financial independence, international prominence and distinction before thirty-five. Send \$2.00 for a copy:

THE SCIENTIFIC LIBRARY

Established 1914 299 Madison Ave., New York



Russian Hand-Hammered Brass The Present Vogue

For many years in Russia the most beautiful objects of art have been fashioned in hand-hammered brass. It may be that the work of Russian craftsmen is just now having its influence upon the designers of America.

This would partially account for the enthusiasm with which the work of my fellow craftsmen, trained in the brass shops of Russia, is now being received.

Many of my designs are finding their way into the most discriminating homes.

How You May Receive A Piece of Hammered Brass Free

If you will kindly send me your name and address I will be more than glad to tell you more about Russian hammered brass and how you may receive free an attractive example of my work.

ALEXIS BRUSOFF,

48 West 47th St., New York City.

Please tell me more about Russian Hammered Brass, and how I may receive one piece FREE. No obligation in asking.

Name

Address

C.O. 7-21



New Monterey Hotel

North
Asbury Park
N. J.

Opens June 18th
1921

THE utmost in resort hotels. Absolutely unrivaled, on the North Jersey Coast, for comfort, equipment, guest facilities and general environment.

Accommodates 600. All rooms outside ones. Hot and cold salt water in all bath rooms. Perfect service by white employees.

BEAUTIFUL GRILL ROOM

Largest and finest restaurant on North Jersey Coast. A la carte service. Exquisite furnishings.

Daily concerts. Jazz band for dancing.

Guests extended privileges to new 18 Hole Golf Course.

New York Booking Office
8 WEST 40th STREET

W. H. WESTWOOD
N. Y. Representative

SHERMAN DENNIS, Manager

Guaranty Travelers Checks



Take GUARANTY TRAVELERS CHECKS on your vacation—on your motor tours—on your business trips. They are safer than cash—if lost, their value can be replaced.

At banks throughout the country.

Guaranty Trust Company
of New York

NEW YORK LONDON LIVERPOOL PARIS
HAVRE BRUSSELS CONSTANTINOPLE



A well conducted hotel on the shore of a beautiful lake in the heart of the Green Mountains!


Fine motor roads from all points!

Excellent fishing, bathing and out door sports!

Winter Resort

Qui - si - Sana Hotel
Green Cove Springs, Florida
ROSCOE A. MARVELL, Managing Director

Send for booklet



VIEW FROM
HOTEL MAJESTIC
COPELAND TOWNSEND

The Majestic

stands at the Motor Entrance to the Park at West Seventy-second Street, only a few moments from Herald Square. You are fond of motoring, horseback riding, bracing walks in the Park or other outdoor recreations? Then stop at the Majestic. The New York home of Bonci, Verite Guilbert, Madame Gall, Lydia Lipkowska, Charles Darrton, Anna Fitzu, Pavlova, Muratore, Cavalieri, Arthur Somers Roche, Olga Prinzlau and many other distinguished personages. Dancing in the Grill 9:30 to closing.

The Hurricane Deck

on the roof now open. Dining and dancing under the open sky.

COPELAND TOWNSEND

The Girl Who Paid the Price of Victory

THE Huns were invading the land, beating back the defenders of civilization. Salamambo alone held the power to dismay the Barbarians—if she would pay the price! How could one weak woman turn back the hordes of the enemy? What was the price which patriotism demanded that she pay? And when she paid it—?

Follow this powerful plot in *SALAMMBO*, one of the most magnificent romances ever written—a story which will transport you to the mysterious and fascinating Orient; picture for you a strange land with its barbaric luxury, its immoderate appetites, its monstrous deities; show you the amazing ceremonies of the worship of Moloch and Astarte; describe for you how the people lived and fought and loved.

This is but one of the irresistible stories offered you in the works of France's great writer of realism and romance. You may now examine his complete works in your own home.



The Fascinating Works of Gustave Flaubert

Ten volumes which contain some of the greatest of all French writings. Flaubert was the originator of realism in French literature. He is supreme in the art of word-painting. He creates characters which fascinate you and tells their stories with a vividness and power that are irresistible.

Vivid Pictures of French Life

These wonderful stories describe French life intimately—the gaiety and daring of the Parisienne, the intimate secrets of the demi-monde, the simple existence of the peasants. *Madame Bovary* is the world's masterpiece of naturalistic romance. It tells the story of its characters, their ideals and aspirations, their frailties and falls, with wonderful frankness, truth and power. *Sentimental Education* constructs a perfect image of the lives of men and women in Paris, evading none of their problems, veiling none of their faults, telling all the truth whether it illustrates the lofty or the base in human nature. Every one of the many stories in this great set has an individual charm, both for its subject matter and for its style. Once you read Flaubert, you will always delight in the fascination of his writings.

Romance Never Surpassed

The romances of Flaubert have held the world of Book-Lovers enthralled. The development of their magnificent plots, their beauty and power of expression, their frankness and courage, make them incomparable. Nothing in all literature is more superbly romantic than *The Temptation of St. Antony*. The gripping story of the immoral Herodias and the beautiful Salome is told with a beauty unsurpassed. Any selection you make from this wonderful set, whether it be *The Castle of Hearts*, *A Simple Soul*, *St. Julien the Hospitaller*, or any of the many others, will offer you the same fascinating entertainment and superb literary form. For Flaubert never fails to strike a responsive chord in the hearts and minds of his readers. He tears aside the veil of pretense, of propriety, and paints the naked human soul in burning words of truth, whether they honor or damn.

WM. H.
WISE &
CO.

59 West 47th St.,
New York, N. Y.

Please reserve for me one set of Flaubert's works in ten volumes. Notify me when the books are ready for shipment and I will send you \$1 upon receipt of which you are to send books prepaid subject to ten days' examination, at the end of which time I may return the books to you and my dollar will be refunded. If I keep the books I will send \$2 per month for the succeeding seven months (total only \$15).

Name

Address

Ten Volumes—Sent on Approval—Send No Money Now

These ten volumes with their wealth of good reading, their 24 rotogravure illustrations and substantial binding will be sent for examination without obligating you in any way to purchase them. You may examine them in your own home for ten days. Judge for yourself whether you need these books and then if you wish return them to us. All that you must do now is to send the coupon so that one of these sets may be reserved for you.

Special Price On 200 Sets—Act Now

These two hundred sets of the great French master are the last sets in existence of this edition and were sold to us by the St. Dunstan Society in order to realize cash on their stock. They were bought at a price for which they could not be manufactured now. We were able to get only two hundred sets which are on their way to our stock room in New York. When these sets are sold the works of Gustave Flaubert will be available only in the binding costing over \$50.00. If you want these books you must act immediately. Shipments will be made in the order of their receipt up to two hundred. Now while you have the page before you sign the coupon and fill in your name and address and mail before it is too late to take advantage of this wonderful offer.

WM. H. WISE & CO.

59 West 47th Street

New York City

How Applied Psychology

("Organized Common Sense")

Will Increase Your Earnings

Another man started even with you in life, no richer, no more talented, no more ambitious. But in the years that have passed he has somehow managed to move far ahead. What is the secret of it? Why should he, apparently, have the power to get so easily the things he wants while you must work so hard for all that comes to you?

Another woman, madam, no more able than yourself, has the good gifts of life fairly thrust into her hands. You have compared yourself to her and questioned what there is in her character and talents that you somehow lack.

Learn the Reason From Science

Scientists have found the secret. They can show you how you too can obtain the better things of life. How you can arouse the hidden powers of your mind and make them bring you more influence, a larger income, greater happiness.

Human intelligence acts and reacts according to certain laws known as the laws of

Psychology—"organized common sense." Either by instinct or by study some individuals master these laws. To them the minds of their associates become like fine instruments on which they can play at will. They have but to set the train of circumstances moving and await results. In other words—they apply *Psychology*.

No Longer the Dream of Theorists

To-day we see Psychology studied by the business man and its principles applied to the management of factory and office. We see men in every profession, as well as those in many lines of industry and business, apply-

ing Psychology to their personal occupations, and from the benefits derived from it greatly increasing their incomes, enlarging the scope of their activities, rising to higher positions of responsibility, influence, and power.

Psychology the Direct Method for Success

Recognizing the need for a popular understanding of its priceless truths, an organization was founded by Mr. Warren Hilton some years ago to coordinate the principles of Psychology and apply them to every-day life—thus the Society of Applied Psychology came into being. Among the members of the Advisory Board, who also contribute to the Society's literature, are such well-known men as Henry A. Buchtel, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor, University of Denver, former Governor of Colorado; Hudson Maxim,

D.Sc., Inventor and Mechanical Engineer; George Van Ness Dearborn, M.D. Ph.D., Psychologist and Author; Harry S. Tipper, Chairman, National Educational Committee, Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, and others.

Because of the very great value of the Society's Basic Course of Reading to the average man and woman, *The Literary Digest* is cooperating to bring it within the means of every earnest seeker for self-betterment.

FREE—"How to Develop Your Power of Achievement"

A compelling booklet packed with information on such topics as: Psychology reduced to easy, simple language; How to apply Psychology in Salesmanship; in Public Speaking; in Retail Selling—Psychology Applied by the Professional Man—Your Undiscovered Resources—Source of Will Power—How to Avoid Worry—How Ideas Are Created—The Ability to Read Men,—etc. Sign and mail coupon and you will also receive full particulars of the Society of Applied Psychology, and what membership in it will mean to you.

THE LITERARY DIGEST

354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York City

C. O. 7-21

Please send me by mail the free booklet, "How to Develop Your Power of Achievement."

Name

Street Address

City State

Burglars Don't Seek The Limelight



DARKNESS is their stock in trade. They work by stealth—unheard and unseen—their movements cloaked in secrecy. It's honest folks that seek the light. They are the only ones who can risk it.

It's the same way in business. The manufacturer who is not sure of his goods does not dare to advertise. Advertising would hasten the end of his business career—put him to a test he could not meet.

The manufacturer who advertises, deliberately invites your inspection. He tells you about his product and then lets it stand on its own merits. You can depend on him. *He knows his product is good.*

That's one reason why it pays you to read the advertisements. It is through advertising that you are able to keep in touch with the good things that progressive business men are spending their money to introduce and to keep before you.

Advertisements are interesting, instructive and profitable. They throw a powerful light on the very things that concern you most. Read them.

THE CONTRIBUTORS OF THE LIVING AGE

ARE DRAWN FROM THE WHOLE WORLD

Sixty-two Pages



Every Week

ARTICLES BY

St. John Ervine
Count Alexis Tolstoy
General Ludendorff
Motosava Zimoto
Wilfrid Meynell
Thomas Hardy
John Masfield
J. Arthur Thomson
Count Bernstorff

Admiral Von Tirpitz
Marshal Foch
Alfred Cortot
Constantine Fedin
T. P. O'Connor
J. O. P. Bland
Fernand Baldensperger
S. Yoshino
Percy A. Scholes

“A WEEKLY SURVEY OF THE WORLD”

RATES: \$1.50 FOR THREE MONTHS; \$3.00 FOR SIX MONTHS; \$6.00 A YEAR

THE LIVING AGE

10 Depot Street, Concord, N.H., or
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$6.00 for my subscription to THE LIVING AGE
for one year beginning.....

Name


Address City.....

C.O.-721

Whatever Your Question;—be it the pronunciation of Bolsheviki, the spelling of a puzzling word, the location of Murman Coast, the meaning of blighty, ace, tank, ukulele, etc., this Supreme Authority—

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

contains an accurate, final answer. 400,000 Words. 2700 Pages. 6000 Illustrations.
 Regular and India-Paper Editions. G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.
 Write for specimen pages, prices, etc., and FREE Pocket Maps per Current Opinion



Powerful
 Frank
 Courageous
 Truthful
 Fascinating
 Vivid
 Delightful
 Charming
 Irresistible

An Extraordinary Announcement

of the works of

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT,
FATHER of THE MODERN NOVEL

Appears on Page 138 of This Issue

Have Current Opinion Delivered to You Every Month

If you are not receiving CURRENT OPINION regularly at your home, subscribe now, so that you will not miss any future issues.

CURRENT OPINION covers such a broad field in such a brief, comprehensive way, gives so much information on subjects about which you cannot afford to be ignorant, that the missing of one number may easily cost you much more than a whole year's subscription.

Fill and mail the following form and be sure of seeing every number of CURRENT OPINION for a year.

50 West 47th Street

CURRENT OPINION

New York City

Please send me CURRENT OPINION for one year, for which I will send you \$4.00.

Name.....

Address.....

How Many of These Great Books Have You Read?

Even if you have read them all—you will want some of these new Little Leather Library volumes, at only 10c. each. They are convenient pocket size, light in weight, printed in clear, readable type, on high-grade book paper. Volumes are from 96 to 192 pages, every work COMPLETE—not extracts, each volume bound in beautiful limp Redcroft, which looks and wears better than leather.

Wonderful Little Leather Library 101 Titles—Only 10¢ Each

Look at the list of titles—the greatest masterpieces of all time. Everyone must want to read ALL of these wonderful books. Cross off the ones you have read, tear out this page and enclose 10c, plus 1c postage, for each volume you want us to send you. Or send for the entire set, packed in a handsome container—all 101 for only \$9.75 plus postage. Money back at once if not delighted, whether you order 1 book or 101.

Each Volume Complete—Bound in Limp Redcroft

A Child's Garden of Verses, Robt. L. Stevenson
A Dream of John Ball, William Morris
A Doll's House, Henrik Ibsen
Alice in Wonderland, Lewis Carroll
As a Man Thinketh, James Allen
As You Like It, Shakespeare
A Tillytoss Scandal, James M. Barrie
At the End of the Passage, Kipling
Bab Ballads, W. S. Gilbert
Ballad of Reading Gaol, Oscar Wilde
Barrack Room Ballads, Kipling
Carmen, Prosper Merimee
Christ in Flanders, Balzac
Christmas Carol, Dickens
City of Dreadful Night, Kipling
Comtesse de St. Geran, Alexandre Dumas
Confessions of an Opium Eater, Vol. 1, De Quincey
Confessions of an Opium Eater, Vol. 2, De Quincey
Constitution of the United States, and Covenant of the League of Nations
Courtship of Miles Standish, Longfellow
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Robt. L. Stevenson
Dream Children and Other Essays, Charles Lamb
Dreams, Olive Schreiner

Enoch Arden, Tennyson
Essays, Emerson
Evangeline, Longfellow
Fairy Tales, Hans Andersen
Fifty Best Poems of America, Fifty Best Poems of England, Friendship and Other Essays, Henry Thoreau
Ghosts, Henrik Ibsen
Greatest Thing in the World, Drummond
Hamlet, Shakespeare
Hiawatha, Vol. 1, Longfellow
Hiawatha, Vol. 2, Longfellow
Importance of Being Earnest, Oscar Wilde
Inferno, Vol. 1, Dante
Inferno, Vol. 2, Dante
Irish Melodies, Moore
Julius Caesar, Shakespeare
King Lear, Shakespeare
Lady Windermere's Fan, Oscar Wilde
Lancelot and Elaine, Tennyson
Land of Heart's Desire, W. S. Yeats
Last Days of a Condemned Man, Victor Hugo
Lays of Ancient Rome, Macaulay
Macbeth, Shakespeare
Man Without a Country, Hale
Mark of the Beast, Kipling
Memories of President Lincoln, Walt Whitman
Merchant of Venice, Shakespeare

Merry Wives of Windsor, Shakespeare
Message to Garcia, Elbert Hubbard
Midsummer-Night's Dream, Shakespeare
Mother Goose Rhymes, Kipling
Mulvany Stories, Kipling
Mumu, etc., Ivan Turgenev
Old Christmas, Irving
On Going to Church, G. Bernard Shaw
Othello, Shakespeare
Phantom Rickshaw, Kipling
Pelicans and Melisande, Maurice Maeterlinck
Pippa Passes, Robert Browning
Poems, Browning
Poems, Robert Burns
Rip Van Winkle, Irving
Romeo and Juliet, Shakespeare
Salome, Oscar Wilde
Sherlock Holmes, Doyle
Short Stories, De Maupassant
Snow-bound, John Greenleaf Whittier
Socialism for Millionaires, G. Bernard Shaw
Sonnets, Shakespeare
Sonnets from the Portuguese, Eliza Browning
Speeches and Addresses, Abraham Lincoln
Speeches and Letters, George Washington
Tales from the Arabian Nights, Vol. 1

Tales from the Arabian Nights, Vol. 2
The Ancient Mariner, Samuel T. Coleridge
The Bear Hunt, etc., Leo Tolstoy
The Comedy of Errors, Shakespeare
The Coming of Arthur, Tennyson
The Finest Story in the World, Kipling
The Gold Bug, Poe
The Happy Prince, Oscar Wilde
The Holy Grail, Tennyson
The Man Who Was, Kipling
The Murders in the Rue Morgue, Poe
The Raven and Other Poems, Poe
The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Fitzgerald
The Taming of the Shrew, Shakespeare
The Tempest, Shakespeare
Through the Looking Glass, Lewis Carroll
Trial of Socrates, Plato
Twelfth Night, Shakespeare
Uses of Great Men, Emerson
Vampire, and Other Verses, Kipling
Will o' the Mill, Robt. L. Stevenson
Without Benefit of Clergy, Kipling
Words of Jesus, Vol. 1
Words of Jesus, Vol. 2

Little Leather Library Corp'n.

Desk 377, 354 Fourth Ave., New York.

Please send me the books NOT CROSSED OFF in list above at 10c. each plus 1c. each for postage and packing. I enclose \$..... If not satisfactory it is understood you will return my money at once on return of books.

Name

Address

☐ If you wish entire set of 101 sent you for \$9.75 plus postage, mark an X in the square at the left. Do not send any money in that case, but pay when the package arrives.

SPECIAL OFFER

The entire Library of 101 volumes, in a handsome container, will be sent you at once if you care to have them. Send no money now. Simply pay the postman \$9.75 plus postage on arrival. Money back if not delighted. Give these books away and make people happy. Each volume costs only a trifle. Some of our customers give away a hundred books a month.

**Little Leather Library
Corporation**

Desk 377 354 Fourth Ave., New York